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AN OCEAN FLYER.

ABOVE AND BELOW THE WATER LINE.

Notes of a first voyage on an Atlantic Liner.

AT midnight seventy-two fires were lighted under the nine big boilers of the great steamship, and shortly after a cloud of yellow smoke, rolling from the huge stacks, was floating over the bosom of the bay.

In their various homes and hotels a thousand prospective travellers slept and dreamed of their voyage on the morrow.

By daybreak the water evaporating into steam fluttered through the indicators, and as early as six A.M., people were seen collecting about the docks, while a fussy little hoisting-engine worked away, lifting freight from the pier. At seven a few eager passengers came to the ship's side, anxiously inspecting her, and an hour later were going aboard.

Officers in uniform paced the decks, guarded the gangways to keep intruders back, and others of the crew, in citizen's clothes, mingled freely in the crowd, having a sharp eye out for suspicious characters.

The departure of a great trans-oceanic liner from port has the effect of a crisis upon those participating in the event. An air of suppressed excitement pervades the scene, making it one of peculiar interest. The restless, listless, laughing, melancholy, well-dressed, and slouchy multitude assembled on the decks and in the brilliant saloons afford entertainment for the most casual observer. Familiarity never dulls the edge of its entertainment, and the strain increases momentarily as time wears on.

Finally the steam-gauge pointer advances to the hundred mark. Noise and confusion wax wilder. The ship's crew is busy from captain to meanest sailor, until at ten o'clock, thirty minutes before sailing, the sound of hurrying feet is lost in a deafening hum of human voices. All visitors are now refused admittance, except perhaps a messenger with belated letters, packages, or flowers for people on-board.

The little hoister fairly flies about in a heroic effort to lift everything that is at loose ends, and store it away in the ship's hold. The pier is invisible, buried beneath a multitude of peering people.

All being ready, the captain is notified, and at his signal the first engineer pulls the lever and starts the little engine whose work it is to open the throttle. The steam shoots out from the big boilers into the great cylinders, screws begin to revolve, and the "Fürst Bismarck," with one thousand passengers, three thousand tons of coal, and three thousand pounds of ice cream, clears her landing.

Hundreds of handkerchiefs flutter in the morning sunshine, and hundreds of people shout adieu, while many in the swaying throng smile through a mist of tears, following with eager eyes the trail of the vanishing ship.

I suppose the keenest sensation of an observant traveller, who for the first time settles himself for a voyage across the Atlantic, is one of sheer amazement. It matters not how much he has read of modern ocean greyhounds, his surprise is the same. Looking about, he realizes that whatever of marvel and beauty await him in foreign lands, nothing can so peremp-

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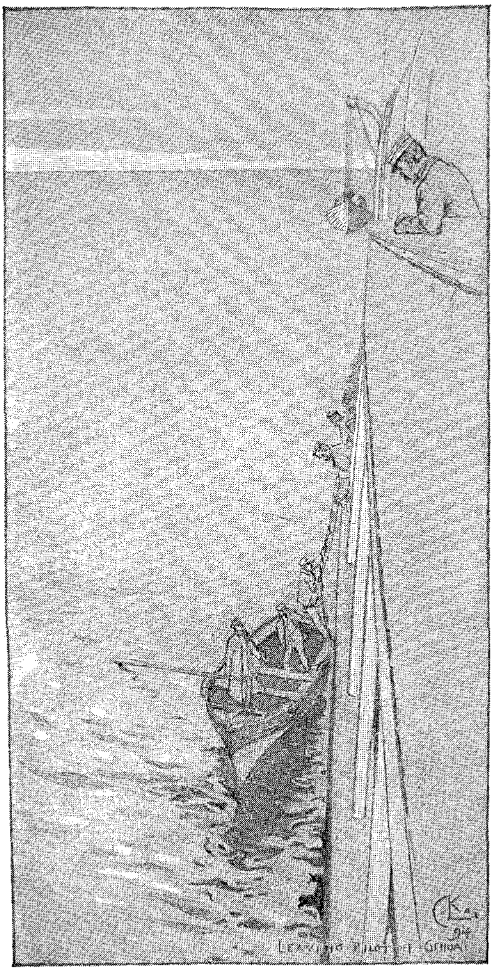
torily demand his astonished admiration as the noble craft which transports him from the new country to the old.

To call them floating palaces is not a wholly unsatisfactory description of these wonderful steamships. But though the title tells of splendid luxury above the water line, it gives no hint of the marvellous power below, where man and machinery combine to conquer not only time and distance, but even the very forces of nature herself.

When the problem of inducing people to go by thousands and tens of thousands upon trans-oceanic voyages was first seriously considered, it presented itself as a question of how to unite safety, comfort, and reasonable rates with speed and financial profit to ship owners. The steamer might be as safe as you please, but if the journey consumed an unreasonable space of time, and implied discomfort and privation, then weary ones seeking rest and recreation refused to intrust themselves to the sea. This being the case, ship constructors were ordered to build with a view to minimizing as far as possible the differences between life on land and life on sea. The travelling public, accustomed to the magnificent luxury of modern hostelries, withheld their patronage until ocean transports were able to offer an equal degree of ease and splendor.



DISMISSING THE PILOT.

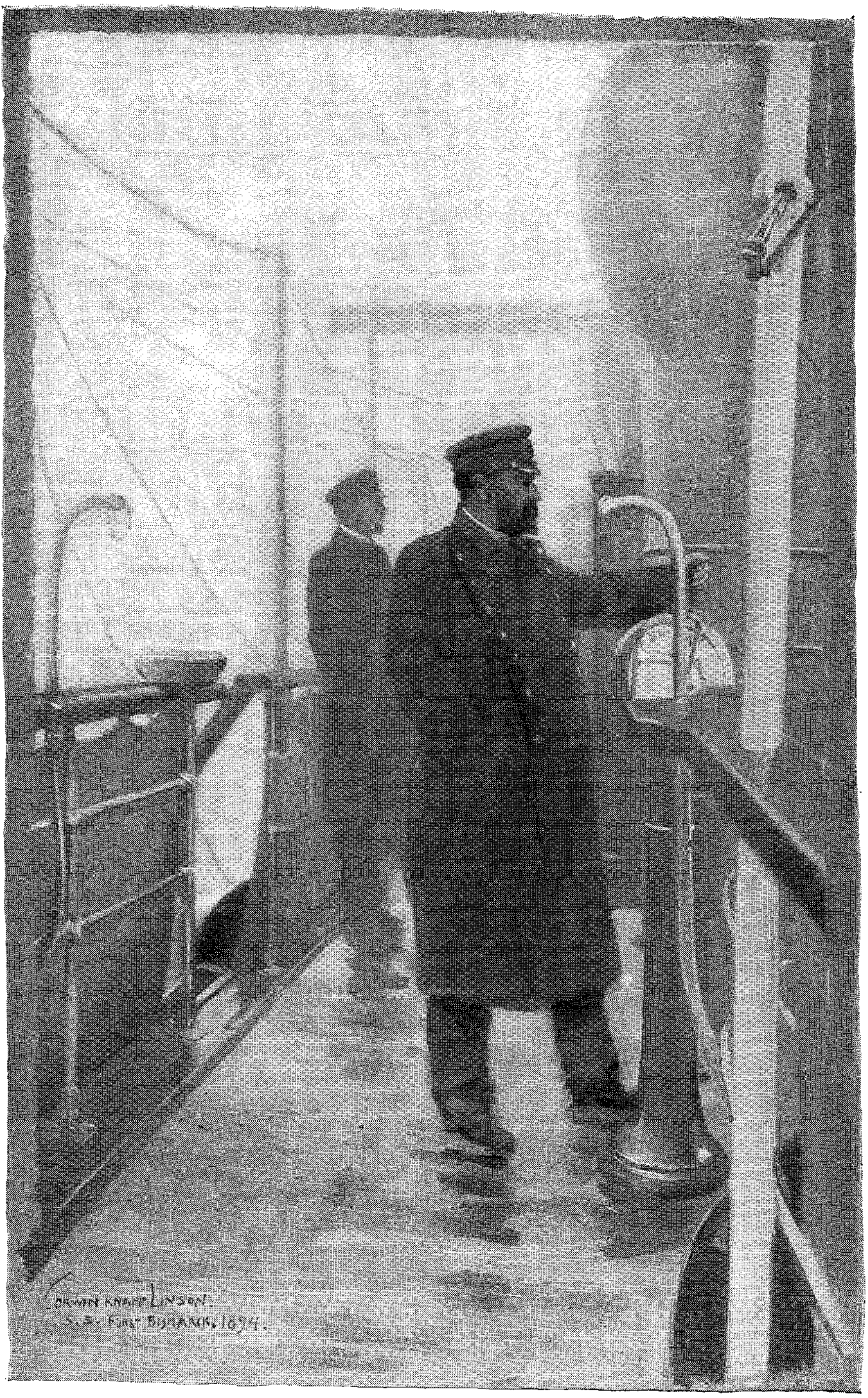
THE VOYAGER SURPRISED AT THE SPACE HE HAS.

The novice aboard a big steamship like the "Fürst Bismarck," looks wonderingly around the broad sweep of the deck, where swarms of people wander about as comfortably as on spacious city streets. He sees wide doorways opening into great halls, and grand staircases descending into vast depths. And if he follows the stairway, he finds himself wandering through beautiful rooms, into complicated hallways. He is struck with the apparent disregard of those very narrow limitations of space which he has always associated with ships. There seems to be plenty of room, length and breadth, height and depth. As he investigates farther, he grasps the idea of the hugeness and magnificence of this iron-walled cavern.

Next to the lavish use of space, he is impressed by the apparent disregard of cost. He has paid into the steamship office a sum of money that would not be extravagant for board and lodgings in a first-class Fifth Avenue hotel for the same length of time. Yet here he is not only housed and fed in princely style, but is given transportation of the most difficult and costly kind. And he has the free use of all the rich luxuriousness of dining and smoking and music saloons, of library and writing-room. He is in a palace—for it is the palace idea that comes to him first—and, while his sleeping quarters may be small, he still has the privileges of all its great apartments.

THE DINING-ROOM AND THE TABLE.

Another source of unexpected delight to the uninitiated voyager aboard a great ship, is the quality of food and service. He gazes round in admiration at the noble dining-hall, with its tasteful walls, ornate ceiling, and generous mahogany table surrounded by comfortable chairs. There is a broad divan running the length and breadth of the room, port-holes are draped with silk and lace, chandeliers give forth a


CORWIN KNAPP LINSON.
S.S. FÜRST BISMARCK, 1894.

THE CAPTAIN ON THE BRIDGE.

flood of tempered light, while here and there, under a pretty bracket, is a desk or cosy nook, tempting one to either work or play.

In the ship's huge refrigerators, meat, fruit, butter, and all perishable foods are solidly frozen, and these great ice-boxes offer a generous variety, including all the delicacies of the season that can be procured on either side of the Atlantic.

There is a *chef*, a most skilful, well-paid person, assisted by from a dozen to a score of under cooks, and by a small army of carvers and scullions.

The chief steward has been with the Hamburg-American Company twenty-seven years, and will probably stay as long as he cares to remain. There are eighty-four other stewards who report directly or indirectly to the chief. The passengers are divided into three classes: first cabin, second cabin, and steerage, so that three separate and complete kitchens and dining-rooms are kept up. The food furnished for the steerage passengers is better than one would expect when we consider that the company carries them over three thousand miles and keeps them on board seven days for eighteen dollars.

The food and service in the second cabin is better than the average three dollars a day American hotel. In the first cabin saloon it is perfect. Everything about the ship, after true German fashion, has a military air. The stewards file in in regular order, and when a change is made they all march out, keeping time to the band, and making, with their neat uniforms and snow-white gloves, a goodly sight to see.

The regular dinner consists of from seven to ten courses, and is fit for the emperor. The wines and ales are excellent, and, what surprises every one, they are forty per cent. cheaper than in New York.

In addition to the regular meals, at eight o'clock every evening they serve tea in the main saloon to all who care to indulge in that stimulant. After that, at nine o'clock, the band gives a concert in the second-cabin saloon, which is always attended by many of the first-cabin passengers. There the people sit about the tables and eat the daintiest little sandwiches, and some of them drink the delightful Hamburg beer, while the band plays.

If you are sick and remain in your berth, the room-steward will call half a dozen times a day to ask you what you want to eat. If you remain on deck, the deck-steward will bring you an excellent dinner without any extra charge.

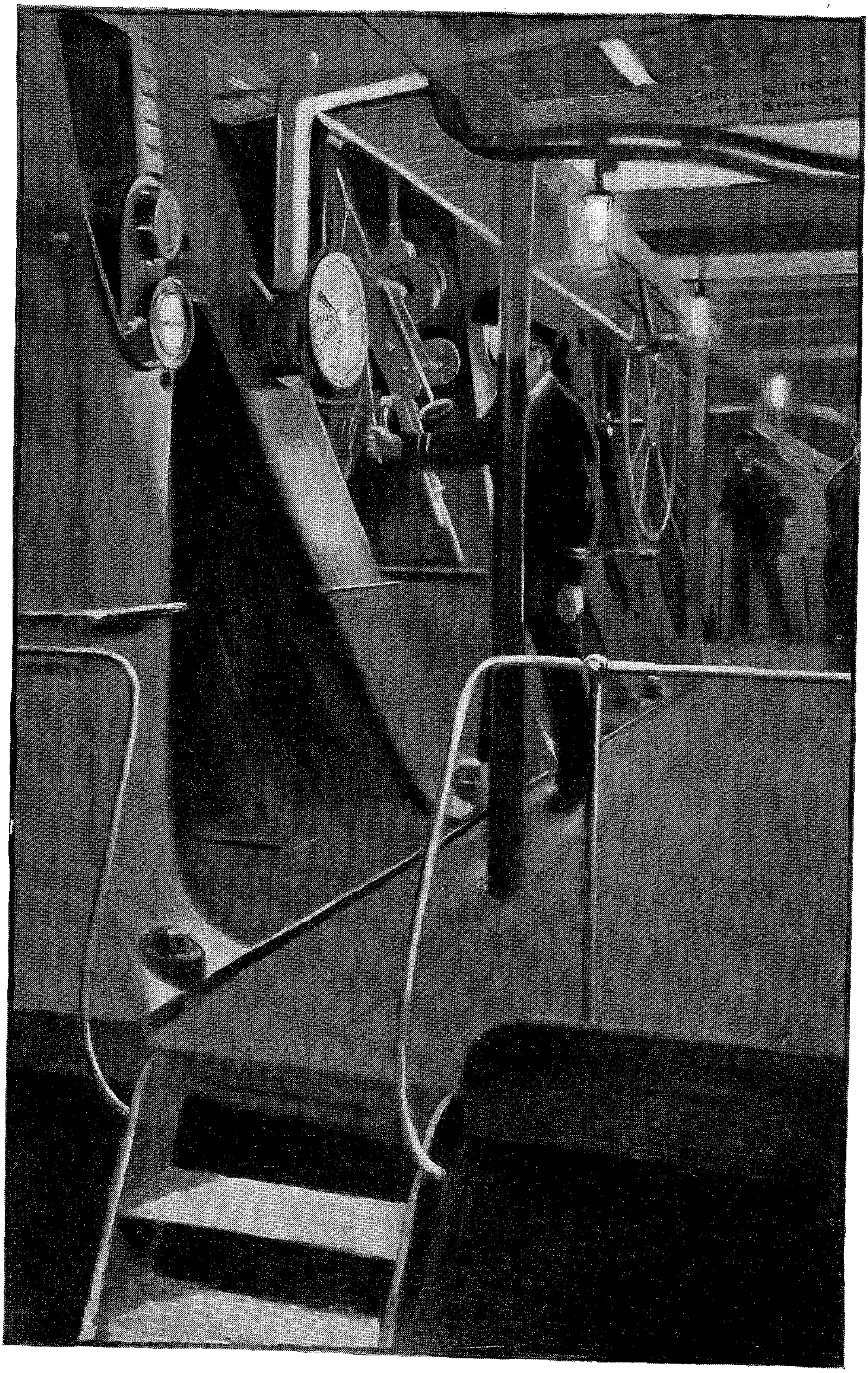
WHERE YOU LODGE.

If you can afford to ignore expense, spacious apartments can be had in the big deck staterooms with their private baths, wide soft beds, and abundance of place for trunk and traps. But even in the staterooms in the depths of the ship there is a delightful display of that ingenuity which has labored for the comfort of the passengers everywhere; the conveniences for making the toilet are so compact, yet so effective; and, as everywhere else, there is splendid service. The boots comes in the night and looks to your shoes; the room-steward comes in the morning to see whether you are in good condition, or need something to set you right for your toilet; the bath-steward makes ready your bath and calls you for it; and you may leave your things about, and pay no attention to keys, because there is small chance of theft. Then there are the baths, no meagre basin of water, but big marble tubs where a hot and cold plunge is always ready.

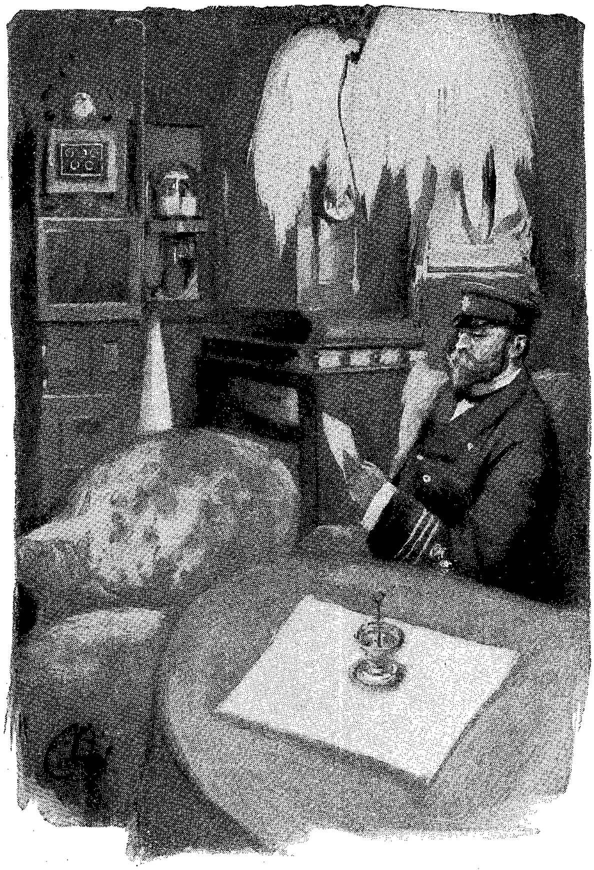
The problem of exercise, a serious one for those taking long sea voyages, is partially solved by the broad decks running almost the full length of these mighty ships. They remind one of the great highways of a city; at night, when illuminated with electric lamps, all view of the sea cut off by darkness, then the illusion is complete, and one can fancy one's self strolling up and down a gay avenue. Those who are not walking or dancing, lounge along the rail, or range themselves in rows against the wall, commenting on the chattering throng as it surges by. All the while there is the strong, keen, joyous sea-air blowing in fresh as from some newly-created world; the day having its changing view of sun or storm upon the face of the many-colored sea, the darkness its mysterious midnight shadows and strange soothing sounds.

So much for the splendid idleness, gay pleasurings, and happy, care-free lives of passengers who, having paid their money, are served, watched over, and amused during every hour of these luxurious journeys. But there is another and even more interesting side to the picture. Below the water line, genius has labored successfully to insure safety and speed for the careless people overhead.

The ladders that lead down into the shadowy regions of fire, heat, smoke, and sweat are steep as the vessel's side, and very narrow. They are arranged in short



THE ENGINE-ROOM—STARTING THE SHIP.



THE CHIEF ENGINEER'S CABIN.

lengths, connecting the successive gradations, not much larger, some of them, than good-sized broilers. And to make the difficulty greater, these ladders, always vertical, face now one way, now another, so that in squeezing through the manholes for each fresh descent, one has to swing to right and left, monkey-like. Imagine this downward journey in a storm.

FOUR FATHOMS AND MORE BELOW THE LEVEL OF THE SEA.

Now we are at the bottom of the ship, four fathoms and more below the level of the Atlantic, and separated from the ocean below by a space of only four feet. This space forms a false bottom, a water-tight compartment, never opened except for occasional inspection, and filled with ballast, the ballast being water. The upper bottom is built of solid steel plates so strongly ribbed together that, though the outside bottom should be torn away, the ship would still float on serenely. Brushed in at the side by the nose of a man-of-war or a submerged rock, she would still be held afloat by her thirteen air-tight compartments, any nine of which, intact, will keep her out of danger. "It is almost impossible for this ship to sink," says the chief engineer, and one comes to believe him.

On this second floor of the ship, over the tightly sealed water compartment, spread out the vital organs of the "Fürst Bismarck." The entire length of five hundred and two feet is divided between the engine-rooms aft, with the huge shafts that turn the twin propellers, and the stoke-hole forward, occupying nearly two-thirds of the ship's vast cellar, and filled with boilers, furnaces, and coal-bunkers. There are three rows of boilers and three rows of coal-bunkers, dividing the stoke-hole into six parallel spaces, all equally black, and all running from one side of the vessel to the other. The "Fürst Bismarck" shows everywhere divisions into three—a trinity of power—three watches, from twelve to four, from four to eight, from eight to twelve; three gangs of stokers, trimmers, and greasers; three great cylinders for the engines; three great cranks for each propeller shaft; three rows of boilers, as we have seen; and over these last, marking their exact location for the idlers on the decks, three yellow smoke-stacks.

"Look, now, we are coming to the boilers!" my guide exclaims.

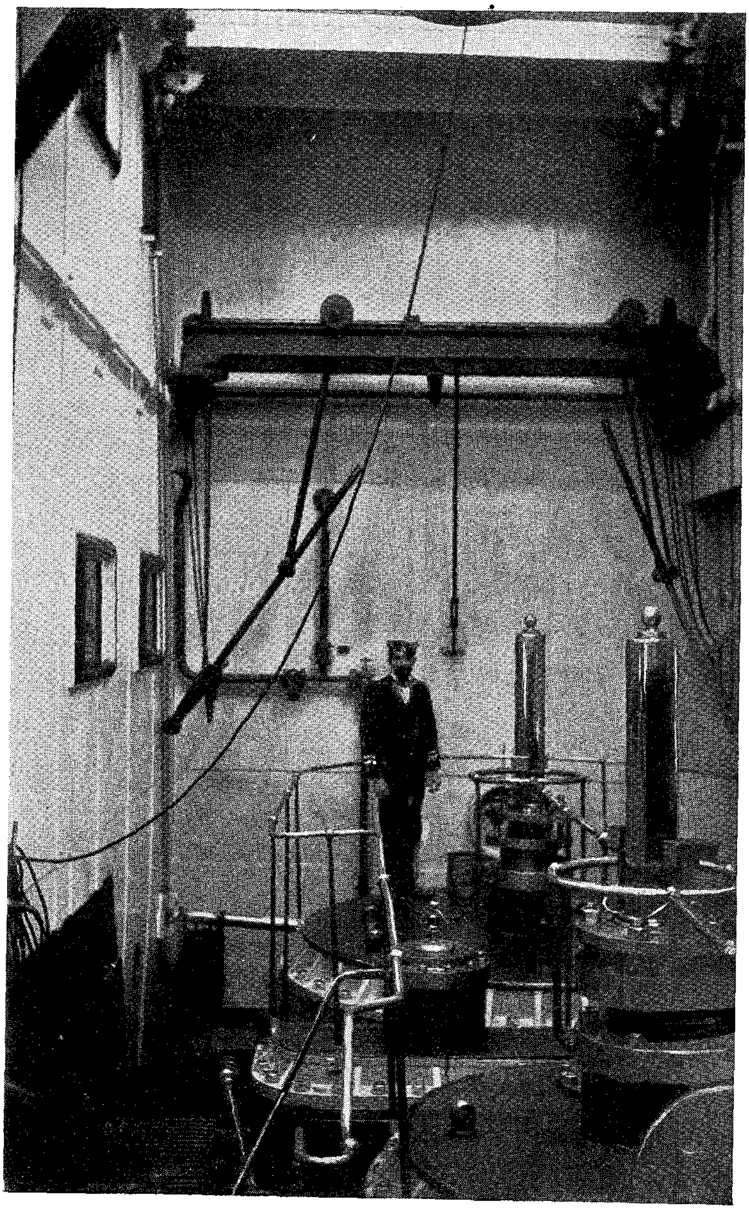
A glare of light breaks into our faces as we emerge from the tunnel. Behind us is the iron wall of bunkers, black and cold. Before us is a wall of fire, twelve glowing craters, whose round red mouths, two feet in diameter, open and close with automatic, weighted doors as six stokers feed them. They seem to snap their jaws for coal. The two walls are parallel and stretch from port to starboard; they are about twelve feet apart and form one of the streets in furnace-land. The iron floor is heaped with piles of ashes, slag, and fresh coal, which latter keeps arriving in the wagons. At the men's feet lie iron implements, long bars and rakes, some of them red-hot at the ends.

Suddenly a man in the shadow puts a whistle to his lips and sounds three calls. The six stokers respond instantly. Every furnace-door flies open. Two men at the right and two at the left begin shovelling furiously, while two men in the middle lift their forty-pound lances and thrust them into the mass of fire. Having buried the lances eight feet deep in the coals, the men throw their weights full upon the ends as levers, and lift the whole bank of fire several inches. Then they draw out the lances; leaving a black hole through the fire into which the draft is sucked with an increasing roar. Three times they thrust the lances; each time they break up the fires, first at the right, then at the left, and then down the centre. When they have finished, their grimy faces are streaked with sweat, their bodies are steaming. In the pauses of their work they plunge their heads in buckets of water, and take deep draughts from bottles of red wine.

NINE HUGE BOILERS AND SEVENTY-TWO HOT FURNACES.

Resting on the twelve furnaces are three huge boilers which rise with great curving cylinders, rivet-studded, ending somewhere in the darkness far above; one peers up vainly to make out the tops. Each of these boilers could receive in its enormous girth four Broadway cable cars, and the three fill the width of the ship, their iron sides pressed close together. They are about twenty feet in length, and underneath their farther end, in the next stoke-hole space, burn twelve other furnaces equal in size to those before us, making eight roaring fires to one boiler, or twenty-four furnaces to the three. And each furnace able to take in half a ton of coal at a gulp!

The man with the whistle is one of the three *Oberheizers* on duty for each watch, there being nine of them in all, with nine gangs of men. Each *Oberheizer* directs twelve stokers, who feed the twenty-four furnaces under the row of boilers, six at one end, six at the other, each tending two fires. But there is more than the one row of boilers; the "Fürst Bismarck" has three, or nine boilers in all. And so there are always, night and day, down in her dark cellars, thirty-six stokers and their chiefs,



UPPER ENGINE-ROOM.

working like demons at seventy-two furnaces, which blaze red-hot or white-hot from the moment the steamer sails until her landing.

Now, bending our heads, we enter another passage, darker and narrower than the former, traversing the space between two boilers.

Here is greater animation, for twelve stokers are firing on this street, six for the row of boilers under which we have just passed, and six on the other side for the second row. No *Oberheizer* is in sight, but from the far side of the second row of boilers sounds at intervals the whistle which directs the second gang, while the whistle of the *Oberheizer* in the first street comes through the tunnel behind us.

Now the signal from the latter sounds sharp and imperious. The two men at either extremity of the line spring for the fire-rakes, while the two in the middle grasp their shovels. Then for five minutes they struggle with the fires, those in the centre throwing in great lumps of coal, those on the ends shaping up the burning firebeds.

WATERING THE BOILERS—CLEANING THE FURNACES.

The stoker's work is not limited to caring for the fires, he has also to keep constant watch on the boiler-gauges, letting in fresh water from the reservoir whenever the long, dusty glass tubes show that it is needed—about twice an hour. Every day the nine boilers change into steam one hundred tons of water, which is carried back to the reservoir from the condenser, and used over and over again.

The refuse, after being removed from the furnaces, is shovelled into large buckets. These are attached to chains let down through the air-shafts, and at the cry, "Heave up!" or "Hieve-op!" the engine on the deck above is set in motion, winding up the chains, and presently the waste of the furnaces is dumped into the ocean.

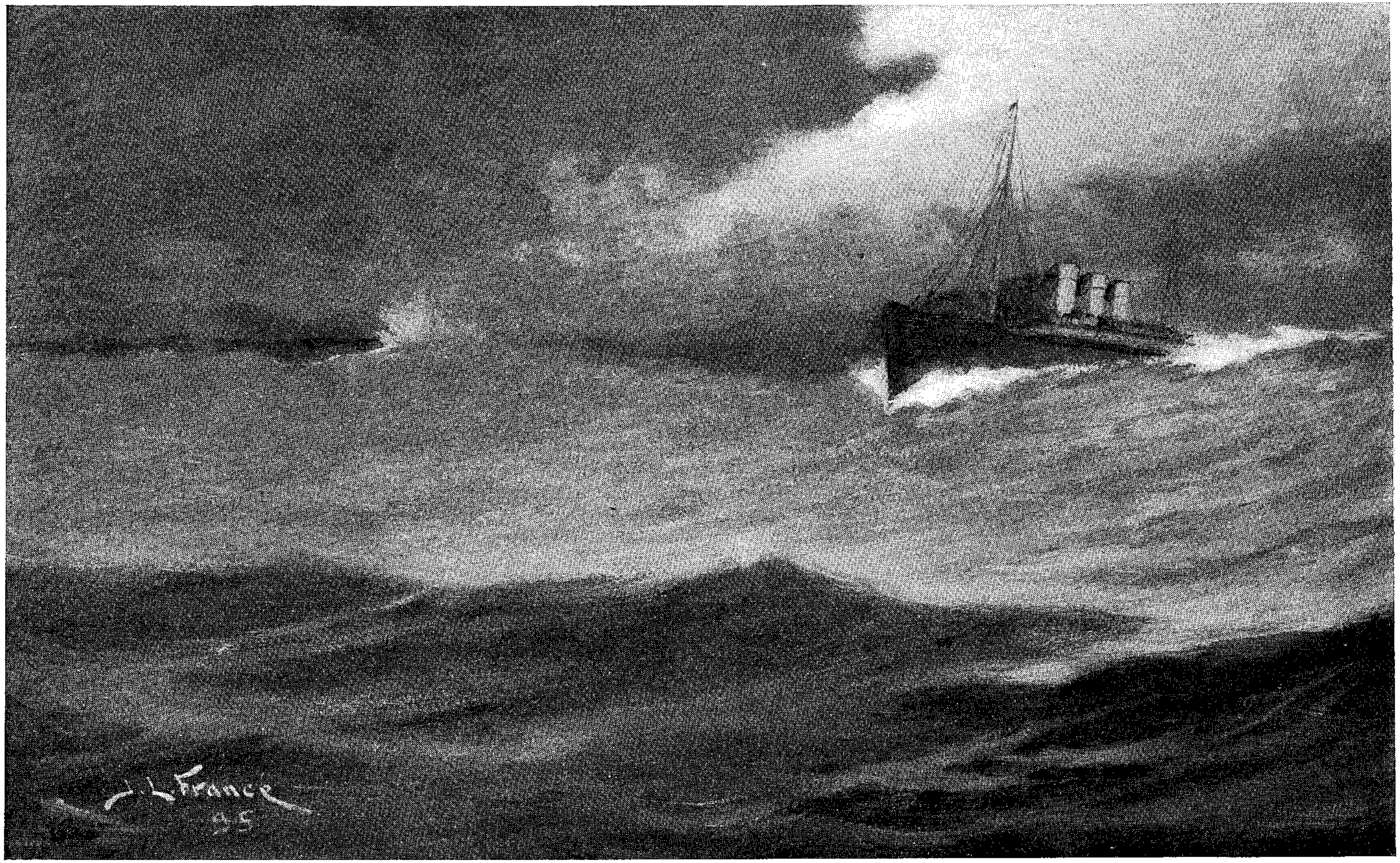
Not only must stokers be men of excellent bodily strength, but considerable skill is required in their work. It takes some time to learn the handling of the lances, and the proper use of the fire-rakes calls for special knowledge. When the coal is first shovelled into the furnaces, it is thrown as far back as possible, to the point of extreme combustion. Then, after breaking it up, the rakes are used to draw back the fuel now fully ignited, so as to form a curving mound near the mouth of the furnace, the highest point being about two feet back from the door. It has been found by experiment that this arrangement of the coal gives the hottest flame, and the strongest draft up through the boilers.

It is fair to say that everything that can be done to mitigate the hardships of life in the stoke-hole has been done by the steamship companies. It was to lessen the strain of their work that the stokers and trimmers were allowed to divide their working day of eight hours into two stretches of four hours each. The best quality of food is given them, with plenty of meat and fresh vegetables, and they are allowed double rations of wine and kümmel four times a day, practically all they care to drink.

It has been proposed to introduce on steamships the mechanical stoker now coming into more or less use on land. But it seems doubtful if this can ever be done. The constant shifting of the angle of a vessel's floor would interfere with the automatic feeding of any machine as yet constructed.

THE COAL IT COSTS TO INCREASE SPEED.

Few people understand the enormous increase required in the amount of coal burned to get a comparatively slight increase in a vessel's speed. For example, suppose the propellers were turning fifty-seven times to the minute, and it was desired to make them turn fifty-eight times instead. This would only make the ship go about three ship-lengths farther in a day. But it would require the burning of five more tons of coal a day. The formula accepted by the engineers is that the coal burned varies as the cube of the speed attained. One of the chief engineers of the Hamburg Line gave me the following estimate of the various amounts of coal required to produce varying rates of speed, and in this the varying proportion between the increase in coal burned and the increase in speed is at once apparent. The "Bismarck" could be driven at the rate of twelve knots an hour by burning ninety tons of coal a day. By burning twice as much coal a day—that is one hundred and eighty tons—her speed would be advanced to only sixteen knots an hour, a gain of but one-third. By increasing the coal burned to three hundred tons a day the rate of gain in speed is even less, the speed being then twenty knots an hour. It is calculated that if enough



IN MID-OCEAN.

coal were burned and enough extra furnaces and firemen put in to double the present horse-power of this steamship, the result would be only to shorten her time across the Atlantic by a scant half-day. Thus much more is meant than one realizes when the newspapers inform us that a steamer has beaten the Atlantic record even by an hour or two. It has cost hundreds of tons of coal, thousands of dollars in boilers, furnaces, and machinery, and strain on human beings such as no one can easily conceive of who is not more or less familiar with the stoke-hole.

THE FIFTY-FIVE ENGINES.

Let us look now into the engine-room, the real heart of the vessel, where all the steam brought from the nine huge boilers hurls itself against the pistons in six huge cylinders, three to turn the propeller on the port side, three to turn the one on the starboard side. Of these three pairs of cylinders, the first pair are forty-three inches in diameter, and work a pressure of eleven atmospheres. The second pair are sixty-seven inches in diameter, with a pressure of four atmospheres. The third pair are low pressure cylinders, one hundred and six inches in diameter, with one atmosphere pressure, and a vacuum equal in working power to one atmosphere. Many visits are necessary to the engine-room before one becomes familiar enough with the place to appreciate its marvels. The first effect is merely stunning. One understands nothing, fails to trace any sequence of cause and effect, and only recognizes a stupendous turning of giant cranks, a piling up of enormous masses of metal all bright and oily, a wilderness of immense steel stanchions, levers, and cylinders, great wheels, great curving pipes, great pistons, the whole weighing hundreds of tons, and all apparently turning and pounding without beginning or end.

Three men, the engineer, his assistant, and a greaser, are the whole force required at one time in each engine-room, and they never seem to be particularly busy. When all is well, as it always is, the engineer has nothing more to do than turn a little wheel now and then, or open and shut some valves. Quite child's play one would think. It seems ridiculous that he should manage these giant powers about him literally with a turn of the hand. There on the floor is a little lever which, turned one way or the other, lets the whole Atlantic Ocean into the great condensers. Turn it over so, and tons of salt water are rushing into those great pipes. Having served its purpose in condensing the steam, this salt water is discharged overboard from the vessel's sides with a great spurting.

Here is the little wheel, only a foot in diameter, which will stop or start the great ship by a few turns. A woman could work it.

Beside this wheel is the telegraph connected with the bridge where the captain stands, a needle indicating on the dial the order to be executed. At the bottom of the dial, where the figure six is on a clock, is printed the word "halt." Then, on one side, in German, are the words "steady," "slow," "halt," and "full." When the needle points on this side it means to go ahead as indicated; when it points on the other side, where there are corresponding words, it means to reverse the engines and go backward.

HOW THE SHIP IS SHUT INTO WATER-TIGHT COMPARTMENTS.

Between the two sets of orders on the telegraph dial I noticed one special word, *Schotten zu*, and asked the engineer what that meant.

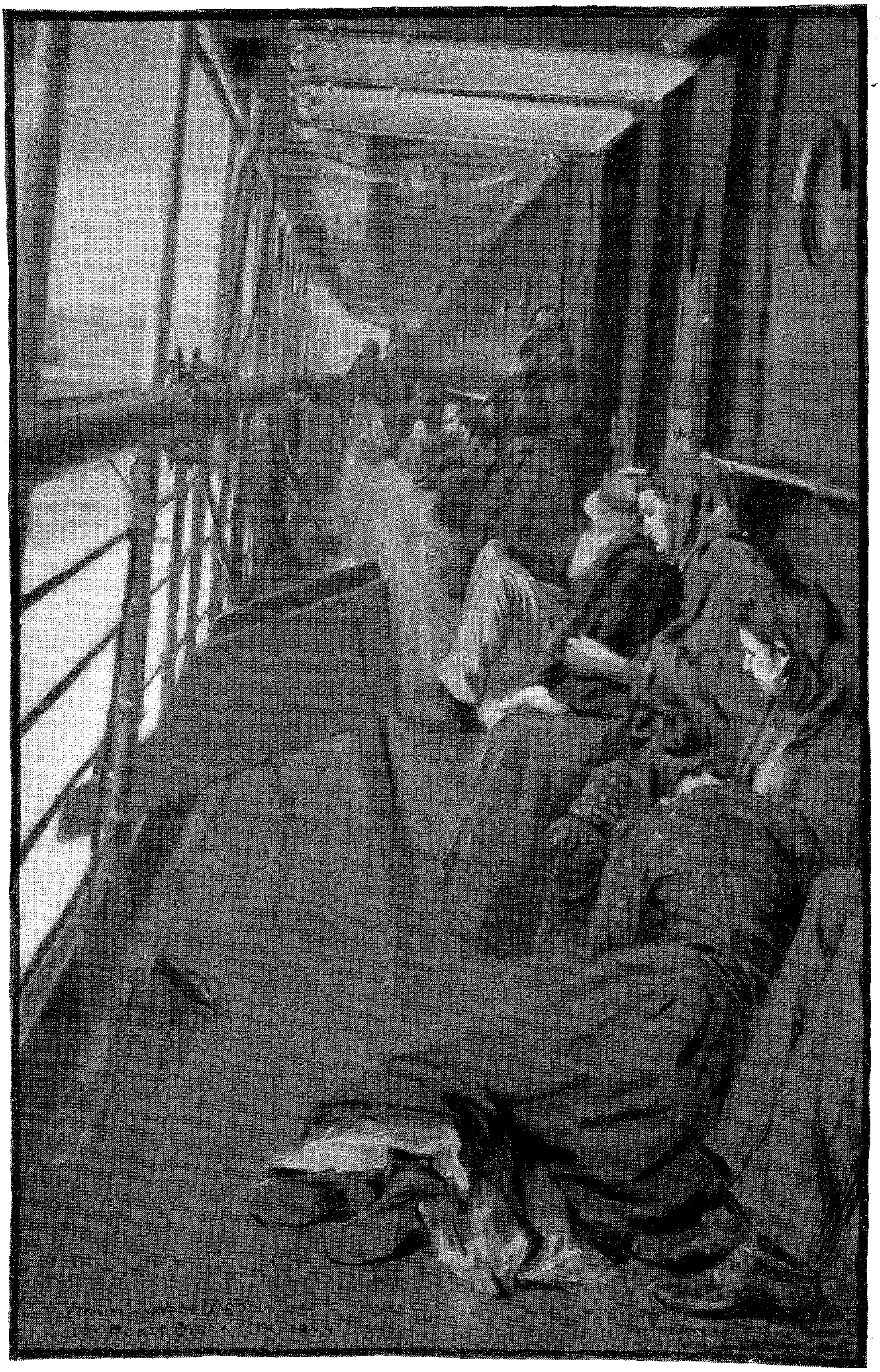
"That," he answered, "is one of the most important signals of all. It is given twice in twenty-four hours on every day of every voyage, but we never know when it will come, day or night. It is the signal to close the great iron doors that separate the water-tight compartments in the engine-rooms; they can all be closed within a minute of the giving of the signal. That is what we practise every day."

The engineer proceeded to show me these iron doors and explain their working. In each partition in the engine-room is an opening about the size of an ordinary low doorway through which the men pass in their daily work.

Each set of boilers with the underlying furnaces may be quite shut off from the rest of the ship, and each engine-room may be shut off from the other.

The whole hull of the ship is divided by twelve massive partitions of iron and steel which no force would crush through. There are, therefore, thirteen water-tight compartments, and the ship would float on undisturbed, even if three or four of them were stove in and filled with water.

The method of closing the compartments is beautifully simple. A heavy iron door, sliding between heavy wheels, is always poised above the opening, held in place by


CORWIN KNAPP LINSON
S.S. FURST BISMARCK 1894

THE STEERAGE DECK.

an iron pin which has only to be loosened to let the door slide downward and close by its own weight. These doors are so heavily built that in the daily manœuvres it takes two men four minutes, working with all their might at ratchet and wheel, to hoist them to their places. Whenever the signal "*Schotten zu*" is received by the engineer, a sharp whistle call rings through all the gloomy regions below, and the men spring to their posts like firemen, for they never know whether there is really danger or whether it is merely the usual practice. At a second signal, the two men stationed at each door loosen the pins, which allows the wheels to turn, and, in a few seconds, the thirteen water-tight compartments are secured.

"I will tell you another thing," said the engineer, "which shows the perfection of our system. The captain himself on the deck, or any officer, can, by a single movement of a lever, cause every one of these doors to close. Thus, you see, that even should the men be panic-stricken and fail to respond to the call, the ship would still be safe."

I asked the engineer how long it would take to stop the "Bismarck" going through mid-ocean at full speed.

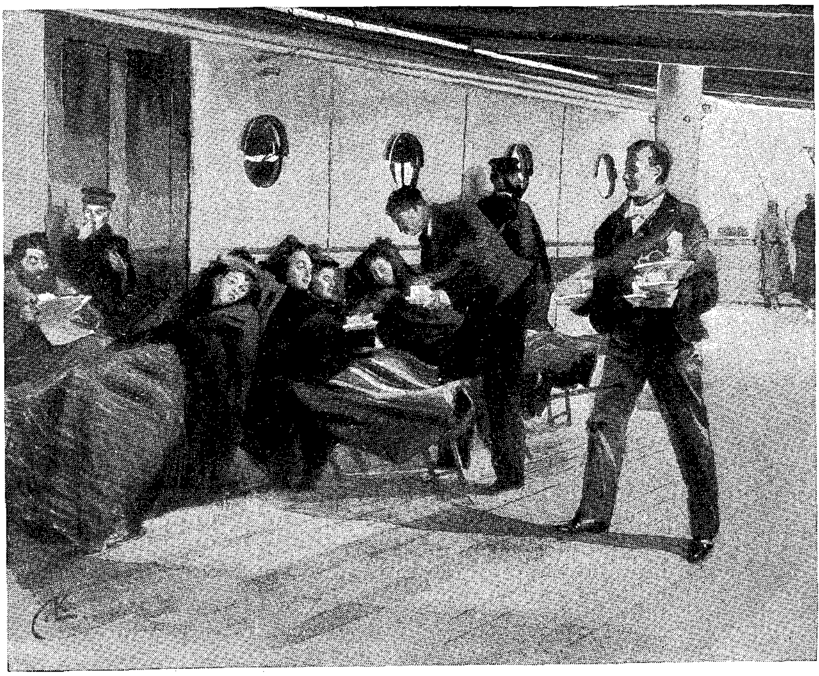
"We have never made a full test of that point," he said, "but I think I could stop her within six lengths without reversing the engines. If I reversed the engines I might stop her in three lengths, say within half a minute."

"Would that be in time to save a man who had gone overboard?" I asked.

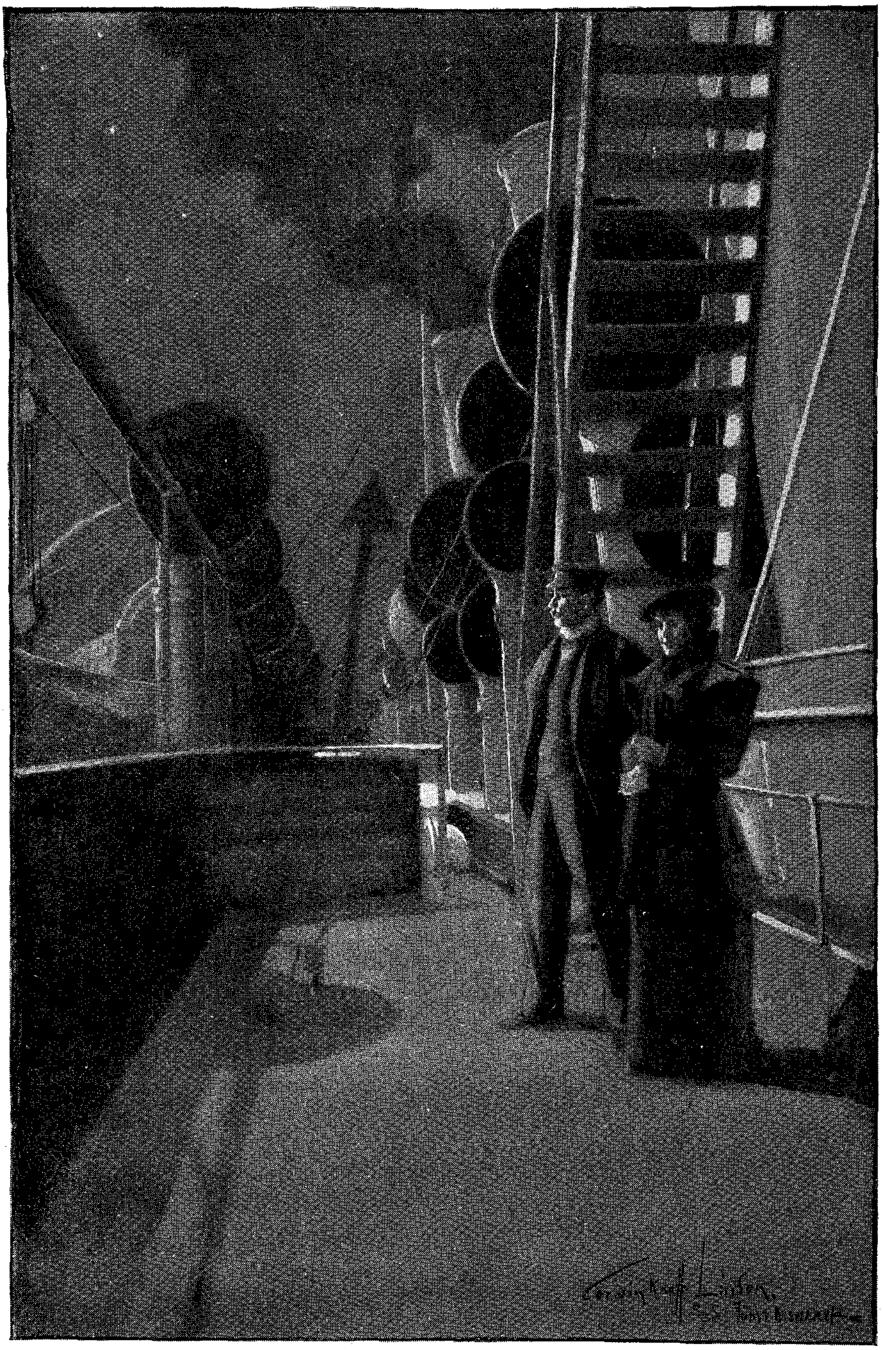
The engineer shook his head. "I am afraid not. I am very skeptical of being able to save anyone who has jumped or fallen from the ship. In many years' experience I have never known a case of such a rescue. Of course I am speaking now of large steamers with propellers. You see, the person who goes overboard is almost always drawn in by the suction of the ship, and struck by the revolving screw. Of course that means death. If a man jumped straight off the stern, and as far out as possible, so as to clear the blades, and then if he could keep afloat long enough, he might be picked up by a boat. That's about the only chance. But usually people who jump from a ship wish to die."

THE STEAM STEERING APPARATUS.

The "man at the wheel," who "puts her over" to starboard or port, grasping the handles of a great wheel with either hand as a pilot is seen to do on a ferryboat, is, as most readers are no doubt aware, not to be found on the great steamships. There is still the wheel. On the "Fürst Bismarck" it is a double wheel, six feet in diameter,



LUXURY ON DECK.



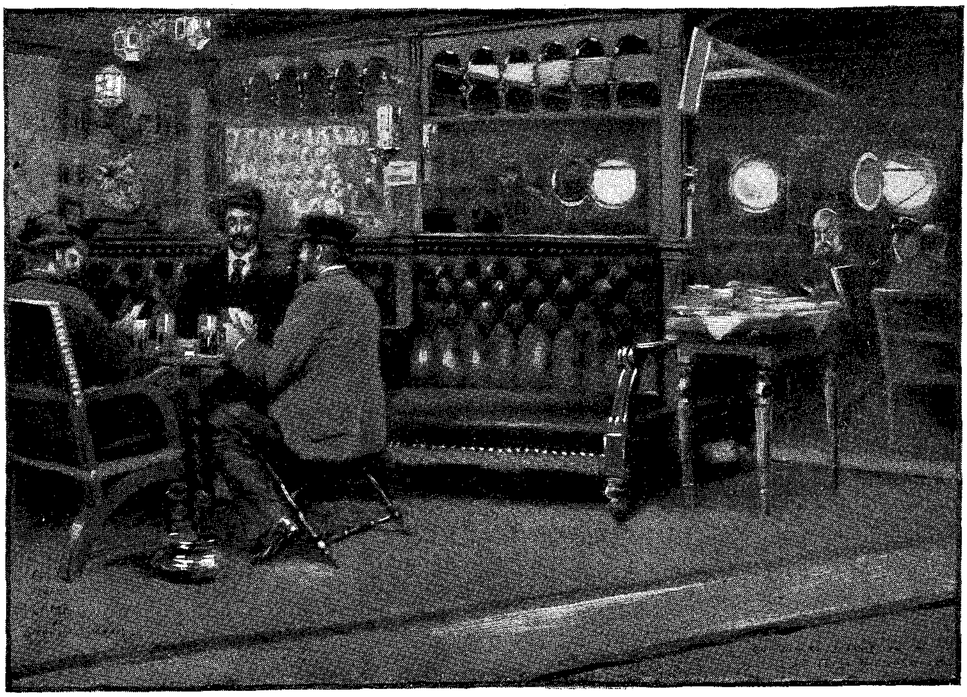
HURRICANE DECK AND VENTILATORS.

and so heavy that four men with all their strength can scarcely manage it in easy weather, while eight men are required to steer with it in a storm. This, however, is only for use in an emergency; its great spokes being never even touched unless some accident happens to the steam steering apparatus usually employed. What really steers the ship is the strength of a seventy-five horse-power engine placed in the steering-room, at the extreme aft of the ship, where the emergency wooden wheel is also placed. This engine, by means of small cogged wheels and a massive iron chain, turns a great iron wheel placed horizontally either to the right or the left. This iron wheel is as wide as a house, and weighs many tons. Its upright axis passes down through the bottom of the ship, and is fitted to the rudder, which swings beneath the propellers, and, like them, seems ridiculously small as the final recipient and agent of such enormous power. The steering-wheel never makes a complete revolution on its axis, but only turns a few degrees to the right or the left as the engine is directed. When the steam is allowed to rush in on one side of the pistons, the wheel turns one way, and when the steam is let in on the other side, the wheel turns in the other way. All that the captain or officer on the bridge does in steering the ship is, with the guidance of a dial, to open or close the valves which let the steam into the cylinders of the steering-engine. They seem to be steering the ship by their own effort, but really they are doing nothing more than pull the reins on one side or the other to direct the giant of steam who steers for them.

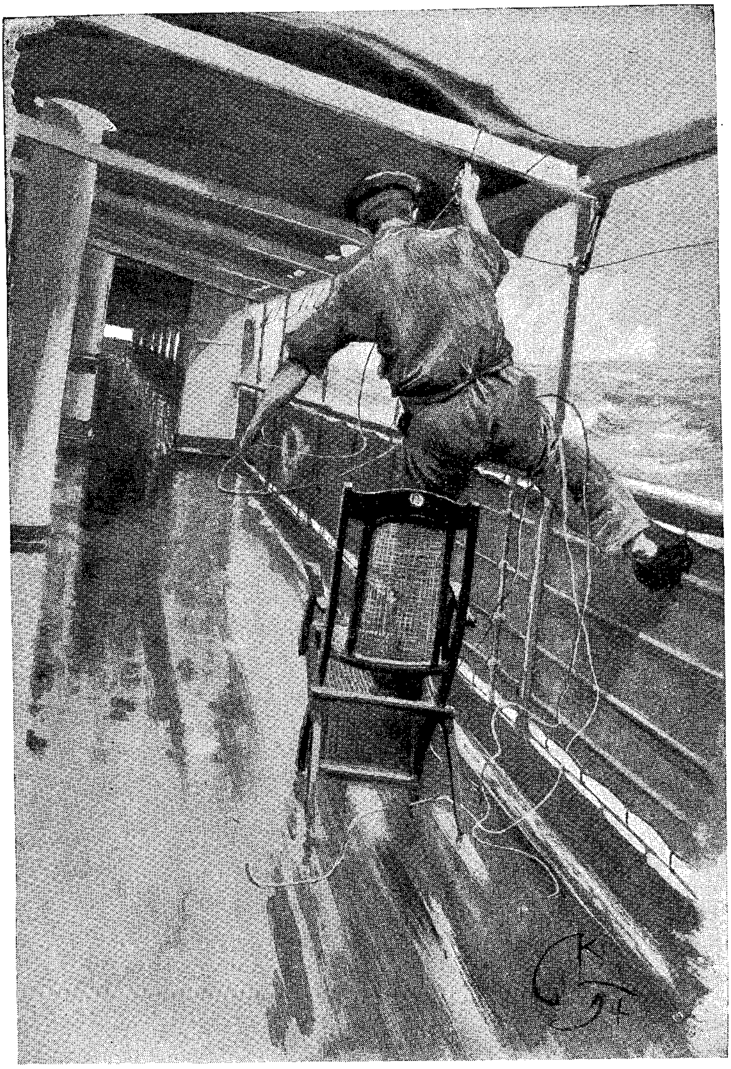
IN THE SHAFT-ROOM.

The last thing one comes to working aft in exploring the bottom of a ship, is the shaft-room, through which the twin axes pass from the cranks of the engines to the great screws that project behind. Not many ocean travellers have entered this room or been able to form an idea of the enormous size of these propeller shafts. Each one of them is nearly two feet in diameter and one hundred and forty-two feet in length. Each is made of the toughest steel, and is in eight sections, screwed together with elaborate couplings. Each averages a ton in weight for every foot of length; that is, ten feet of each shaft weighs ten tons, and the whole shaft weighs, with the couplings, nearly one hundred and fifty tons. They are painted white, and so uniform is their coating, and so true do they run in their bearings, that as one watches them spin around they seem scarcely to be moving at all. As a matter of fact, though, when the vessel is running at full speed they turn about seventy-five times in a minute, and it is with strange sensations that one stands in this long, low room with its bare, white-painted iron walls, and feels, only a few feet beyond the iron partition, the tremendous impact of those swift-turning screws against the plunging, surging water, kicking, as it were, at the great Atlantic with the force of sixteen thousand horses.

It is always an advantage to have steamers with twin propellers, because should anything happen to the steering apparatus or to the rudder, the ship may be steered with absolutely no danger, by simply reversing one screw, and going



SOLID COMFORT IN THE SMOKE-ROOM.



MAKING FAST AN AWNING.

ahead with the other, the effect being the same as when a rowboat is guided by holding one oar still and working the other. But there are other advantages of the twin-screw system. It secures the longitudinal bulkhead, a solid steel partition which runs from stem to stern and divides the ship into halves. Each side is fully equipped with an independent set of engines and boilers and shaft and screw. An accident to the machinery on one side, therefore, in no wise affects the other, which will continue its work and propel the ship with only slightly diminished speed.

Thus marvellously constructed and equipped, the ocean "flyer" makes her appointed voyage swiftly and securely, in any sort of weather, accommodating within her ample walls the life above and the life below—the two as widely separated as two worlds. And the personal equipment is no less remarkable than the mechanical, skill and scrupulous attention marking it everywhere. The captain on his bridge; the chief engineer in his luxurious oak-finished office, surrounded by easy chairs and soft couches, and burnished dials and indicators; and all under them, have, night or day, but one thought, one duty,—to see that all is well. And in consequence, rarely, almost never, is it otherwise than well.

THE LORD OF CHATEAU NOIR.

By A. Conan Doyle,

Author of "Micah Clarke," "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," etc.

IT was in the days when the German armies had broken their way across France, and when the shattered forces of the young republic had been swept aside to the north of the Aione and to the south of the Loire. Three broad streams of armed men had rolled slowly but irresistibly from the Rhine, now meandering to the north, now to the south, dividing, coalescing, but all uniting to form one great lake round Paris. And from this lake there welled out smaller streams, one to the north, one southward to Orleans, and a third westward into Normandy. Many a German trooper saw the sea for the first time when he rode his horse girth-deep into the waves at Dieppe.

Black and bitter were the thoughts of Frenchmen when they saw this wale of dishonor slashed across the fair face of their country. They had fought, and they had been overborne. That swarming cavalry, those countless footmen, the masterful guns—they had tried and tried to make head against them. In battalions their invaders were not to be beaten. But man to man, or ten to ten, they were their equals. A brave Frenchman might still make a single German rue the day that he had left his own bank of the Rhine. Thus, unchronicled amid the battles and the sieges, there broke out another war, a war of individuals, with foul murder upon the one side and brutal reprisal upon the other.

Colonel von Gramm of the Twenty-fourth Posen Infantry had suffered severely during this new development. He commanded in the little Norman town of Les Andelys, and his outposts stretched amid the hamlets and farmhouses of the district round. No French force was within fifty miles of him, and yet morning after morning he had to listen to a black report of sentries found dead at their posts, or of foraging parties which had never returned. Then the colonel would go forth in his wrath, and farmsteadings would blaze and villages tremble, but next morning there was still that same dismal tale to be told. Do what he might, he could not shake off his invisible enemies. And yet it should not have been so hard, for from certain signs in common, in the plan and in the deed, it was certain that all these outrages came from a single source.

Colonel von Gramm had tried violence and it had failed. Gold might be more successful. He published it abroad over the countryside that five hundred francs would be paid for information. There was no response. Then eight hundred. The peasants were incorruptible. Then, goaded on by a murdered corporal, he rose to a thousand, and so bought the soul of François Rejane, farm laborer, whose Norman avarice was a stronger passion than his French hatred.

"You say that you know who did these crimes?" asked the Prussian colonel, eying with loathing the blue-bloused, rat-faced creature before him.

"Yes, Colonel."

"And it was——?"

"Those thousand francs, Colonel——"

"Not a sou until your story has been tested. Come! who is it who has murdered my men?"

"It is Count Eustace of Chateau Noir."

"You lie!" cried the colonel, angrily. "A gentleman and a nobleman could not have done such crimes."

The peasant shrugged his shoulders. "It is evident to me that you do not know the count. It is this way, Colonel. What I tell you is the truth, and I am not afraid that you should test it. The Count of Chateau Noir is a hard man—even at the best time he was a hard man. But of late he has been terrible. It was his son's death, you know. His son was under Donay, and he was taken, and then in escaping from Germany he met his death. It was the count's only child; and, indeed, we all think that it has driven him mad. With his peasants he follows the German armies. I do not know how many he has killed, but it is he who cuts the cross upon the foreheads, for it is the badge of his house."

It was true. The murdered sentries had each had a saltier cross slashed across their brows, as by a hunting-knife. The colonel bent his stiff back and ran his forefinger over the map which lay upon the table.

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"The Chateau Noir is not more than four leagues," he said.

"Three and a kilometre, Colonel."

"You know the place?"

"I used to work there."

Colonel von Gramm rang the bell.

"Give this man food, and detain him," said he to the sergeant.

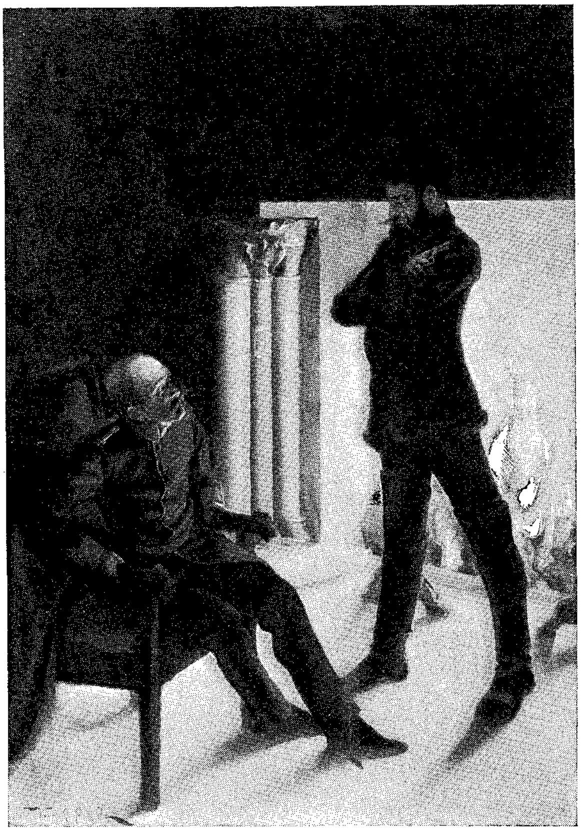
"Why detain me, Colonel? I can tell you no more."

"We shall need you as guide."

"As guide! But the count! If I were to fall into his hands! Ah, Colonel!——"

The Prussian commander waved him away. "Send Captain Baumgarten to me at once," said he.

The officer who answered the summons was a man of middle age, heavy-jawed, blue-eyed, with a curving yellow mustache, and a brick-red face which turned to an ivory-white where his helmet had sheltered it. He was bald, with a shining, tightly stretched scalp, at the back of which, as in a mirror, it was a favorite mess joke for the subalterns to trim their mustaches. As a soldier he was slow, but reliable and brave. The colonel could trust him where a more dashing officer might be in danger.



THE FRENCHMAN HELD UP A REVOLVER WHICH HE GRASPED IN HIS RIGHT HAND.

"You will proceed to Chateau Noir to-night, Captain," said he. "A guide has been provided. You will arrest the count and bring him back. If there is an attempt at rescue, shoot him at once."

"How many men shall I take, Colonel?"

"Well, we are surrounded by spies, and our only chance is to pounce upon him before he knows that we are on the way. A large force will attract attention. On the other hand, you must not risk being cut off."

"I might march north, Colonel, as if to join General Goeben. Then I could turn down this road which I see upon your map, and get to Chateau Noir before they could hear of us. In that case, with twenty men——"

"Very good, Captain. I hope to see you with your prisoner to-morrow morning."

It was a cold December night when Captain Baumgarten marched out of Les Andelys with his twenty Poseners, and took the main road to the northwest. Two miles out he turned suddenly down a narrow, deeply rutted track, and made swiftly for his man. A thin, cold rain was falling, swishing among the tall poplar trees and rustling in the fields on either side. The captain walked first with Moser, a veteran sergeant, beside him. The sergeant's wrist was fastened to that of the French peasant, and it had been whispered in his ear that, in case of an ambush, the first bullet fired would be through his head. Behind them the twenty infantrymen plodded along through the darkness, with their faces sunk to the rain, and their boots squeaking in the soft, wet clay. They knew where they were going, and why, and the thought upheld them; for they were bitter at the loss of their comrades. It was a cavalry job, they knew, but the cavalry were all on with the advance, and, besides, it was more fitting that the regiment should avenge its own dead men.

It was nearly eight when they left Les Andelys. At half-past eleven their guide stopped at a place where two high pillars, crowned with some heraldic stone-work, flanked a huge iron gate. The wall in which it had been the opening had crumbled away, but the great gate still towered above the brambles and weeds which had overgrown its base. The Prussians made their way round it, and advanced stealthily under the shadow of a black tunnel of oak branches up the long avenue which was still cumbered by the leaves of last autumn. At the top they halted and reconnoitred.

The black chateau lay in front of them. The moon had shone out between two rain-clouds, and threw the old house into silver and shadow. It was shaped like an L, with a low-arched door in front, and lines of small windows like the open ports of a man-of-war. Above was a dark roof, breaking at the corners into little, round, overhanging turrets, the whole lying silent in the moonshine, with a drift of ragged clouds blackening the heavens behind it. A single light gleamed in one of the lower windows.

The captain whispered his orders to his men. Some were to creep to the front door, some to the back. Some were to watch the east, and some the west. He and the sergeant stole on tiptoe to the lighted window.

It was a small room into which they looked, very meanly furnished. An elderly man, in the dress of a menial, was reading a tattered paper by the light of a guttering candle. He leaned back in his wooden chair, with his feet upon a box, while a bottle of white wine stood with a half-filled tumbler upon a stool beside him. The sergeant thrust his needle-gun through the glass, and the man sprang to his feet with a shriek.

"Silence for your life! The house is surrounded, and you cannot escape. Come round and open the door, or we will show you no mercy when we come in."

"For God's sake, don't shoot! I will open it! I will open it!" He rushed from the room with his paper still crumpled up in his hand. An instant later, with a groaning of old locks and a rasping of bars, the low door swung open, and the Prussians poured into the stone-flagged passage.

"Where is Count Eustace de Chateau Noir?"

"My master? He is out, sir."

"Out at this time of night? Your life for a lie."

"It is true, sir. He is out."

"Where?"

"I do not know."

"Doing what?"

"I cannot tell. No, it is no use your cocking your pistol, sir. You may kill me, but you cannot make me tell you that which I do not know."

"Is he often out at this hour?"

"Frequently."

"And when does he come home?"

"Before daybreak."

Captain Baumgarten rasped out a German oath. He had had his journey for nothing, then. The man's answers were only too likely to be true. It was what he might have expected. But, at least, he would search the house and make sure. Leaving a picket at the front door and another at the back, the sergeant and he drove the trembling butler in front of them, his shaking candle sending strange flickering shadows over the old tapestries and the low oak-raftered ceilings. They searched the whole house from the huge stone-flagged kitchen below to the dining-hall on the second floor, with its gallery for musicians, and its panelling black with age; but nowhere was there a living creature. Up in an attic they found Marie, the elderly wife of the butler, but the owner kept no other servants; and of his own presence there was no trace.

It was long, however, before Captain Baumgarten had satisfied himself upon the point. It was a difficult house to search. Thin stairs, which only one man could ascend at a time, connected lines of tortuous corridors. The walls were so thick that each room was cut off from its neighbor. Huge fire-places yawned in each, while the windows were six feet deep in the wall. Captain Baumgarten stamped with his feet, and tore down curtains, and struck with the pommel of his sword. If there were secret hiding-places he was not fortunate enough to find them.

"I have an idea," said he, at last, speaking in German to the sergeant. "You will place a guard over this fellow, and make sure that he communicates with no one."

"Yes, Captain."

"And you will place four men in ambush at the front and at the back. It is likely enough that about daybreak our bird may come back to the nest."

"And the others, Captain?"

"Let them have their suppers in the kitchen. This fellow will serve you with meat and wine. It is a wild night, and we shall be better here than on the country road."

"And yourself, Captain?"

"I will take my supper up here in the

dining-hall. The logs are laid, and we can light the fire. You will call me if there is any alarm. What can you give me for supper—you?"

"Alas! monsieur, there was a time when I might have answered, 'What you wish.' But now it is all that we can do to find a bottle of new claret and a cold pullet."

"That will do very well. Let a guard go about with him, Sergeant, and let him feel the end of a bayonet if he plays us any tricks."

Captain Baumgarten was an old campaigner. In the Eastern provinces, and, before that, in Bohemia, he had learned the art of quartering himself upon the enemy. While the butler brought his supper in, he occupied himself in making his preparations for a comfortable night. He lit the candelabrum of ten candles upon the centre-table. The fire was already burning up, crackling merrily, and sending spurts of blue pungent smoke out into the room. The captain walked to the window and looked out. The moon had gone in again, and it was raining heavily. He could hear the deep sough of the wind, and see the dark gloom of the trees, all swaying in one direction. It was a sight which gave a zest to his comfortable quarters, and to the cold fowl and the bottle of wine which the butler had brought up for him. He was tired and hungry after his long tramp; so he threw his sword, his helmet, and his revolver-belt down upon a chair, and fell to eagerly upon his supper. Then, with his glass of wine before him, and a cigar between his lips, he tilted his chair back and looked about him.

He sat within a small circle of brilliant light which gleamed upon his silver shoulder-straps and drew out his terra-cotta face, his heavy eyebrows, and his yellow mustache. But outside that circle things were vague and shadowy in the old dining-hall. Two sides were oak-panelled, and two were hung with faded tapestry, across which huntsmen and dogs and stags were still dimly streaming. Above the fireplace were rows of heraldic shields, with the blazonings of the family and its alliances, the fatal saltier cross breaking out on each of them.

Four paintings of old seigneurs of Chateau Noir faced the fireplace, all men with hawk noses and bold, high features, so like each other that only the dress could distinguish the crusader from the cavalier of the Fronde. Captain Baumgarten, heavy with his repast, lay back in his chair, looking up at them through the cloud of his tobacco smoke, and pondering over the strange chance which had sent him, a man from the Baltic coast, to eat his supper in the ancestral hall of these proud Norman chieftains. But the fire was hot and the captain's eyes were heavy. His chin sank slowly upon his chest, and the ten candles gleamed upon the broad white scalp.

Suddenly a slight noise brought him to his feet. For an instant it seemed to his dazed senses that one of the pictures opposite had walked from its frame. There, beside the table, and almost within arm's length of him, was standing a huge man, silent, motionless, with no sign of life save his fierce, glinting eyes. He was black-haired, olive-skinned, with a pointed tuft of black beard, and a great fierce nose towards which all his features seemed to run. His cheeks were wrinkled like a last year's apple, but his sweep of shoulder and bony, corded hands told of a strength which was unsapped by age. His arms were folded across his arching chest, and his mouth was set in a fixed smile.

"Pray, do not trouble yourself to look for your weapons," he said, as the Prussian cast a swift glance at the empty chair in which they had been laid. "You have been, if you will allow me to say so, a little indiscreet to make yourself so much at home in a house every wall of which is honeycombed with secret passages. You will be amused to hear that forty men were watching you at your supper. Ah! What then!"

Captain Baumgarten had taken a step forward with clenched fists. The Frenchman held up a revolver which he grasped in his right hand, while with his left he hurled the German back into his chair.

"Pray keep your seat," said he. "You have no cause to trouble about your men. They have already been provided for. It is astonishing, with these stone floors, how little one can hear what goes on beneath. You have been relieved of your command, and have now only to think of yourself. May I ask what your name is?"

"I am Captain Baumgarten of the Twenty-fourth Posen Regiment."

"Your French is excellent, though you incline, like most of your countrymen, to turn the 'p' into a 'b.' I have been amused to hear them cry, '*Ayez bitié sur moi!*' You know, doubtless, who it is who addresses you."

"The Count of Chateau Noir."

"Precisely. It would have been a misfortune if you had visited my chateau and I had been unable to have a word with you.

I have had to do with many German soldiers, but never with an officer before. I have much to talk to you about."

Captain Baumgarten sat still in his chair. Brave as he was, there was something in this man's manner which made his skin creep with apprehension. His eyes glanced to right and to left, but his weapons were gone, and in a struggle he saw that he was but a child with this gigantic adversary. The count had picked up the claret bottle and held it to the light.

"Tut! Tut!" said he. "And was this the best that Pierre could do for you? I am ashamed to look you in the face, Captain Baumgarten. We must improve upon this."

He blew a call upon a whistle which hung from his shooting-jacket. The old man servant was in the room in an instant.

"Chambertin from bin fifteen," he cried, and a minute later a gray bottle, streaked with cobwebs, was carried in as a nurse bears an infant. The count filled two glasses to the brim.

"Drink," said he. "It is the very best in my cellars, and not to be matched between Rome and Paris. Drink, sir, and be happy! There are cold joints below. There are two lobsters fresh from Honfleur. Will you not venture upon a second and more savory supper?"

The German officer shook his head. He drained his glass, however, and his host filled it once more, pressing him to give an order for this or that dainty.

"There is nothing in my house which is not at your disposal. You have but to say the word. Well, then, you will allow me to tell you a story while you drink your wine. I have so longed to tell it to some German officer. It is about my son, my only child Eustace, who was taken, and died in escaping. It is a curious little story, and I think I can promise you that you never will forget it.

"You must know, then, that my boy was in the artillery, a fine young fellow, Captain Baumgarten, and the pride of his mother. She died within a week of the news of his death reaching us. It was brought by a brother officer who was at his side throughout, and who escaped, while my lad died. I want to tell you all that he told me.

"Eustace was taken at Weissenburg on the 4th of August. The prisoners were broken up into parties, and sent back into Germany by different routes. Eustace was taken upon the 5th to a village called Lauterburg, where he met with kindness from the German officer in command. This good colonel had the hungry lad to supper, offered him the best he had, opened a bottle of good wine, as I have tried to do for you, and gave him a cigar from his own case. Might I entreat you to take one from mine?"

The German again shook his head. His horror of his companion had increased as he sat watching the lips that smiled and the eyes that glared.

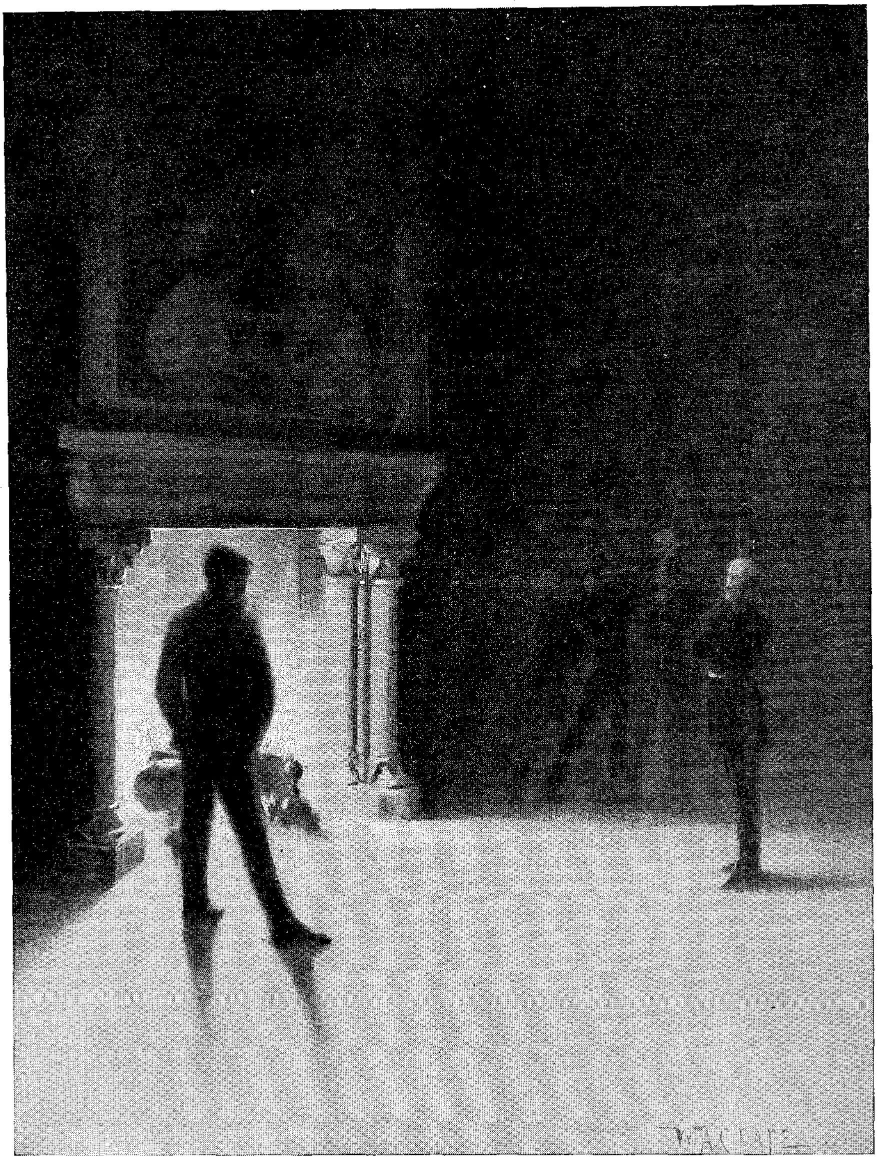
"The colonel, as I say, was good to my boy; but, unluckily, the prisoners were moved next day across the Rhine to Ettlingen. They were not equally fortunate then.

"The officer who guarded them was a ruffian and villain, Captain Baumgarten. He took a pleasure in humiliating and ill-treating the brave men who had fallen into his power. That night, upon my son's answering fiercely back to some taunt of his, he struck him in the eye like this."

The crash of the blow rang through the hall. The German's face fell forward, his hand up, and blood oozing through his fingers. The count settled down in his chair once more. "My boy was disfigured by the blow, and this villain made his appearance the object of his jeers. By the way, you look a little comical yourself at the present moment, Captain, and your colonel would certainly say that you had been getting into mischief. To continue, however, my boy's youth and his destitution—for his pockets were empty—moved the pity of a kind-hearted major, and he advanced him ten napoleons from his own pocket without security of any kind. Into your hands, Captain Baumgarten, I return these ten gold pieces, since I cannot learn the name of the lender. I am grateful from my heart for this kindness shown my boy.

"The vile tyrant who commanded the escort accompanied the prisoners to Durlach, and from there to Carlsruhe. He heaped every outrage upon my lad, because the spirit of the Chateaux-Noirs would not stoop to turn away his wrath by a feigned submission. Ay, this cowardly villain, whose heart's blood shall still clot upon this hand, dared to strike my son with his open hand, to kick him, to tear hairs from his moustache—to use him thus—and thus—and thus!"

The German writhed and struggled. He was helpless in the hands of this huge giant whose blows were raining upon him. When at last, blinded and half-senseless, he staggered to his feet, it was only to be



THE OFFICER, PALE BUT FIRM, FOLDED HIS ARMS AND STARED DEFIANTLY AT THE MAN WHO TORTURED HIM.

hurled back again into the great oaken chair. He sobbed in his impotent anger and shame.

"My boy was frequently moved to tears by the humiliation of his position," continued the count. "You will understand when I say that it is a bitter thing to be helpless in the hands of an insolent and remorseless enemy. On arriving at Carlsruhe, however, his face, which had been wounded by the brutality of his guard, was bound up by a young Bavarian subaltern, who was touched by his appearance. I regret to see that your eye is bleeding so. Will you permit me to bind it with my silk handkerchief?"

He leaned forward, but the German dashed his hand aside. "I am in your power, you monster!" he cried. "I can endure your brutality, but not your hypocrisy."

The count shrugged his shoulders.

"I am taking things in their order, just as they occurred," said he. "I was under vow to tell it to the first German officer with whom I could talk *tête-à-tête*. Let me see, I had got as far as the young Bavarian at Carlsruhe. I regret extremely that you will not permit me to use such slight skill in surgery as I possess. At Carlsruhe my lad was shut up in the old caserne, where he remained for a fortnight.

The worst pang of his captivity was that some unmannerly curs in the garrison would taunt him with his position as he sat by his window in the evening. That reminds me, Captain, that you are not quite situated upon a bed of roses yourself, are you, now? You came to trap a wolf, my man, and now the beast has you down, with his fangs in your throat. A family man, too, I should judge, by that well-filled tunic. Well, a widow the more will make little matter, and they do not usually remain widows long. Get back into the chair, you dog!

"Well, to continue my story, at the end of a fortnight my son and his friend escaped. I need not trouble you with the dangers which they ran or the privations which they endured. Suffice it to say that to disguise themselves they had to take the clothes of two peasants, whom they waylaid in a wood. Hiding by day and travelling by night, they had got as far into France as Remilly, and were within a mile—a single mile, Captain—of crossing the German lines, when a patrol of Uhlans came right upon them. Oh! it was hard, was it not, when they had come so far and were so near to safety?" The count blew a double call upon his whistle, and three hard-faced peasants entered the room.

"These must represent my Uhlans," said he. "Well, then, the captain in command, finding that these men were French soldiers in civilian dress within the German lines, proceeded to hang them without trial or ceremony. I think, Jean, that the centre beam is the shortest."

The unfortunate soldier was dragged from his chair to where a noosed rope had been flung over one of the huge oaken rafters which spanned the room. The cord was slipped over his head, and he felt its harsh grip round his throat. The three peasants seized the other end, and looked to the count for his orders.

The officer, pale but firm, folded his arms and stared defiantly at the man who tortured him.

"You are now face to face with death, and I perceive from your lips that you are praying. My son was also face to face with death, and he prayed also. It happened that a general officer came up, and he heard the lad praying for his mother, and it moved him so—he being himself a father—that he ordered his Uhlans away, and he remained with his aide-de-camp only beside the condemned men. And when he heard all the lad had to tell, that he was the only child of an old family, and that his mother was in failing health, he threw off the rope as I throw off this, and he kissed him on either cheek as I kiss you, and he bade him go as I bid you go; and may every kind wish of that noble general, though it could not stave off the fever which slew my son, descend now upon your head."

And so it was that Captain Baumgarten, disfigured, blinded, and bleeding, staggered out into the wind and the rain of that wild December dawn.

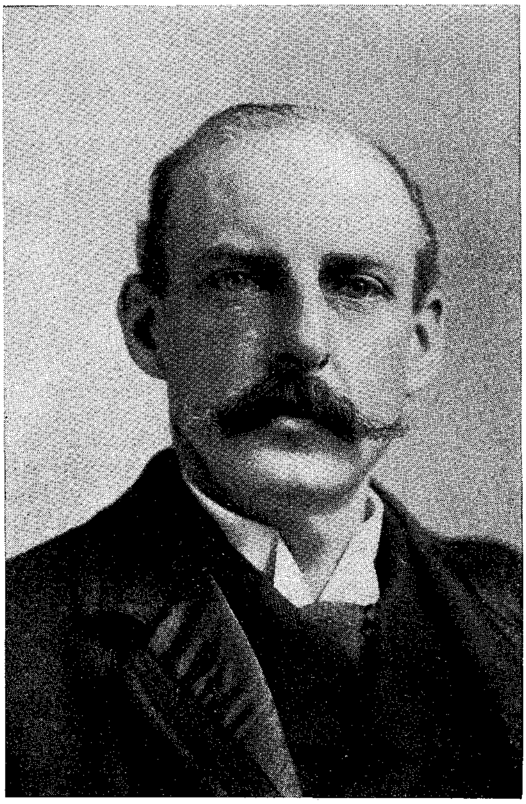
F. MARION CRAWFORD: A CONVERSATION.

RECORDED BY ROBERT BRIDGES,

Author of "Overheard in Arcady," etc.

THERE is no need to localize this conversation with F. Marion Crawford, for he is equally at home in a dozen great cities of the world. The readers of his books do not need any particular background to explain the man; he is a thorough cosmopolite. But personally I have always thought of Mr. Crawford as working in a grotto under the cliffs of Sorrento, with the flashing waters of the bay shining through the arched opening, and the little waves playing on the white sand, almost at his feet. There I have often imagined him sitting before a little square and much-worn table of pine, with nothing on it but reams of paper and a bottle of ink, and on one corner, near his hand, a teapot, under which the pale blue flame is always burning. I have pictured him there, day after day, drinking unnumbered cups of tea, and summoning out of the dark recesses of the grotto the strange and romantic company who are his familiars—Paul Patoff, Dr. Claudius, Saracinesca, Gouache, Mr. Isaacs, Ram Lal, Marzio, Zoroaster. They spring from the darkness, talk with him awhile, disappear and reappear, forming dramatic groups and doing daring deeds. And, while they come and go, he is always writing, writing, imperturbably writing, even when talking with them. I do not know where I first got this idea, but I think I can trace it to a chapter in "To Leeward" and a chance newspaper paragraph. At any rate, I have been a firm believer in that grotto for many years, and I want to continue to believe in it. Since I have known Mr. Crawford personally, I have carefully avoided asking him about it, for I don't want to destroy the illusion, if it is one, and I don't believe it *is* an illusion. With each new novel of his that I have read, I have seen the grotto grow a little larger, the darkness become more populous. I used to think that on some sunny day I should be rowed across the bay of Sorrento (perhaps by one of the "Children of the King"), and should be landed from the little boat at the very mouth of the cave; and then I should introduce myself to Mr. Crawford, and be asked to have a cup of tea and a smoke. When we had talked a while, I hoped he would summon his familiars from the darkness to smoke and talk with us. *That* is where and how this conversation should have taken place.

But there are some things that even a romantic novelist cannot do, though Thackeray said that "anything you like happens in Fable-land." So we were compelled to talk in a room, in the heart of New York, which had little in it except books, and a big chair, and a blaze of cannel-coal in the grate. If you fill the big chair with Mr. Crawford, smoking an English bull-dog pipe in which is some of Barrie's "Arcadia Mixture," you will have all the background that is needed for this conversation.



F. MARION CRAWFORD. 1894. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

MR. CRAWFORD'S CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

"You know," he said, "that my father, Thomas Crawford, was a Scotch-Irishman, born in the West of Ireland, and brought to this country when very young. His father acquired a small business in New York which supported him comfortably, and he wished his son, my father, to take part in it; but the boy had a strong artistic bent, and of his own initiative went to a wood-carver to learn his trade. Later, wishing still greater freedom for his skill, he learned marble carving, and, by a curious coincidence, he designed the handsome mantels in the house of Mr. Ward, his future father-in-law, at the corner of Bond Street and Broadway. This and other of his work was so remarkable that my grandfather and his friends determined that he should have the best opportunities to study sculpture, and he was sent to Rome, where he was a pupil of the great Thorwaldsen. While a young sculptor in Rome, gaining recognition every day, he met Miss Louisa Ward, who was travelling with Dr. Samuel G. Howe and his wife, Julia Ward Howe. They fell in love and were married, and made Rome their home. I am the youngest of their four children. When I was about two years old (in 1856) I was sent to this country, and lived with some kinsfolk on a farm near Bordentown, New Jersey. Among the earliest things that I remember is my great delight in watching the coming and going of the trains of cars as they shot across the farm near the old house. My father died in London in 1857, when I was three years old, and soon after

I was taken back to Italy, where all my youth was spent."

I asked Mr. Crawford to tell me about his education as a boy. It seemed to recall a host of pleasant recollections.

"Most of my boyhood was spent under the direction of a French governess. Not only did I learn that language from her, but all of my studies, geography, arithmetic, etc., were taught me in French, and I learned to write it with great readiness as a mere boy, because it was the language of my daily tasks. The consequence is that to this day I write French with the ease of English. There have been times when I knew that I had lost some of my facility in speaking French, through long absence from the country; but the acquirement of writing it is always with me, which shows the value of early impressions in that direction."

I remembered hearing St. Paul's School men speak of the days when Mr. Crawford was a student at Concord, New Hampshire, and I asked him when he had been there.

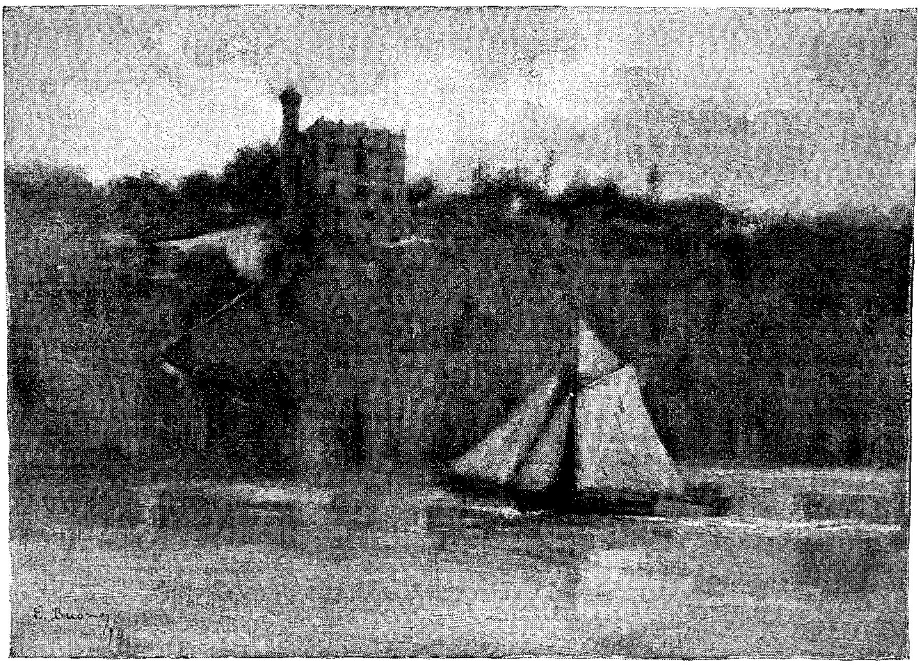
"I was about twelve years old," he said, "when I was sent over to America again, and went to St. Paul's. There I found that the fact that I had been taught Latin by a natural, and not an artificial method, gave me a great advantage. My Latin tutor in Rome was a man whose ideas of learning that language were most original then, although they have since become more common in certain systems. I remember that my first lesson in Latin was to read one of the very short letters of Cicero, only two or three lines. We began by reading, and, as a consequence, I was interested from the very first lesson. You know that in Rome you are surrounded with Latin inscriptions on the public buildings and monuments, so that the whole language had a reality to me that it could hardly have to an American boy, especially one who has learned it by way of the rudiments of grammar. I made some good friends at St. Paul's, whom I see from time to time here and in Europe."

We had a long talk about the various steps in his education, which seemed to be full of pleasant memories for Mr. Crawford. He recalled his student days with a clergyman in the English village of Hatfield Regis, and the gayer life at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he went in for boating, and, incidentally, for mathematics. "They thought I was a mathematician in those days," he said. Then followed student days at Karlsruhe and Heidelberg, from 1874 to 1876. "Of course," he said, "I learned my German in those days—learned to speak it readily; but I have never acquired the ability to write it as fluently as I do French. In fact, I always use the Roman characters when I write German."

NEWSPAPER WORK IN INDIA.

"And then," he continued, "I studied at the University of Rome (1876–78), and I had a tutor who taught me Sanskrit, and interested me in Buddhism and other Oriental mysteries. There came a time when my people lost a great deal of money, and I was in a quandary what to do. This tutor advised me to take an opportunity to go to India and learn Sanskrit, and then I could come back and easily get a good professorship. So, with the enthusiasm of youth, I borrowed one hundred pounds, and sailed for Bombay. But money seemed to be as hard to earn in Bombay as elsewhere. I tried in vain for all sorts of positions. I wrote occasionally articles for a Bombay newspaper, and made the acquaintance of the editor, but these were not enough to replenish my stock of money. One day I found myself reduced to my last two pounds, and I could not see where more was coming from; but I was young and strong, and I said that if the worst came, I could enlist in the British army, and have plenty of adventure, and food and clothes. I sat down and wrote a letter of application to the proper officer, sealed and

ROBERT BRIDGES—"DROCH."



MR. CRAWFORD'S VILLA ON THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF AT SORRENTO, SEEN FROM THE SEA. DRAWN BY E. BUONO, SORRENTO.

stamped it, and held it in readiness to mail when I should find that there was nothing else to be done. The next day I received a letter from the editor of the 'Bombay Gazette,' asking me to call. When I presented myself, he said that he had received a letter from the proprietor of the 'Allahabad Indian Herald,' asking whether he could send him immediately a good man to take charge of that paper. He explained to me that it was a very difficult undertaking, as I should have to do all the editorial work myself; that Allahabad was a thousand miles away; and that, in certain seasons, the climate was disagreeable and dangerous. Nevertheless, he asked me would I go? 'Would a duck swim?' I said, and started immediately. I found that the paper was a daily, issued every afternoon. I was my own news collector, managing editor, and editorial writer. I wrote a leading article and several editorial paragraphs every day, collected and wrote the local news, edited the correspondence from all over India—some of it written in the worst English that I have ever encountered. There were days when I worked sixteen hours at a stretch; there were days at the beginning of the rainy season when the combination of heat and moisture was enough to drive a man who had nothing to do to an extremity. How much worse it was, you can imagine, when one had to work sixteen hours in that atmosphere, and that, too, in daily journalism, an occupation in which I had had no experience whatever."

I said that it reminded me of a story of Kipling's.

"Yes," he replied, "'The Man who would be King,'—that is it exactly. I always read Kipling with a flood of recollections of India, so true are his stories to the reality. Of course," he said, "I picked up a great deal about Buddhism and other Oriental lore, and it was at Simla that I met the original of Mr. Isaacs—a real man whose name was Jacobs. Of him I shall tell you by and by. For eighteen months I edited the 'Indian Herald,' and I think it was the hardest work that I have ever done. By and by, in 1880, I returned to Italy, and there I again found myself without means or work, so I took passage on an old steamer for America, early in 1881. I was the only cabin passenger on board. The boat was a regular tramp; we struck terrible storms, the machinery broke down, and under sail we slowly made our way westward. I had always been fond of the sea, and, as the ship was short-handed, I took my watch, turn and turn about, with the captain and the mates. After six weeks we got to Bermuda in a most dilapidated condition, and as I was the only one who could speak English, the captain asked me to go ashore with the papers. The sea was running high, and, as the small boat turned in between the headlands toward the harbor, the high waves swamped us. We clung to the boat, and, as luck would have it, a launch came along just then and picked us up. After we had refitted at Bermuda, we sailed away toward New York, and finally reached here in March. I liked the sea and I liked adventure, and so the voyage did not seem as bad as it might have been."

"You should put that voyage in a story," I suggested, thinking of some of Kipling's tales of the sea; and it is curious, by the way, that Mr. Crawford, with all his love of the sea, has never written a regular sea-story, although there are several chapters in "Dr. Claudius" describing an ocean voyage.

It was about this time, when he was twenty-seven years of age, that Mr. Crawford entered Harvard as a special student, and took Professor Lanman's course in Sanskrit. He lived between New York and Boston, sometime in one city and sometime in the other, from December, 1882, to May, 1883, and contributed special articles to periodicals. He wrote book reviews and articles on philosophical themes. "I got so far," he said, "as to receive one hundred dollars for an article. Of course it was a precarious living, but there was always Uncle Sam (Samuel Ward) to whom I could go."

HOW MR. CRAWFORD CAME TO WRITE HIS FIRST NOVEL.

"And now tell me," I said, "the true story of how you came to write 'Mr. Isaacs.' I have read different versions of it."

"It has once or twice been told correctly," said Mr. Crawford, "and this is exactly how it happened: On May 5, 1882, Uncle Sam asked me to dine with him at the New York Club, which was then in the building on Madison Square now called the Madison Square Bank building. It goes without saying that we had a good dinner if it was ordered by Uncle Sam. We had dined rather early, and were sitting in the smoking-room, overlooking Madison Square, while it was still light. As was perfectly natural we began to exchange stories while smoking, and I told him, with a great deal of detail, my recollections of an interesting man whom I had met in Simla. When I had finished he said to me, 'That is a good two-part magazine story, and you must write it out immediately.' He took me around to his apartments, and that night I began to write the story of 'Mr. Isaacs.' Part of the first chapter was written afterwards, but the rest of that chapter and several succeeding chapters are the story that I told to Uncle Sam. I kept at it from day to day, getting more interested in the work as I proceeded, and from time to time I would read a chapter to Uncle Sam. When I got through the original story, I was so amused with the writing of it that it occurred to me that I might as well make Mr. Isaacs fall in love with an English girl, and then I kept on writing, to see what would happen. By and by I remembered a mysterious Buddhist whom I had once met in India, and so I introduced him, to still further complicate matters. I went to Newport to visit my aunt, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, while I was in the midst of the story, and continued it there. It was on June 13, 1882, while in her home, that I finished the last chapter of 'Mr. Isaacs;' and, Uncle Sam appearing in Newport at that time, I read him the part of the story which he had not heard. 'You will give it to me,' he said; 'I shall try and find a publisher.' He had for many years frequented the book store of Macmillan, and was well acquainted with the elder George Brett. He took the manuscript to Mr. Brett, who forwarded it to the English house, and in a short time it was accepted."

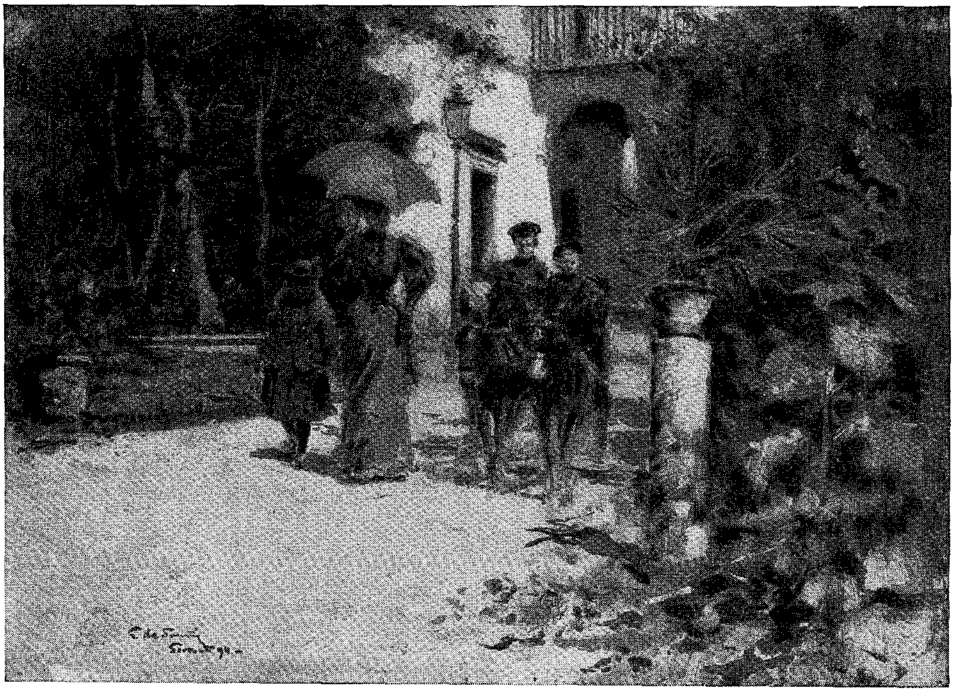
"Having tasted blood," said Mr. Crawford, "I began, very soon after finishing 'Mr. Isaacs,' to write another story for my own amusement—'Dr. Claudius.' Late in November I was advised by Messrs. Macmillan that, in order to secure an English, as well as an American, copyright, I must be on English soil on the day of publication. So I went to St. John's, New Brunswick, where I had a very pleasant time, and continued to write the story of 'Dr. Claudius,' which I finished in December. 'Mr. Isaacs' was published on December 6th, and I, of course, knew nothing about its reception. However, toward the end of the month, I started on my return journey to the United States, and when I arrived in Boston, on the day before Christmas, and stepped out of the train, I was surprised beyond measure to find the railway news-stands almost covered with great posters announcing 'Mr. Isaacs.' The next morning, at my hotel, I found a note awaiting me from T. B. Aldrich, then editor of the 'Atlantic Monthly,' asking me for an interview, at which he proposed that I write a serial for his magazine. I felt confident then, and do now, that 'Dr.

Claudius' would not be a good serial story. However, I promised that he should have a serial, and began soon after to write 'The Roman Singer,' which was completed in February, 1883."

MR. CRAWFORD'S RAPIDITY—A NOVEL WRITTEN IN TEN DAYS.

This led me to ask Mr. Crawford about the rapidity with which he worked. "I was told the other day," I said, "that you wrote 'The Three Fates' in seven days."

"No," he replied; "that would have been a physical impossibility. As a matter of fact, I was not very well, and spent a whole summer writing it from time to time. One of my stories, however, 'Marzio's Crucifix,' which is not a long novel, I wrote in ten days, in its original form, as it appeared serially. Afterwards two chapters were added for book publication. 'The Tale of a Lonely Parish' I wrote in twenty-four days—one chapter a day, of about five thousand words. Both of those stories were easy to write, because I was perfectly familiar with the background of each. I had once studied silver-carving with a skilled workman, and the idea suggested itself to me to write a story about an atheist who should put his life and soul into the carving of a crucifix. With that for a motive, the story wrote itself. In the case of 'The Lonely Parish,' I found myself with a promise unredeemed, given to my publishers, for a novel at a certain date; I had already sold the novel which I intended for them to a magazine, for serial publication. So I looked around in my memory for some spot which was thoroughly familiar to me as a background for my novel—so familiar that I need not invent details, but simply call them up from my memory. I immediately thought of the little village of Hatfield Regis in Hertfordshire, where I was sent as a pupil to a clergyman. I lifted that little village bodily out of my memory, and put it into my story, even to the extent of certain real names and localities."



MRS. CRAWFORD AND HER CHILDREN BEFORE THE CRAWFORD VILLA AT SORRENTO. DRAWN BY G. DE SANCTIS, SORRENTO.

The life of Mr. Crawford, from the success of "Mr. Isaacs" to the present day, has been one of hard literary work. He sailed for Italy in May, 1883, spent most of the year 1884 in Constantinople, where he was married to a daughter of General Berdan, and in 1885 went back to Italy and to Sorrento, where his villa is, and where he has lived ever since, with the exception of his two visits to America in 1893 and 1894. In these thirteen years he has produced twenty-five novels, and his popularity continues unabated.

MR. CRAWFORD'S MANNER OF WORKING.

"What," I asked, "is the germ of a novel for you?"

"It is a character, and not a situation, which generally suggests a novel to me. I think that in most cases my characters are portraits of real people in imaginary situations; that is why they cannot be recognized by the originals, because they are out of their usual environment. There are two exceptions to this way of conceiving a novel; as I have already told you, 'The Tale of a Lonely Parish' and 'Marzio's Crucifix' were suggested to me by the real background."

"Won't you tell me," I asked, "how you go to work to construct a novel?"

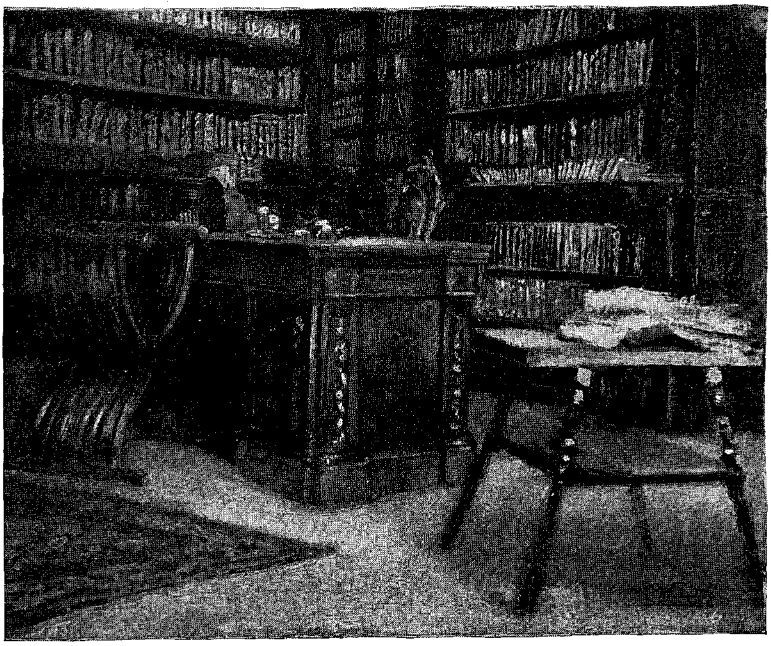
"Since my first novel or two, I always see the end of the story from the start. When I have thought it over in this way, I take a large sheet of paper, and, having decided on the size of the book, I make up my mind that it shall have—say twenty-four chapters. Along the left margin I mark the numbers of these chapters, one under the other, a line for each. If it is to be in three volumes, as most of my novels are in England, I place a horizontal mark after each eight chapter numbers. That indicates the volume. Then, after the manner of a playwright choosing what he calls his 'curtain situation,' I decide on the culminating incident in each volume, and also decide in which chapter it shall fall, and place a catch-word indicating that situation on the line with the chapter number. Then I fill in for the other chapters a catch-word or phrase which indicates the minor incidents in succession that culminate in the major incident. Of course all these things do not come at once, and I may fill in, from time to time, after I have begun the novel. But when the skeleton is comparatively complete, I begin to work. Along the right-hand margin I write down the calendar of the novel, as it may be called, from day to day. If it is a novel in which the action takes place in a very short time, I write down not only the day of the month and week, but the hour of the day, so that the action of the story may move logically. With this skeleton of the novel before me, I write with great rapidity. I have found that if I write a novel slowly my conception of the leading characters may change from week to week, so that in the end the novel is not so forcible or so complete as those written rapidly."

"Do you ever dictate?" I asked.

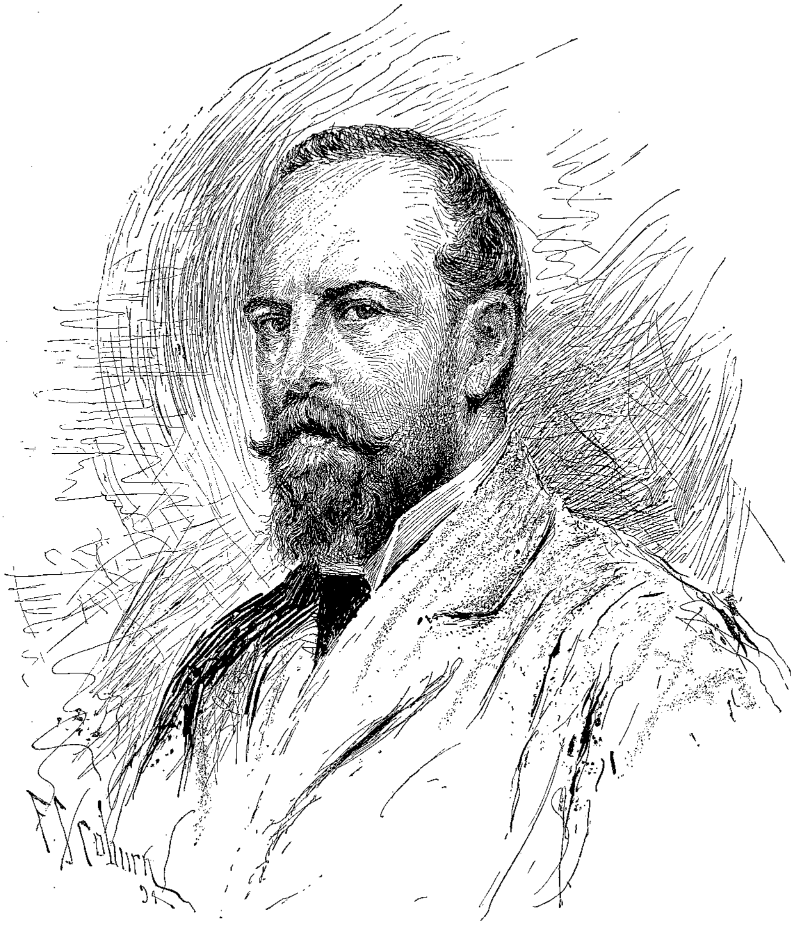
"I dictated one novel under stress of circumstances, and I do not think that I shall ever dictate another, for I consider it a relative failure."

"You are oftenest thought of, I think, as the author of the Saracinesca group of stories. Could you tell me how you planned them?"

"I think the origin of the stories was a walk I took, in the interior of Italy, with



THE STUDY IN MR. CRAWFORD'S HOUSE AT SORRENTO. DRAWN BY G. DE SANCTIS, SORRENTO.



MR. CRAWFORD IN 1890.

a tutor, when I was a boy—the region in which I have placed the Saracinesca estates. When I wrote the first novel of the series, I did not intend a group; but the plan grew upon me, and the first story was received so kindly that I decided to continue the history through several generations, and make it, in a sense, representative of the life of the nobility of a certain class in modern Italy. Personally, I do not think it is very successful, though my critics are very kind toward the series, and the readers seem to like them. The book, of all my novels, which has most reality for me, is 'Pietro Ghisleri;' and I may say, by the way, that the book which I enjoyed most in the writing is 'Mr. Isaacs.'"

"You have been writing a group of New York novels, in which the fortunes of a family are elaborated after the manner of your Saracinesca series?"

"Yes; I worked very hard at the group, and the first of the series, 'Katharine Lauderdale,' has already gone through many editions. The second, which has been running as a serial in 'The Ladies' Pictorial' of London, is called 'The Ralstons.' Some of the characters also appear in my little novel of Bar Harbor, 'Love in Idleness.' In the serial which I have been writing for 'The Century,' 'Casa Braccio,' I have introduced characters from both the Italian and American groups of novels."

This ended our conversation. The impression left on my mind was of delightful converse with a virile, strong, intellectual man, whose imagination and emotions are the obedient servants of a dominating will; above all things, a man of the world in the best sense, and a scholar in the best sense, whose knowledge is a delight to him, whose contact with people in great cities has broadened and deepened his serious views of life; a man with that poise of body and mind which assures one that at forty his work as a novelist has hardly reached maturity, but that the best of it lies in the future.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY IDA M. TARBELL.

With engravings from the collection of the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, who also furnishes the explanatory notes.

FIFTH PAPER.

THE CONTINENTAL BLOCKADE.

WHEN Napoleon, in 1805, was obliged to abandon the descent on England and turn the magnificent army gathered at Boulogne against Austria, he by no means gave up the idea of one day humbling his enemy. Persistently throughout the campaigns of 1805–1807 his despatches and addresses remind Frenchmen that vengeance is only deferred.

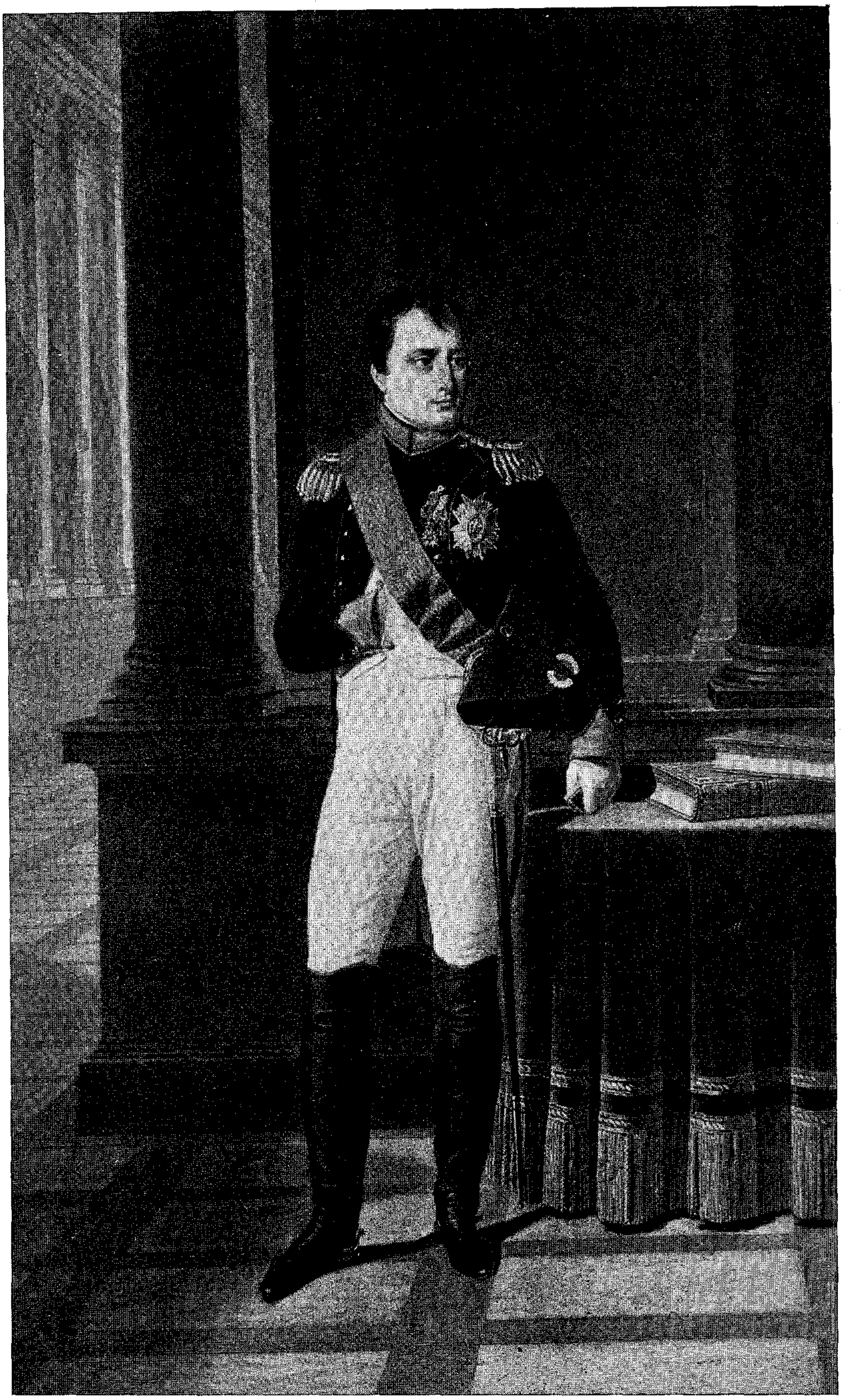
In every way he strives to awaken indignation and hatred against England. The alliance which has compelled him to turn his armies against his neighbors on the Continent, he characterizes as an "unjust league fomented by the hatred and gold of England." He tells the soldiers of the Grand Army that it is English gold which has "transported the Russian army from the extremities of the universe" to fight them. He charges the horrors of Austerlitz upon the English. "May all the blood shed, may all these misfortunes, fall upon the perfidious islanders who have caused them! May the cowardly oligarchies of London support the consequences of so many woes!" From now on, all the treaties he makes are drawn up with a view to humbling "the eternal enemies of the Continent."

Negotiations for peace went on, it is true, in 1806, between the two countries. Napoleon offered to return Hanover and Malta. He offered several things which belonged to other people, but England refused all of his combinations; and when, a few days after Jena, he addressed his army, it was to tell them: "We shall not lay down our arms until we have obliged the English, those eternal enemies of our nation, to renounce their plan of troubling the Continent and their tyranny of the seas."

A month later—November 21, 1806—he proclaimed the famous Decree of Berlin, his future policy towards Great Britain. As she had shut her enemies from the sea, he would shut her from the land. The "continental blockade," as this struggle of land against sea was called, was only using England's own weapon of war; but it was using it with a sweeping audacity, thoroughly Napoleonic in conception and in the proposed execution. Henceforth, all communication was forbidden between the British Isles and France and her allies. Every Englishman found under French authority—and that was about all Europe—was a prisoner of war. Every dollar's worth of English property found within Napoleon's boundaries, whether it belonged to rich trader or inoffensive tourist, was prize of war. If one remembers the extent of the seaboard which Napoleon at that moment commanded, the full peril of this menace to English commerce is clear. From St. Petersburg to Trieste there was not a port, save those of Denmark and Portugal, which would not close at his bidding. At Tilsit he and Alexander had entered into an agreement to complete this seaboard, to close the Baltic, the Channel, the European Atlantic, and the Mediterranean to the English. This was nothing else than asking Continental Europe to destroy her commerce for their sakes.

There were several serious uncertainties in the scheme. What retaliation would England make? Could Napoleon and Alexander agree long enough to succeed in dividing the valuable portions of the continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa? Would the nations cheerfully give up the English cottons and tweeds they had been buying, the boots they had been wearing, the cutlery and dishes they had been using? Would they cheerfully see their own products lie uncalled for in their warehouses, for the sake of aiding a foreign monarch—although the most brilliant and powerful on earth—to carry out a vast plan for crushing an enemy who was not their enemy? It remained to be seen.

In the meantime there was the small



"NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE." 1806.

Engraved by Lupton, after Lefevre; published in London in 1818. "I prefer this to David's celebrated picture."—G. G. H.

part of the coast line remaining independent to be joined to the portion already blockaded to the English. There was no delay in Napoleon's action. Denmark was ordered to choose between war with England and war with France. Portugal was notified that if her ports were not closed in forty days the French and Spanish armies would invade her. England gave a drastic reply to Napoleon's measures. In August she appeared before Copenhagen, seized the Danish fleet, and for three days bombarded the town. This unjustifiable attack on a nation with which she was at peace horrified Europe, and it supported the emperor in pushing to the uttermost the Berlin Decree. He made no secret of his determination. In a diplomatic audience at Fontainebleau, October 14, 1807, he declared:

> "Great Britain shall be destroyed. I have the means of doing it, and they shall be employed. I have three hundred thousand men devoted to this object, and an ally who has three hundred thousand to support them. I will permit no nation to receive a minister from Great Britain until she shall have renounced her maritime usages and tyranny; and I desire you, gentlemen, to convey this determination to your respective sovereigns."

Such an alarming extent did the blockade threaten to take, that even our minister to France, Mr. Armstrong, began to be nervous. His diplomatic acquaintances told him cynically, "You are much favored, but it won't last;" and, in fact, it was not long before it was evident that the United States was not to be allowed to remain neutral. Napoleon's notice to Mr. Armstrong was clear and decisive:

> "Since America suffers her vessels to be searched, she adopts the principle that the flag does not cover the goods. Since she recognizes the absurd blockades laid by England, consents to having her vessels incessantly stopped, sent to England, and so turned aside from their course, why should the Americans not suffer the blockade laid by France? Certainly France is no more blockaded by England than England by France. Why should Americans not equally suffer their vessels to be searched by French ships? Certainly France recognizes that these measures are unjust, illegal, and subversive of national sovereignty; but it is the duty of nations to resort to force, and to declare themselves against things which dishonor them and disgrace their independence."

WAR WITH PORTUGAL.

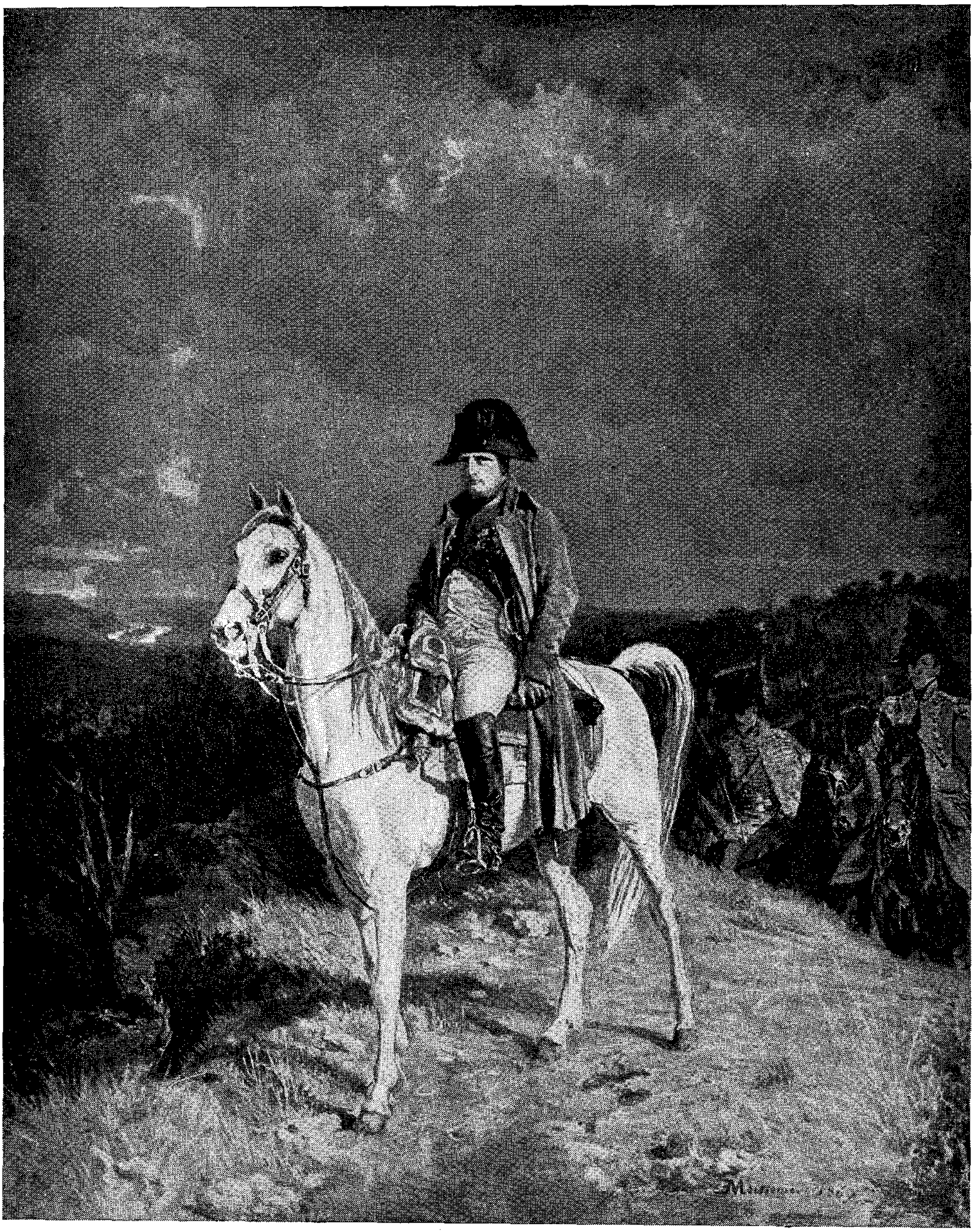
The attempt to force Portugal to close her ports caused war. In all but one particular she had obeyed Napoleon's orders: she had closed her ports, detained all Englishmen in her borders, declared war; but her king refused to confiscate the property of British subjects in Portugal. This evasion furnished Napoleon an excuse for refusing to believe in the sincerity of her pretensions. "Continue your march," he wrote to Junot, who had been ordered into the country a few days before (October 12, 1807). "I have reason to believe that there is an understanding with England, so as to give the British troops time to arrive from Copenhagen."

Without waiting for the results of the invasion, he and the King of Spain divided up Portugal between them. If their action was premature, Portugal did nothing to gainsay them; for when Junot arrived at Lisbon in December, he found the country without a government, the royal family having fled in fright to Brazil. There was only one thing now to be done: Junot must so establish himself as to hold the country against the English, who naturally would resent the injury done their ally. From St. Petersburg to Trieste, Napoleon now held the seaboard.

THE SPANISH THRONE GIVEN TO A BONAPARTE.

But he was not satisfied. Spain was between him and Portugal. If he was going to rule Western Europe he ought to possess her. There is no space here to trace the intrigues with the weak and vicious factions of the Spanish court, which ended in Napoleon's persuading Charles IV. to cede his rights to the Spanish throne and to become his pensioner, and Ferdinand, the heir apparent, to abdicate; and which placed Joseph Bonaparte, King of Naples, on the Spanish throne, and put Murat, Charlotte Bonaparte's husband, in Joseph's place.

From beginning to end the transfer of the Spanish crown from Bourbon to Bonaparte was dishonorable and unjustifiable. It is true that the government of Spain was corrupt. No greater mismanagement could be conceived, no more scandalous court. Unquestionably the country would have been far better off under Napoleonic institutions. But to despoil Spain was to be false to an ally which had served him for years with fidelity, and at an awful cost to herself. It is true that her service had been through fear, not love. It is true that at one critical moment (when Napoleon was in Poland, in 1807) she had tried to escape; but, nevertheless, it remained a fact that for France Spain had lost colonies, sacrificed men and money, and had



NAPOLEON ON HORSEBACK. ABOUT 1814.

Etched by Ruet, after Meissonier. The original picture is now in the Walters gallery, at Baltimore.

seen her fleet go down at Trafalgar. In taking her throne, Napoleon had none of the excuses which had justified him in interfering in Italy, in Germany, in Holland, in Switzerland. This was not a conquest of war, not a confiscation on account of the perfidy of an ally, not an attempt to answer the prayers of a people for a more liberal government.

If Spain had submitted to the change, she would have been purchasing good government at the price of national honor. But Spain did not submit. She, as well as all disinterested lookers-on in Europe, was revolted by the baseness of the deed. No one has ever explained better the feeling which the intrigues over the Spanish throne caused than Napoleon himself:

> "I confess I embarked badly in the affair," he told Las Cases at St. Helena. "The immorality of it was too patent, the injustice far too cynical, and the whole thing too villainous; hence I failed. The

attempt is seen now only in its hideous nudity, stripped of all that is grand, of all the numerous benefits which I intended. Posterity would have extolled it, however, if I had succeeded, and rightly, perhaps, because of its great and happy results."

It was the Spanish people themselves, not the ruling house, who resented the transfer from Bourbon to Bonaparte.

No sooner was it noised through Spain that the Bourbons had really abdicated, and Joseph Bonaparte had been named king, than an insurrection was organized simultaneously all over the country. Some eighty-four thousand French troops were scattered through the peninsula, but they were powerless before the kind of warfare which now began. Every defile became a battle-ground, every rock hid a peasant, armed and waiting for French stragglers, messengers, supply parties. The remnant of the French fleet escaped from Trafalgar, and now at Cadiz, was forced to surrender. Twenty-five thousand French soldiers laid down their arms at Baylen, but the Spaniards refused to keep their capitulation treaties. The prisoners were tortured by the peasants in the most barbarous fashion, crucified, burned, sawed asunder. Those who escaped the popular vengeance were sent to the Island of Cabrera, where they lived in the most abject fashion, half-starved, uncared for, unclad. It was only in 1814 that the remnant of this army was released.

The new king was only able to reach his capital by sending an advance army ahead to clear the way, and a week later he was obliged to flee to Vittoria.

The misfortunes in Spain were followed by greater ones in Portugal. Junot was defeated by an English army at Vimeiro in August, 1808, and capitulated on condition that his army be taken back to France without being disarmed.

NAPOLEON PREPARES FOR SPAIN.

Napoleon, amazed at this unexpected popular uprising in Spain, and angry that the spell of invincibility under which his armies had fought, was broken, resolved to undertake the Peninsular war himself.

But before a campaign in Spain could be entered upon, it was necessary to know that all the inner and outer wheels of the great machine he had devised for dividing the world and crushing England were working perfectly.

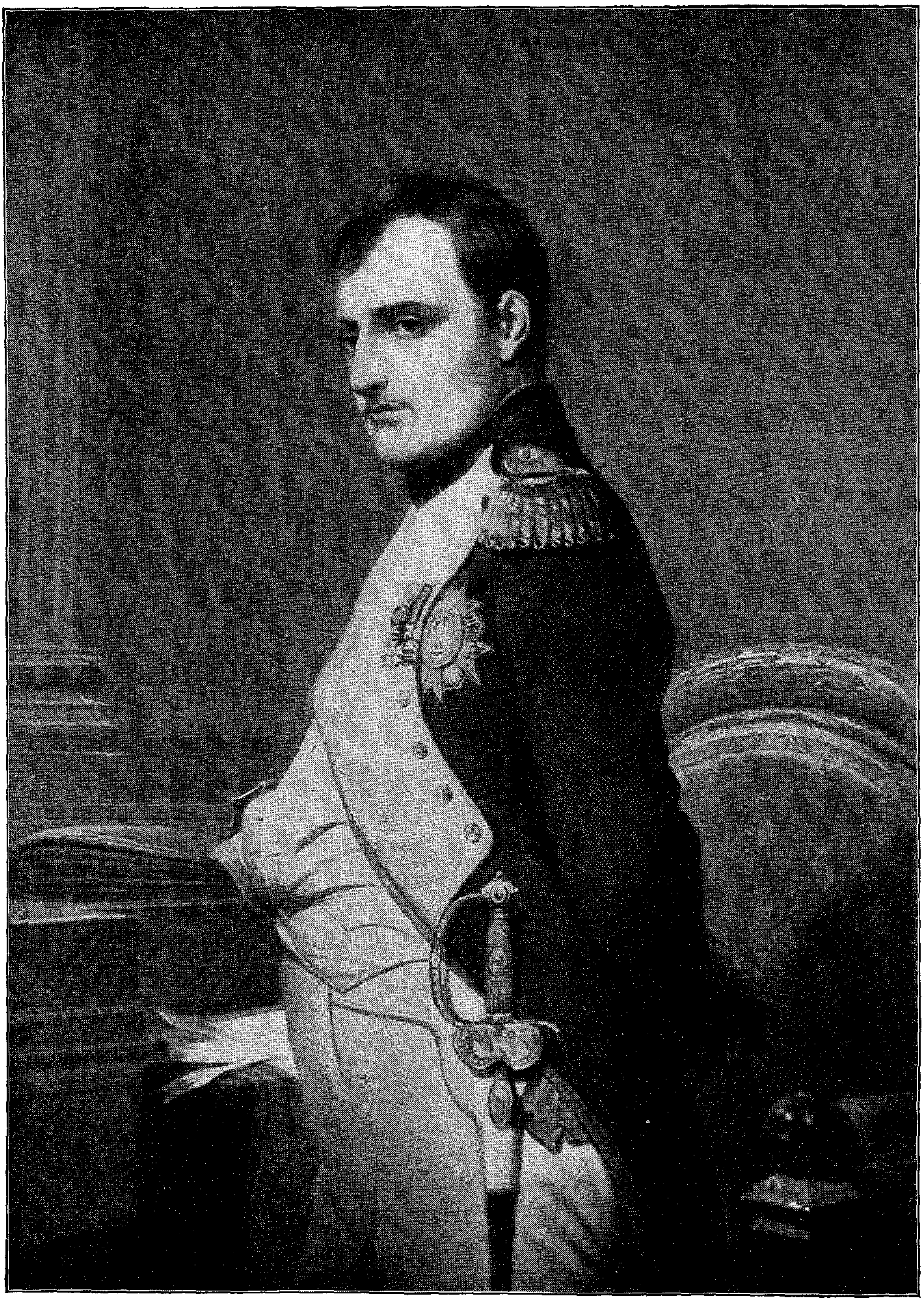
Since the treaty of Tilsit he had done much at home for this machine. The finances were in splendid condition. Public works of great importance were going on all over the kingdom; the court was luxurious and brilliant, and the money it scattered, pleased and encouraged the commercial and manufacturing classes. Never had *fêtes* been more brilliant than those which welcomed Napoleon back to Paris in 1807; never had the season at Fontainebleau been gayer or more magnificent than it was that year.

All of those who had been instrumental in bringing prosperity and order to France were rewarded in 1807 with splendid gifts from the indemnities levied on the enemies. The marshals of the Grand Army received from eighty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars apiece; twenty-five generals were given forty thousand dollars each; the civil functionaries were not forgotten; thus M. de Ségur received forty thousand dollars as a sign of the emperor's gratification at the way he had administered etiquette to the new court.

It was at this period that Napoleon founded a new nobility as a further means of rewarding those who had rendered brilliant services to France. This institution was designed, too, as a means of reconciling old and new France. It created the titles of prince, duke, count, baron, and knight; and those receiving these titles were at the same time given domains in the conquered provinces, sufficient to permit them to establish themselves in good style.

The drawing up of the rules which were to govern this new order occupied the gravest men of the country, Cambacérès, Saint-Martin, d'Hauterive, Portalis, Pasquier. Among other duties they had to prepare the armorial bearings. Napoleon refused to allow the crown to go on the new escutcheons. He wished no one but himself to have a right to use that symbol. A substitute was found in the panache, the number of plumes showing the rank.

Napoleon used the new favors at his command freely, creating in all, after 1807, forty-eight thousand knights, one thousand and ninety barons, three hundred and eighty-eight counts, thirty-one dukes, and three princes. All members of the old nobility who were supporting his government were given titles, but not those which they formerly held. Naturally this often led to great dissatisfaction, the bearers of ancient names preferring a lower rank which had been their family's for centuries to one higher, but unhallowed by time and tradition. Thus Madame de Montmorency rebelled obstinately against being made a

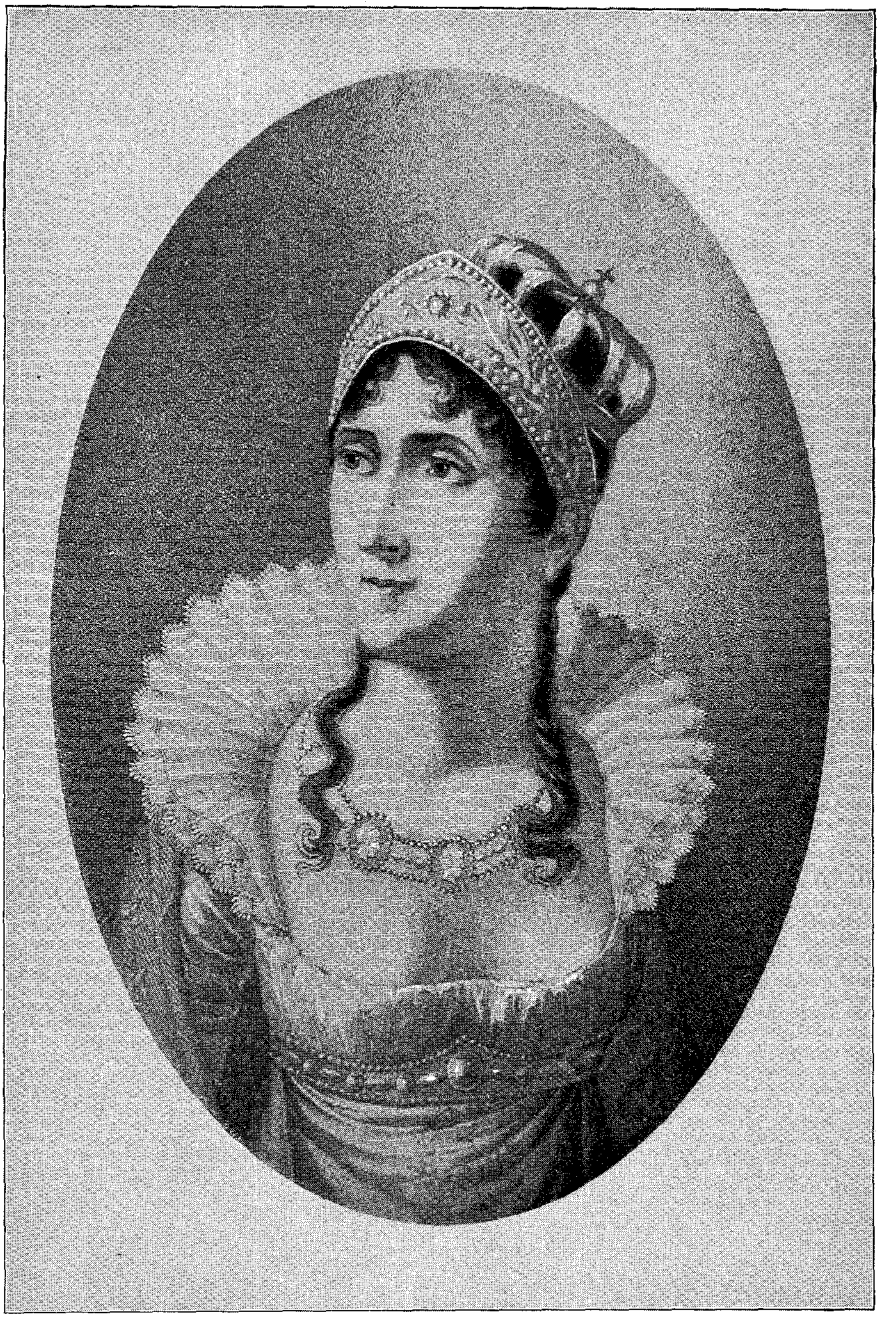


NAPOLEON.

Engraved in 1841 by Louis, after a painting made in 1837 by Delaroche, now in the Standish collection, and called the "Snuff-box." *Probably the finest engraving ever made of a Napoleon portrait.*

countess,—she had been a baroness under the old regime,—and, as the Montmorencys claimed the honor of being called the *first Christian barons*, she felt justly that the old title was far more proud than any new one Napoleon could give her. But a countess she had to remain.

In his efforts to win for himself the services of all those whom blood and fortune had made his natural supporters, the

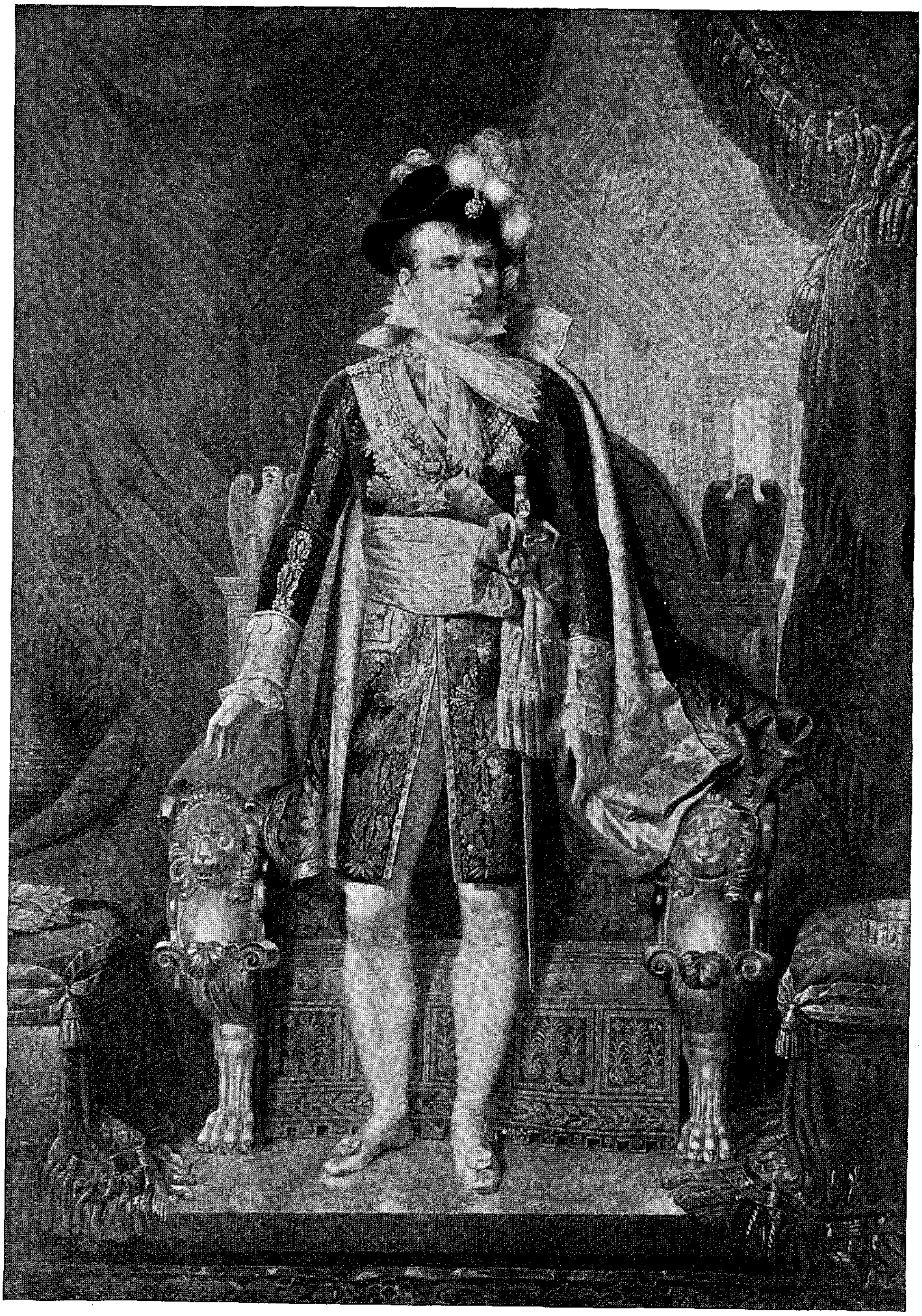


JOSEPHINE, EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH AND QUEEN OF ITALY. ("JOSÉPHINE, IMPERATRICE DES FRANÇAIS ET REINE D'ITALIE.") 1805.

Designed by Buguet.

emperor tried again to reconcile Lucien. In November, 1807, Napoleon visited Italy, and at Mantua a secret interview took place between the brothers. Lucien, in his memoirs, gives a dramatic description of the way in which Napoleon spread the kingdoms of half a world before him and offered him his choice.

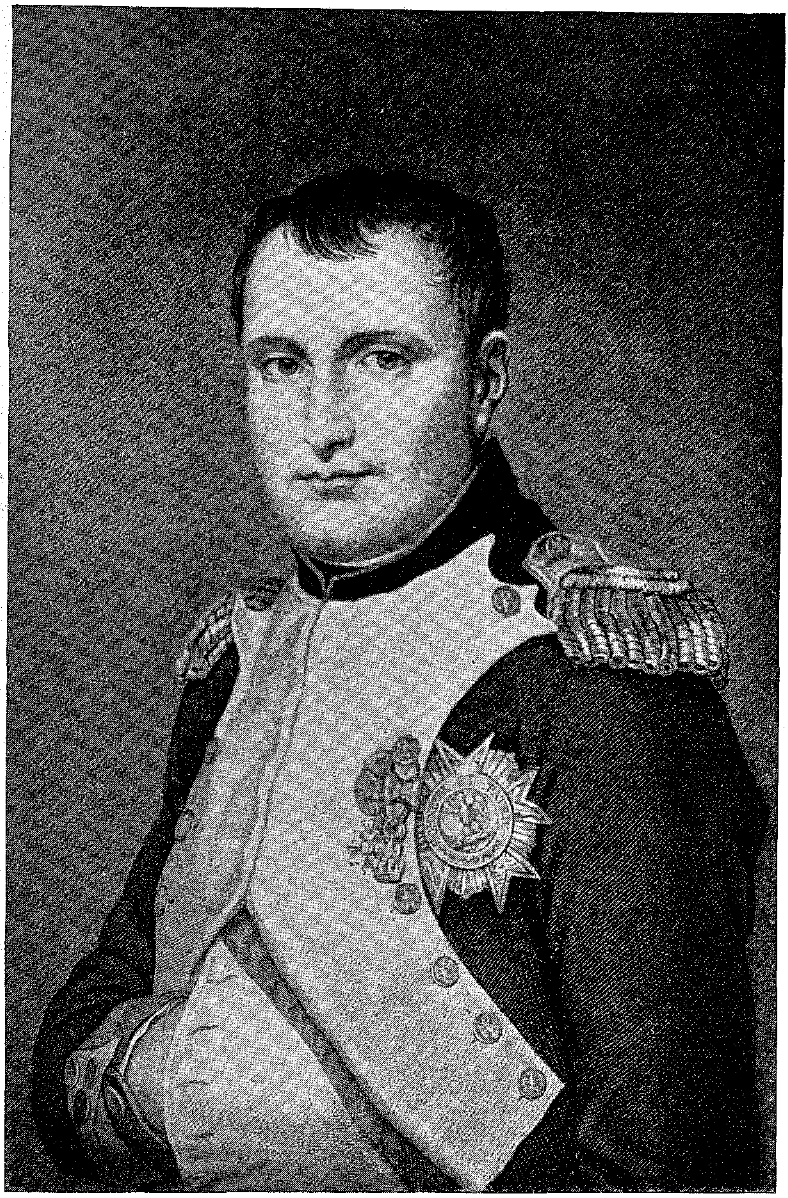
"He struck a great blow with his hand in the middle of the immense map of Europe which was extended on the table, by the side of which we were standing. 'Yes, choose,' he said; 'you see I am not talking in the air. All this is mine, or will soon belong to me; I can dispose of it already. Do you want Naples? I will take it from Joseph, who, by the by, does not care for it; he prefers Morfontaine. Italy,—the most beautiful jewel in my imperial crown?



NAPOLEON THE GREAT ("NAPOLÉON LE GRAND"). 1812.

Engraved by Mecou, after a portrait painted in 1812 by Isabey.

Eugene is but viceroy, and, far from despising it, he hopes only that I shall give it to him, or, at least, leave it to him if he survives me; he is likely to be disappointed in waiting, for I shall live ninety years, I must, for the perfect consolidation of my empire. Besides, Eugene will not suit me in Italy after his mother is divorced. Spain? Do you not see it falling into the hollow of my hand, thanks to the blunders of my dear Bourbons, and to the follies of your friend, the Prince of Peace? Would you not be well pleased to reign there, where you have been only ambassador? Once for all, what do you want? Speak! Whatever you wish, or can wish, is yours, if your divorce precedes mine.'"



"NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE." 1812.

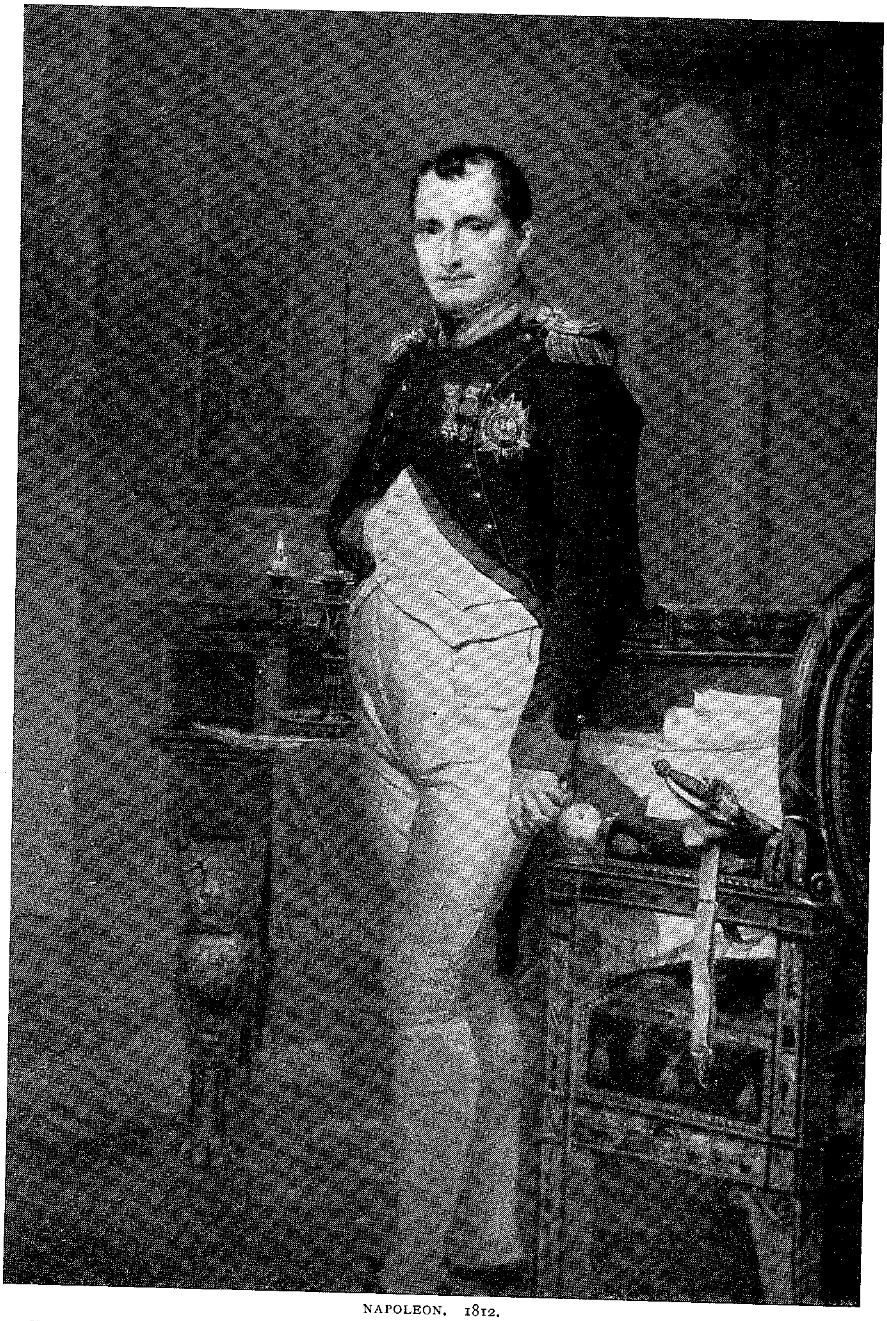
"Engraved, with permission, by Robert Cooper, from the original whole length picture painted by Mr. David, his chief painter of Paris. London. Published January, 1815."

Until midnight the two brothers wrestled with the questions between them. Neither would abandon his position; and when Lucien finally went away, his face was wet with tears. To Méneval, who conducted him to his inn in the town, he said, in bidding him carry his farewell to the emperor, "It may be forever." It was not. Seven years later the brothers met again, but the map of Europe was forever rolled up for Napoleon.

THE ERFURT MEETING.

The essential point in achieving the Tilsit plan was, however, the fidelity of Alexander; and Napoleon resolved, before going into the Spanish war, to meet the Emperor of Russia. This was the more needful, because Austria had begun to show signs of hostility.

The meeting opened in September, 1807, at Erfurt in Saxony, and lasted a month.



NAPOLEON. 1812.

Engraved by Laugier in 1835, from the etching by Vallot, after portrait painted by David in 1812.

Napoleon acted as host, and prepared a splendid entertainment for his guests. The company he had gathered was most brilliant. Beside the Russian and French emperors, with ambassadors and suites, were the Kings of Saxony, Bavaria, and Würtemberg, the Prince Primate, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, the Dukes of Saxony, and the Princes of the Confederation of the Rhine.

The palaces where the emperors were entertained, were furnished with articles from the *Garde-Meuble* of France. The leading actors of the *Théâtre Français* gave the best French tragedies to a house where there was, as Napoleon had promised Talma, a "parterre full of kings." There was a hare hunt on the battle-field of Jena, to which even Prince William of Prussia was invited, and where the party breakfasted on the spot where Napoleon had bivouacked in 1806, the night before the battle. There were balls where Alexander danced, "but not I," wrote the emperor to Josephine; "forty years are forty years." Goethe and Wieland were both presented to Napoleon at Erfurt, and the emperor had long conversations with them.

In the midst of the gayeties Napoleon and Alexander found time to renew their Tilsit agreement. They were to make war and peace together. Alexander was to uphold Napoleon in giving Joseph the throne of Spain, and to keep the continent tranquil during the Peninsular war. Napoleon was to support Alexander in getting possession of Finland, Moldavia, and Wallachia. The two emperors were to write and sign a letter inviting England to join them in peace negotiations.

This was done promptly; but when England insisted that representatives of the government which was acting in Spain in the name of Ferdinand VII. should be admitted to the proposed meeting, the peace negotiations abruptly ended. Under the circumstances Napoleon could not, of course, recognize that government.

NAPOLEON IN SPAIN.

The emperor was ready to conduct the Spanish war. His first move was to send into the country a large body of veterans from Germany. Before this time the army had been made up of young recruits upon whom the Spanish looked with contempt. The men, inexperienced and demoralized by the kind of guerilla warfare which was waged against them, had become discouraged. The worst feature of their case was that they did not believe in the war. That brave story-teller Marbot relates frankly how he felt.

> "As a soldier I was bound to fight any one who attacked the French army, but I could not help recognizing in my inmost conscience that our cause was a bad one, and that the Spaniards were quite right in trying to drive out strangers who, after coming among them in the guise of friends, were wishing to dethrone their sovereign and take forcible possession of the kingdom. This war, therefore, seemed to me wicked, but I was a soldier, and I must march or be charged with cowardice. The greater part of the army thought as I did, and like me, obeyed orders all the same."

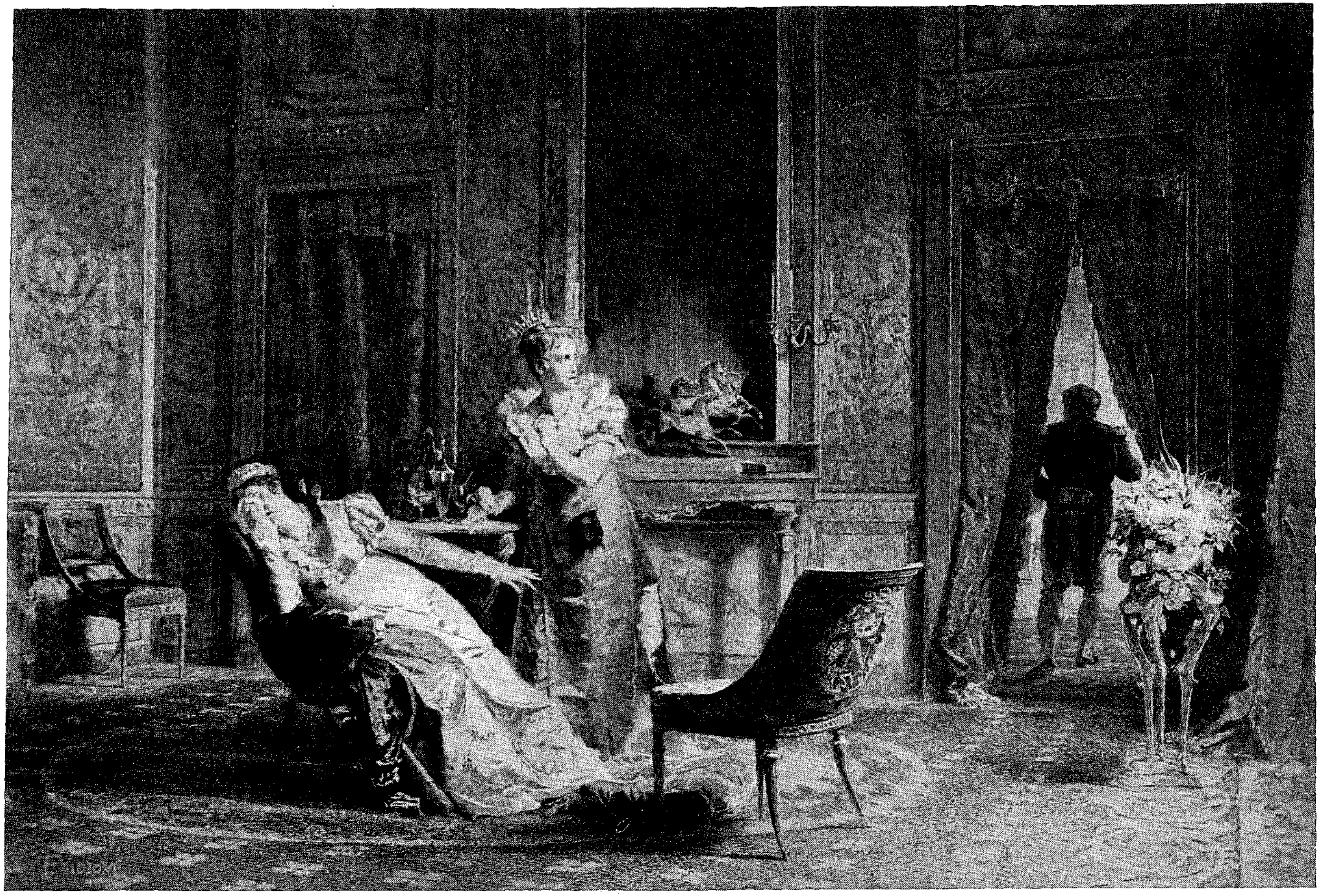
The appearance of the veterans and the presence of the emperor at once put a new face on the war; the morale of the army was raised, and the respect of the Spaniards inspired.

The emperor speedily made his way to Madrid, though he had to fight three battles to get there, and began at once a work of reorganization. Decree followed decree. Feudal rights were abolished, the inquisition was ended, the number of convents was reduced, the custom-houses between the various provinces were done away with, a political and military programme was made out for King Joseph. Many bulletins were sent to the Spanish people. In all of them they are told that it is the English who are their enemies, not their allies; that they come to the Peninsula not to help, but to inspire to false confidence, and to lead them astray. Napoleon's plan and purpose cannot be mistaken.

> "Spaniards, [he proclaimed at Madrid] your destinies are in my hands. Reject the poison which the English have spread among you; let your king be certain of your love and your confidence, and you will be more powerful and more happy than ever. I have destroyed all that was opposed to your prosperity and greatness; I have broken the fetters which weighed upon the people; a liberal constitution gives you, instead of an absolute, a tempered and constitutional monarchy. It depends upon you that this constitution shall become law. But if all my efforts prove useless, and if you do not respond to my confidence, it will only remain for me to treat you as conquered provinces, and to find my brother another throne. I shall then place the crown of Spain on my own head, and I shall know how to make the wicked tremble; for God has given me the power and the will necessary to surmount all obstacles."

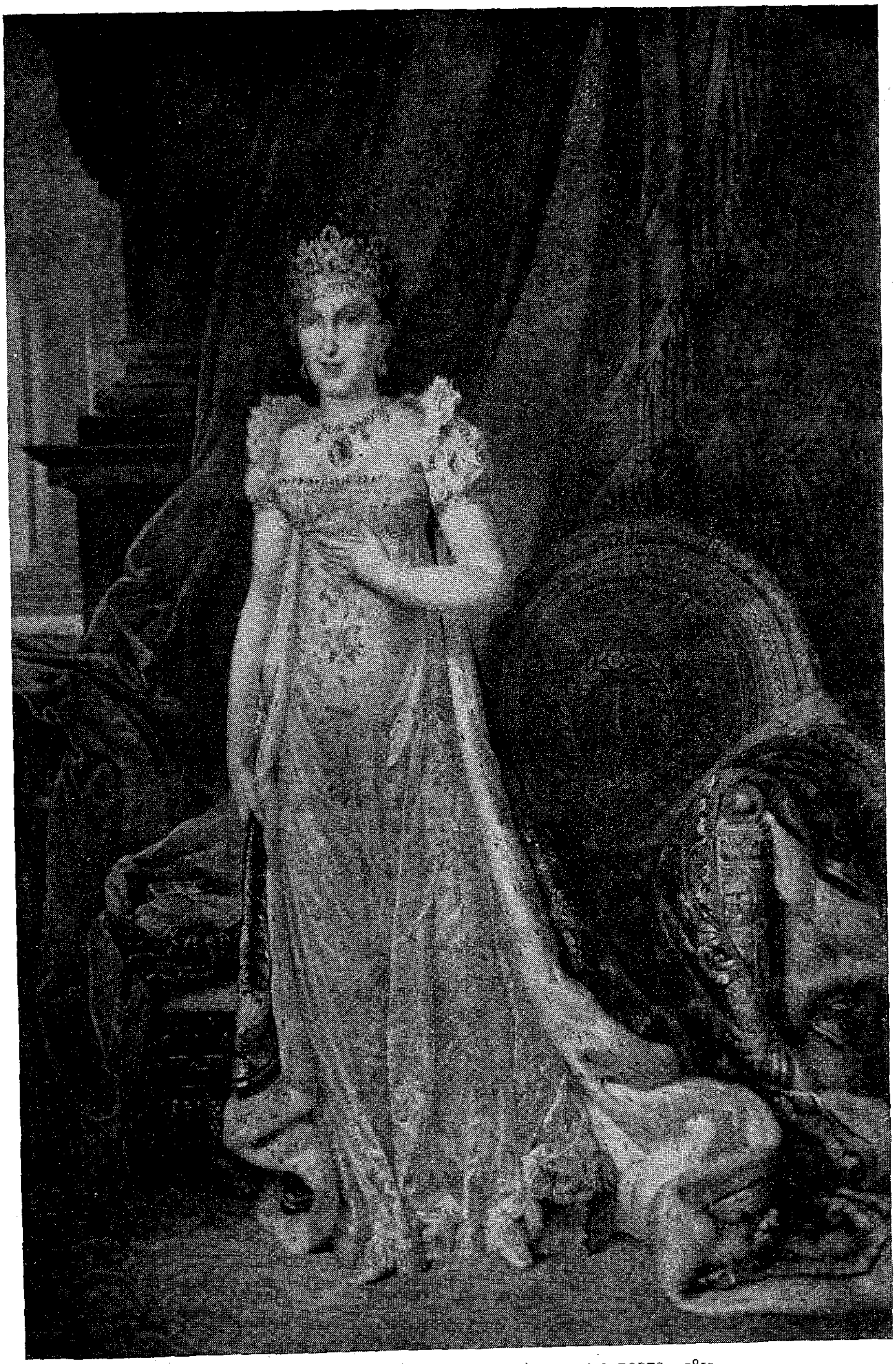
But a flame had been kindled in Spain which no number of even Napoleonic bulletins could quench—a fanatical frenzy inspired by the priests, a blind passion of patriotism. The Spaniards wanted their own, even if it was feudal and oppressive. A constitution which they had been forced to accept, seemed to them odious and shameful, if liberal.

The obstinacy and horror of their resistance was nowhere so tragic and so heroic as at the siege of Saragossa, going on at the time Napoleon, at Madrid, was issuing his decrees and proclamations. Saragossa had been fortified when the insurrection against King Joseph broke out. The town was surrounded by convents, which were turned into forts. Men, women, and children took up arms, and the priests, cross in hand, and dagger at the belt, led them. No word of surrender was tolerated within the walls. A Spaniard sent by Napoleon to treat, was assailed by the mob at the first word of submission he spoke, and for nearly a year lay in a dungeon. The peasants of the vicinity were quartered in the town, each family being given a house



FINAL SCENE BETWEEN NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE BEFORE THE DIVORCE. HORTENSE, JOSEPHINE'S DAUGHTER, STANDS BESIDE HER.

Etched by Gilli, after Didioni.

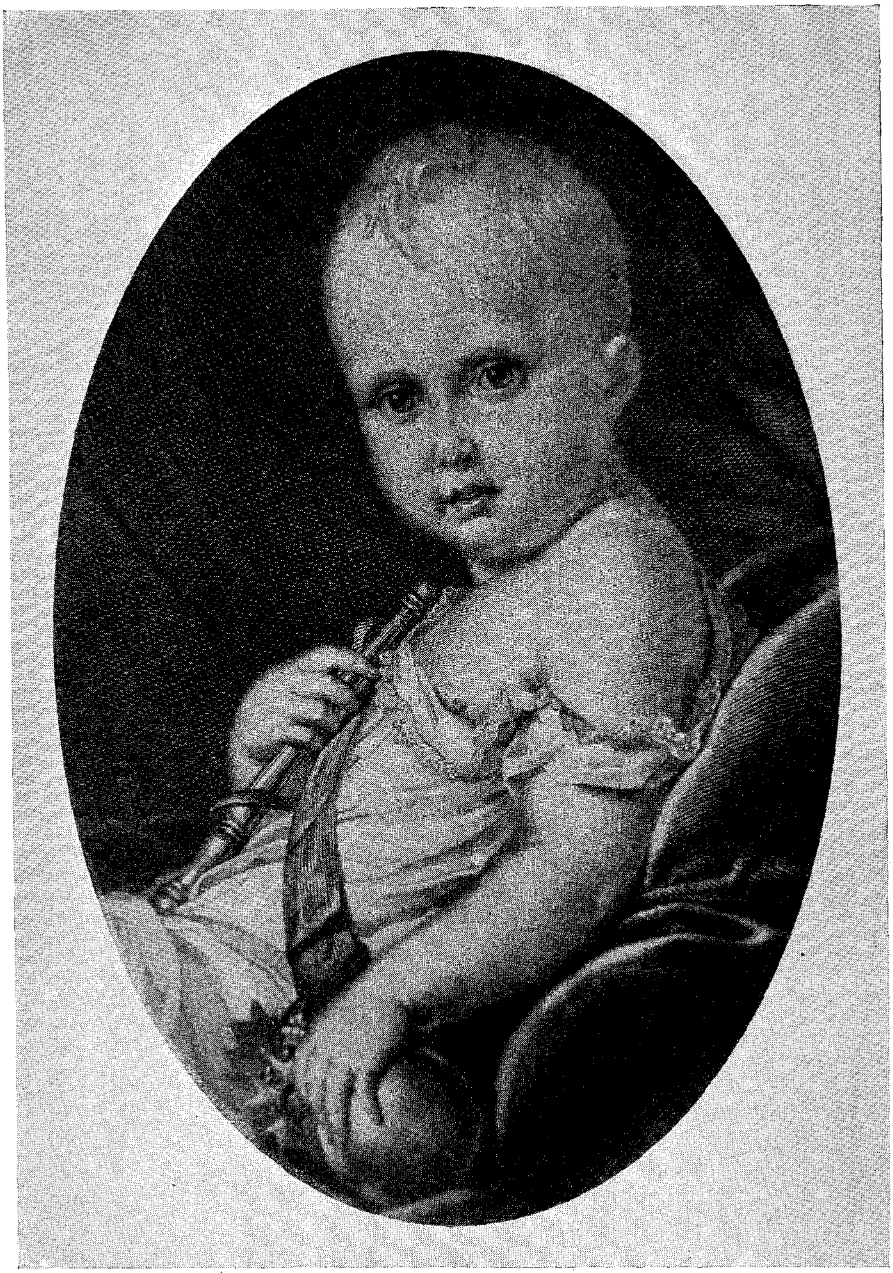


MARIE LOUISE (NAPOLEON'S SECOND WIFE) IN ROYAL ROBES. 1810.

"Marie-Louise, Archduchesse d'Autriche, Impératrice, Reine, et Régente." Engraved by Mecou, after Isabey.

to defend. Nothing could drive them from their posts.

The French, exasperated by this stubborn resistance, resolved to blow up the town, inch by inch. "While a house was being mined, and the dull sound of the rammers warned them that death was at hand, not one left the house which he had sworn to defend, and we could hear them singing litanies. Then, at the moment the



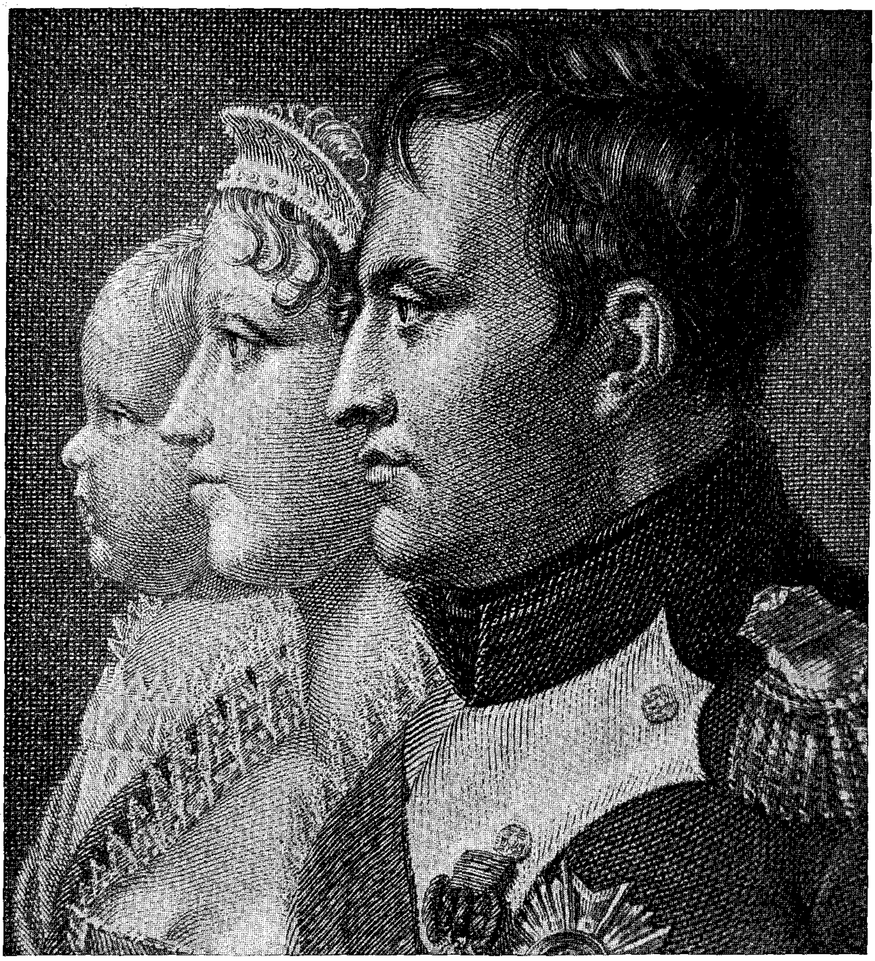
THE KING OF ROME (SON OF NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE). 1811.

Engraved by Desnoyers, after Gérard. "His Majesty the King of Rome. Dedicated to her Majesty Imperial and Royal, Marie Louise."

walls flew into the air and fell back with a crash, crushing the greater part of them, those who had escaped would collect about the ruins, and sheltering themselves behind the slightest cover, would recommence their sharpshooting."

For such resistance there was no end but extermination. For the first time in his career Napoleon had met sublime popular patriotism, a passion before which diplomacy, flattery, love of gain, force, lose their power.

It was for but a short time that the emperor could give his personal attention to the Spanish war. Certain wheels in his great machine were not running right. At its very centre, in Paris, there was friction among certain influential persons. The



NAPOLEON, MARIE LOUISE, AND THE KING OF ROME (NAPOLEON'S SON). APRIL 1, 1815.

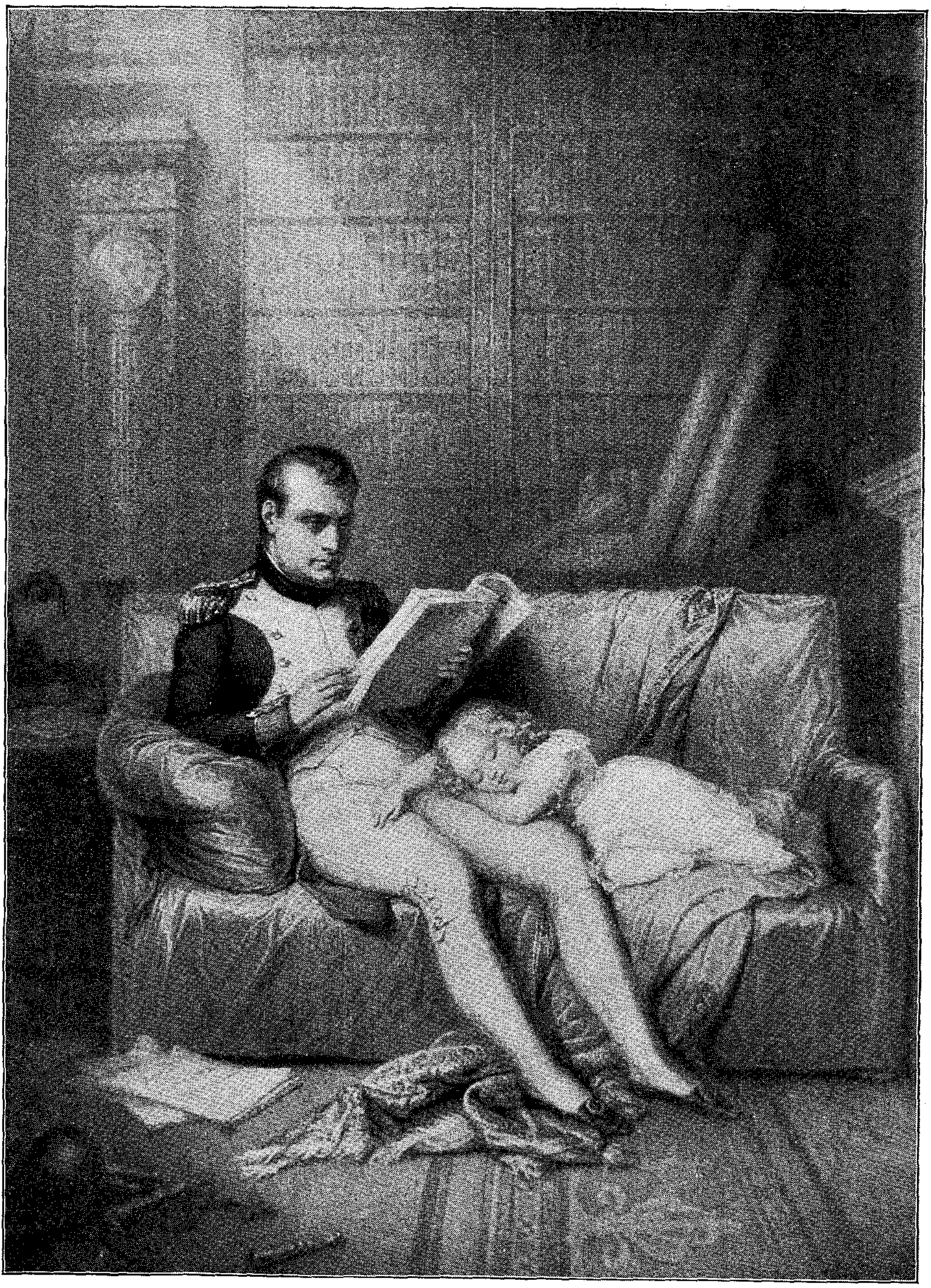
Artist unknown.

peace of the Continent, necessary to the Peninsular war, and which Alexander had guaranteed, was threatened.

PLOTTING OF TALLEYRAND AND FOUCHÉ.

Two unscrupulous and crafty men, both of them of singular ability, caused the interior trouble. These men were Talleyrand and Fouché. The latter we saw during the Consulate as Minister of Police. Since that time he has been once dismissed from office because of his knavery, and restored, largely for the same quality. His cunning was too valuable to dispense with. The former, Talleyrand, made Minister of Foreign Affairs in 1799, had handled his negotiations with the extraordinary skill for which he was famous, until, in 1807, Napoleon's mistrust of his duplicity, and Talleyrand's own dislike of the details of his position, led to the portfolio being taken from him, and he being made Vice-Grand-Elector. He evidently expected, in making this change, to remain in reality as powerful as ever with Napoleon. The knowledge that the emperor was dispensing with his services made him resentful, and his devotion to the imperial cause fluctuated according to the attention he received.

Now, Napoleon's course in Spain had been undertaken at the advice of Talleyrand, largely, and he had repeated constantly, in the early negotiations, that France ought not to allow a Bourbon to remain enthroned at her borders. Yet, as the affair went on, he began slyly to talk against the enterprise. At Erfurt, where Napoleon had been impolitic enough to take him, he initiated himself into Alexander's good graces, and prevented Napo-



"NAPOLEON IN HIS CABINET." THE CHILD AT HIS SIDE IS HIS SON, THE KING OF ROME.

The manuscript on the floor of the cabinet bears the date "1811." Engraved by Weber, after Steuben.

leon's policy towards Austria being carried out. When Napoleon returned to Spain, Talleyrand and Fouché, who up to this time had been enemies, became friendly, and even appeared in public, arm in arm. If Talleyrand and Fouché had made up, said the Parisians, there was mischief brewing.

Napoleon was not long in knowing of their reconciliation. He learned more, that the two crafty plotters had written Murat that in the event of "something happening," that is, of Napoleon's death or overthrow, they should organize a movement to call him to the head of affairs;

that, accordingly, he must hold himself ready.

Napoleon returned to Paris immediately, removed Talleyrand from his position at court, and at a gathering of high officials, treated him to one of those violent harangues with which he was accustomed to flay those he would disgrace and dismiss.

> "You are a thief, a coward, a man without honor; you do not believe in God; you have all your life been a traitor to your duties; you have deceived and betrayed everybody; nothing is sacred to you; you would sell your own father. I have loaded you down with gifts, and there is nothing you would not undertake against me. Thus for the past ten months you have been shameless enough, because you supposed, rightly or wrongly, that my affairs in Spain were going astray, to say to all who would listen to you that you always blamed my undertakings there, whereas it was you yourself who first put it into my head, and who persistently urged it. And that man, *that unfortunate* [he was thus designating the Duc d'Enghien], by whom was I advised of the place of his residence? Who drove me to deal cruelly with him? What, then, are you aiming at? What do you wish for? What do you hope? Do you dare to say? You deserve that I should smash you like a wine-glass. I can do it, but I despise you too much to take the trouble."

All of this was undoubtedly true, but, after having publicly said it, there was but one safe course for Napoleon — to put Talleyrand where he could no longer continue his plotting. He made the mistake, however, of leaving him at large.

WAR WITH AUSTRIA.

The disturbance of the continental peace came from Austria: Encouraged by Napoleon's absence in Spain, and the withdrawal of troops from Germany, and urged by England to attempt again to repair her losses, Austria had hastily armed herself, hoping to be able to reach the Rhine before Napoleon could collect his forces and reach her. Napoleon met Austria now as in 1805. On the 12th of April he learned in Paris that the Austrians had crossed the Inn. One month later, the 12th of May, he wrote from Schönbrunn, after a series of victories, "We are masters of Vienna."

The two desperate battles of Essling and Aspern followed, and the French retired to the island of Lobau in the Danube, just below Vienna, where soon Prince Eugene, who had driven out and nearly destroyed the Austrian army which had invaded Italy, joined the emperor. On the 2d of July the Danube was passed, and the battle of Wagram on the 6th completed the defeat of the Austrians.

When, on the 22d, Napoleon replied to the Emperor of Austria's request to treat for peace, he told him:

> "If the fourth treaty of peace, succeeding those of Campo Formio, Lunéville, and Presburg, can be the last, secure in a durable manner the tranquillity of the Continent, and protect it from the clamors and intrigues of England, I shall regard this moment as most fortunate; for, in the four wars which your majesty has waged against France, the last three were superfluous, and advantageous only to England."

This peace was concluded in October. Austria was forced to give up Trieste and all her Adriatic possessions, to cede territory to Bavaria and to the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, and to give her consent to the continental system.

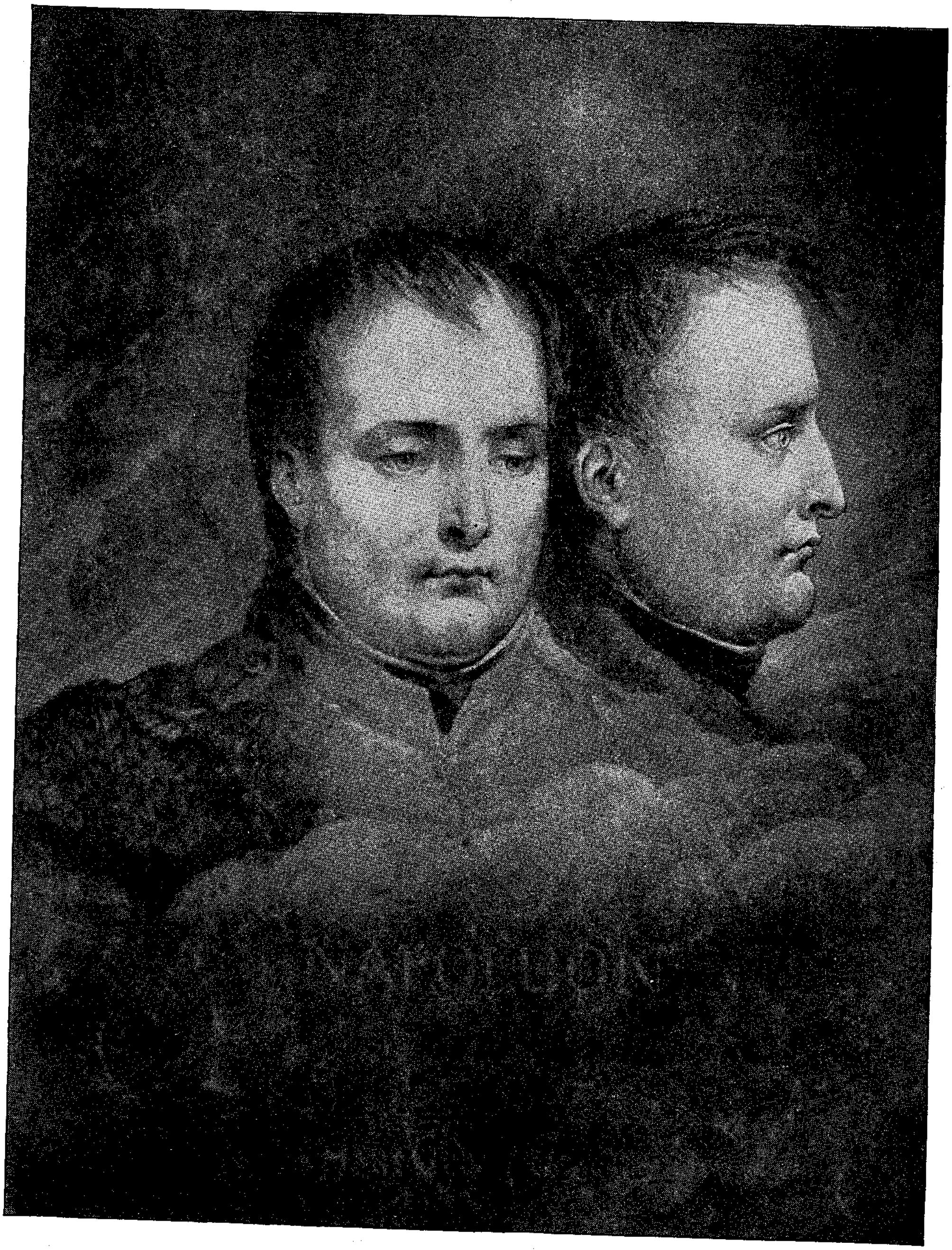
It could hardly be expected that Austria would accept such a treaty as final, yet Napoleon went home from Schönbrunn more confident than ever that the great continental peace he so much desired was near at hand. So sincerely did he believe in it that he had begun to prepare to celebrate it, ordering that a splendid temple of Janus, to cost eight million dollars, should be begun on the heights of Montmart, where the new church of the *Sacré Cœur* now stands, and that in it should be made the first solemn proclamation of peace.

JOSEPHINE DIVORCED.

To further this peace, to prevent plots among his subordinates who would aspire to his crown in case of his sudden death, and to assure a succession which would carry out his organization, he now decided to take a step long in mind—to divorce Josephine, by whom he no longer hoped to have heirs.

In considering Napoleon's divorce of Josephine, it must be remembered that stability of government was of vital necessity to the permanency of the Napoleonic institutions. Napoleon had turned into practical realities most of the reforms demanded in 1789. True, he had done it by the exercise of despotism, but nothing but the courage, the will, the audacity of a despot could have aroused the nation in 1799. These institutions, Napoleon felt, had been so short a time in operation that in case of his death they would easily topple over, and his kingdom go to pieces like Alexander's. If he could leave an heir, this disaster would, he believed, be averted.

Then, would not a marriage with a for-



NAPOLEON. 1812.

Facsimile of a drawing by Girodet-Trioson, made from life in the emperor's private chapel, March 8, 1812. ("Fac-
simile d'un Dessin de Girodet-Trioson, fait d'après nature à la chapelle de l'empèreur le 8 Mars, 1812.") Engraved by
Maile. Published in London in 1827 by R. G. Jones. It is thought to give a more correct delineation of Napoleon than
do the paintings by Lefevre, David, and Isabey, who were the royal painters, and painted, under the instruction of Napo-
leon, to make him look like the Cæsars. There were two designs by Girodet. Of the one given above, Maile's engraving
is the only copy known. The other contains three heads, one of which is a sleeping Napoleon. It was made only a month
later, at the theatre of St. Cloud.

eign princess calm the fears of his continental enemies? Would they not see in such an alliance an effort on the part of new, liberal France to adjust herself harmoniously to the system of government which prevailed on the Continent?

Thus, by a new marriage, he hoped to prevent at his death a series of fresh revolutions, save the splendid organization he had created, and put France in greater harmony with her environment. It is to misunderstand Napoleon's scheme, to attribute this divorce simply to a gigantic egotism. To assure his dynasty, was to assure France of liberal institutions. His glorification was his country's. In reality, there were the same reasons for divorcing Josephine that there had been for taking the crown in 1804.

Josephine had long feared a separation. The Bonapartes had never cared for her, and even so far back as the Egyptian campaign had urged Napoleon to seek a divorce. Unwisely, Josephine had not sought in her early married life to win their affection any more than she had sought to keep Napoleon's; and when the emperor was crowned, they had done their best to prevent her coronation. When, for state reasons, the divorce seemed necessary, Josephine had no supporters where she might have had many.

Her grief was more poignant because she had come to love her husband with a real ardor. The jealousy from which he had once suffered she now felt, and Napoleon certainly gave her ample cause for it. Her anxiety was well known to all the court, the secretaries Bourrienne and Méneval, and Madame de Rémusat being her special confidants. Since 1807 it had been intense, for it was in that year that Fouché, probably at Napoleon's instigation, tried to persuade the empress to suggest the divorce herself as her sacrifice to the country.

After Wagram it became evident to her that at last her fate was sealed; but though she beset Méneval and all the members of her household for information, it was only a fortnight before the public divorce that she knew her fate. It was Josephine's own son and daughter, Eugene and Hortense, who broke the news to her; and it was on the former that the cruel task fell of indorsing the divorce in the Senate in the name of himself and his sister.

Josephine was terribly broken by her disgrace, but she bore it with a sweetness and dignity which does much to make posterity forget her earlier frivolity and insincerity.

> "I can never forget," says Pasquier, "the evening on which the discarded empress did the honors of her court for the last time. It was the day before the official dissolution. A great throng was present, and supper was served, according to custom, in the gallery of Diana, on a number of little tables. Josephine sat at the centre one, and the men went around her, waiting for that particularly graceful nod which she was in the habit of bestowing on those with whom she was acquainted. I stood at a short distance from her for a few minutes, and I could not help being struck with the perfection of her attitude in the presence of all these people who still did her homage, while knowing full well that it was for the last time; that in an hour she would descend from the throne, and leave the palace never to reënter it. Only women can rise superior to such a situation, but I have my doubts as to whether a second one could have been found to do it with such perfect grace and composure. Napoleon did not show so bold a front as did his victim."

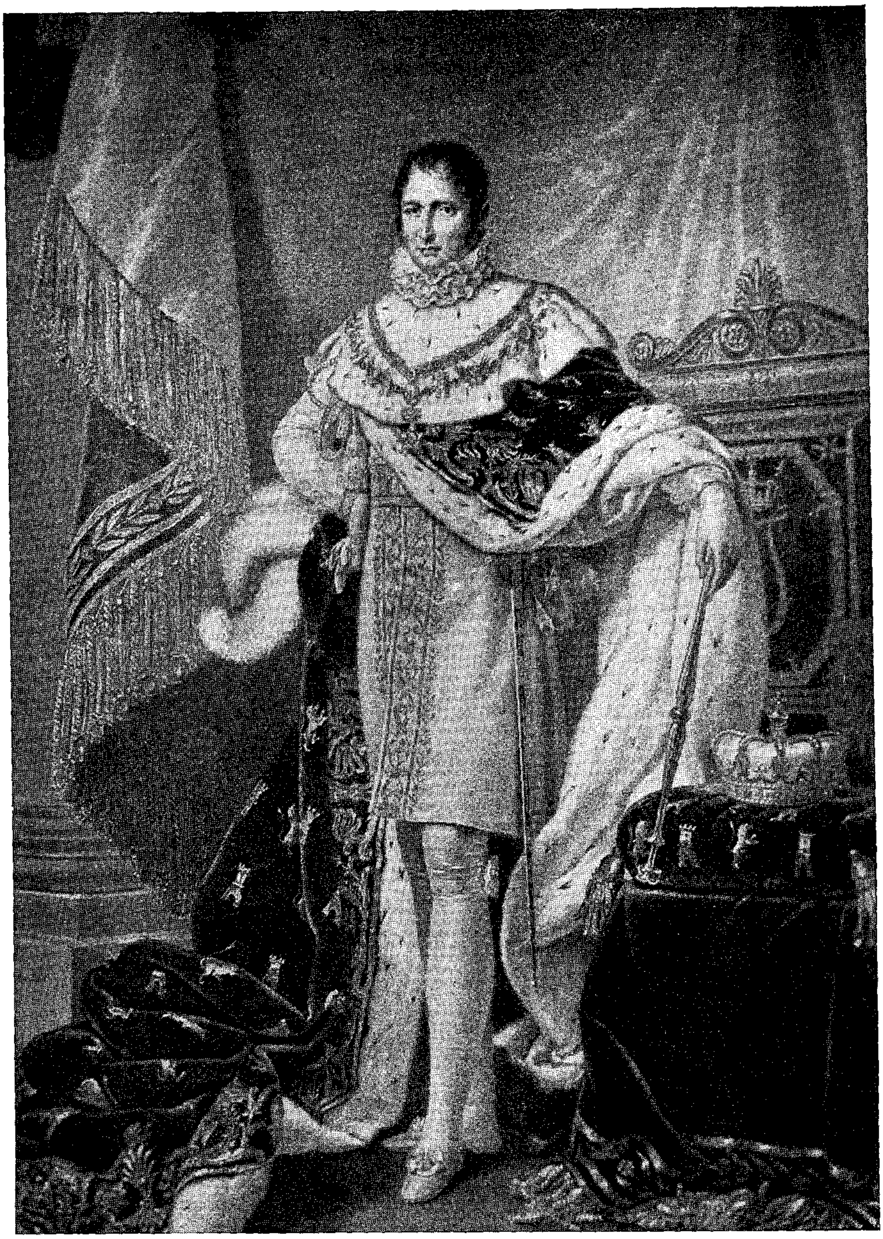
There is no doubt but that Napoleon suffered deeply over the separation. If his love had lost its illusion, he was genuinely attached to Josephine, and in a way she was necessary to his happiness. After the ceremony of separation, he was to go to St. Cloud, she to Malmaison. While waiting for his carriage, he returned to his study in the palace. For a long time he sat silent and depressed, his head on his hand. When he was summoned he rose, his face distorted with pain, and went into the empress's apartment. Josephine was alone.

When she saw the emperor, she threw herself on his neck, sobbing aloud. He pressed her to his bosom, kissing her again and again, until, overpowered with emotion, she fainted. Leaving her to her women, he hurried to his carriage.

Méneval, who saw this sad parting, remained with Josephine until she became conscious; and when he went, she begged him not to let the emperor forget her, and to see that he wrote her often.

"I left her," that naïve admirer and apologist of Napoleon goes on, "grieved at so deep a sorrow and so sincere an affection. I felt very miserable all along my route, and I could not help deploring that the rigorous exactions of politics should violently break the bonds of an affection which had stood the test of time, to impose another union full of uncertainty."

Josephine returned to Malmaison to live, but Napoleon took care that she should have, in addition, another home, giving her Navarre, a château near Evreux, some fifty miles from Paris. She had an income of some six hundred thousand dollars a year, and the emperor showed rare thoughtfulness in providing her with everything she could want. She was to deny herself nothing, take care of her health, pay no attention to the gossip she heard, and never doubt of his love. Such were the constant recommendations of the frequent letters he wrote her. Sometimes he went to see her, and he told her all the details of his life. It is certain that the emperor neglected no opportunity of comforting Josephine,



JOSEPH BONAPARTE IN HIS CORONATION ROBES, 1808.

Engraved by C. S. Pradier in 1813, after Gérard.

and that she, on her side, believed in his affection, and accepted her lot with resignation and kindliness.

MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON AND MARIE LOUISE.

Over two years before the divorce a list of the marriageable princesses of Europe had been drawn up for Napoleon. This list included eighteen names in all, the two most prominent being Marie Louise of Austria, and Anna Paulowna, sister of Alexander of Russia. At the Erfurt conference the project of a marriage with a Russian princess had been discussed, and Alexander had favored it; but now that an attempt was made to negotiate the affair, there were numerous delays, and a general lukewarmness which angered Napoleon. Without waiting for the completion of the Russian negotiations, he decided on Marie Louise.

The marriage ceremony was performed in Vienna on March 12, 1810, the Archduke Charles acting for Napoleon. The Emperor first saw his new wife some days later on the road between Soissons and Compiègne, where he had gone to meet her in most unimperial haste, and in contradiction to the pompous and complicated ceremony which had been arranged for their first interview. From the first he was frankly delighted with Marie Louise. In fact, the new empress was a most attractive girl, young, fresh, modest, well-bred, and innocent. She entirely filled Napoleon's ideal of a wife, and he certainly was happy with her.

Marie Louise in marrying Napoleon had felt that she was a kind of sacrificial offering, for she had naturally a deep horror of the man who had caused her country so much woe; but her dread was soon dispelled, and she became very fond of her husband.

Outside of the court the two led an amusingly simple life, riding together informally early in the morning, in a gay Bohemian way; sitting together alone in the empress's little *salon*, she at her needlework, he with a book. They even indulged now and then in quiet little larks of their own, as one day when Marie Louise had attempted to make an omelet in her apartments. Just as she was completely engrossed in her work, the emperor came in. The empress tried to conceal her culinary operations, but Napoleon detected the odor.

"What is going on here? There is a singular smell as if something was being fried. What, you are making an omelet! Bah! you don't know how to do it. I will show you how it is done."

And he set to work to instruct her. They got on very well until it came to tossing it, an operation Napoleon insisted on performing himself, with the result that he landed it on the floor.

BIRTH OF THE KING OF ROME.

On March 20, 1811, the long-desired heir to the French throne was born. It had been arranged that the birth of the child should be announced to the people by cannon shot; twenty-one if it were a princess, one hundred and one if a prince. The people who thronged the quays and streets about the Tuileries waited with inexpressible anxiety as the cannon boomed forth: one—two—three. As twenty-one died away the city held its breath; then came twenty-two. The thundering peals which followed it were drowned in the wild enthusiasm of the people. For days afterward, enervated by joy and the endless *fêtes* given them, the French drank and sang to the King of Rome.

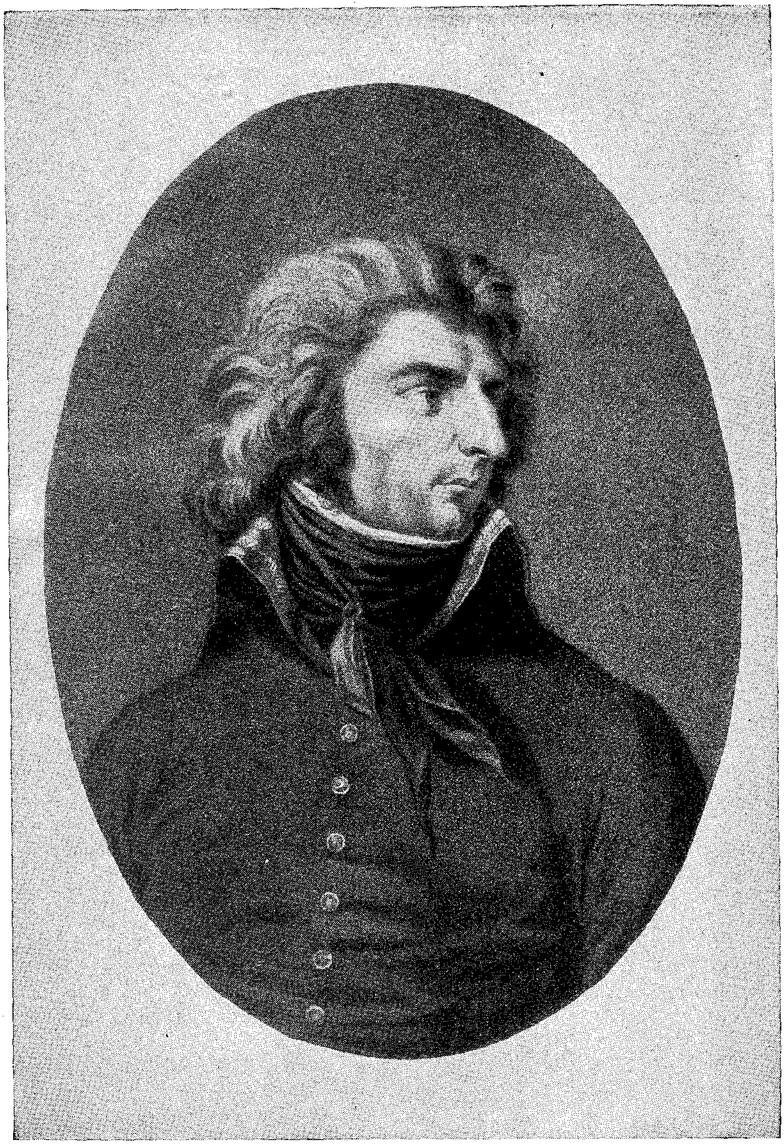
In all these rejoicings none were so touching as at Navarre, where Josephine, on hearing the cannon, called together her friends and said, "We, too, must have a *fête*. I shall give you a ball, and the whole city of Evreux must come and rejoice with us."

Napoleon was the happiest of men. He devoted himself to his son with pride and tenderness, playing with him in the park, teaching him to ride, keeping him with him in his study even while the most important business was going on, and frequently throwing everything aside to lie down on the floor and romp with him. Reports of the boy's condition appear frequently in his letters; he even allowed him to be taken without the empress's knowledge to Josephine, who had begged to see him.

CAUSES OF DISCONTENT WITHIN FRANCE.

"This child in concert with our Eugène will constitute our happiness and that of France," so Napoleon had written Josephine after the birth of the King of Rome, but it soon became evident that he was wrong. There were causes of uneasiness and discontent in France which had been operating for a long time, and which were only aggravated by the apparent solidity that an heir gave to the Napoleonic dynasty.

First among these was religious disaffection. Towards the end of 1808, being doubtful of the Pope's loyalty, Napoleon had sent French troops to Rome; the spring following, without any plausible excuse, he had annexed four Papal states to the kingdom of Italy; and in 1809 the Pope had been made a prisoner at Savona. When the divorce was asked, it was not the Pope, but the clergy of Paris, who had granted it. When the religious marriage of Marie Louise and Napoleon came to be celebrated, thirteen cardinals refused to appear; the "black cardinals" they were thereafter called, one of their punishments for non-appearance at the wedding being that they could no longer wear their red gowns. To the pious all this friction with the fathers of the Church was a deplorable irritation. It was impossible to show contempt for the authority of Pope and cardinals and not wound one of the

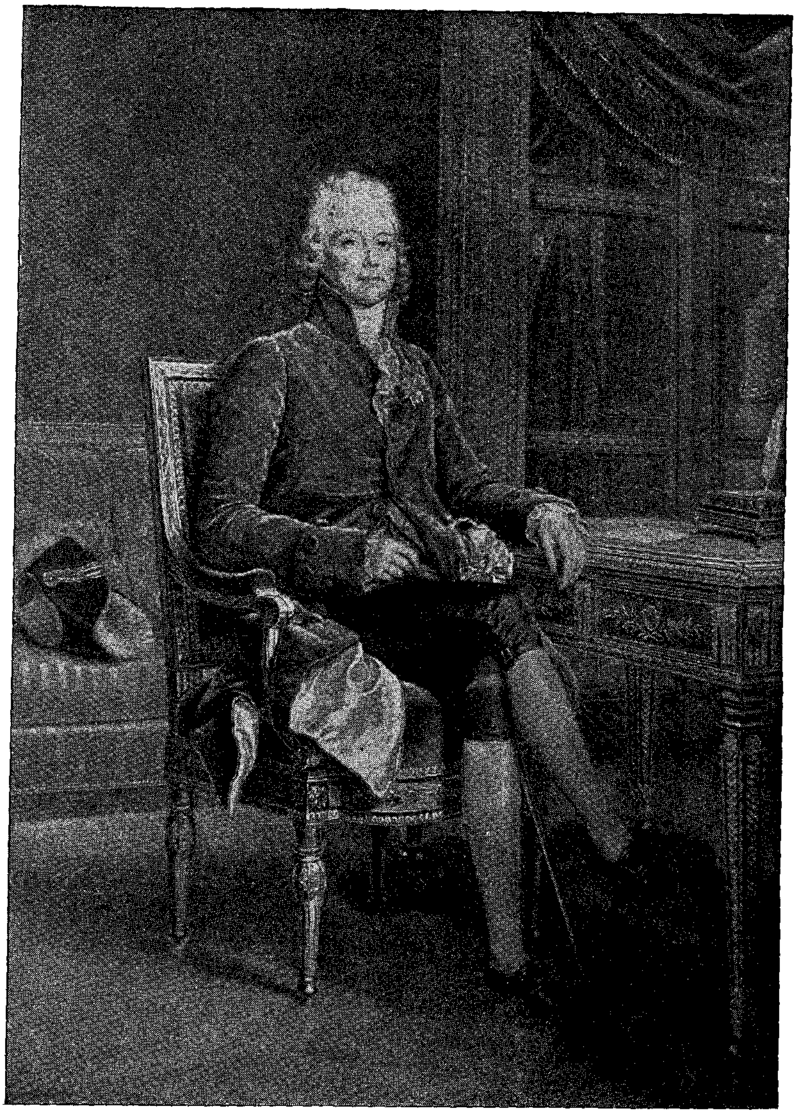


BERNADOTTE.

Engraved by Fiesinger, after Guérin. Bernadotte (see note, page 124, "McClure's Magazine" for January, 1895) was born at Pau, in 1764; entered the Royal Marine at seventeen years of age; in 1792 entered the Army of the North; and in 1797 the Army of Italy. He married the Désirée Clary, sister-in-law of Joseph Bonaparte, whom Napoleon, in 1795, had thought of making his wife. In 1804 he was made marshal, and later, Prince of Ponte-Corvo. In 1810 the Swedish States proclaimed him prince royal and heir-presumptive of Sweden. He was received as a son by Charles XIII., and in 1818, on the death of Charles XIII., he was proclaimed King of Norway and Sweden, and took the name of Charles Jean IV., though he is usually called Charles XIV. He held the throne for twenty-five years, and his son Oscar succeeded him.

deepest sentiments of France, and one which ten years before Napoleon had braved most to satisfy.

There was another terrible burden on the people—a tax of blood and muscle—the conscription. Napoleon had formulated and attempted to make tolerable the principle born of the Revolution, which declared that every male citizen of age owed the state a service of blood in case it needed him. The wisdom of his management of the conscription had prevented discontent until 1807; then the draft on life had begun to be arbitrary and grievous. The laws of exemptions were discarded. The "only son of his mother" no longer remained at



TALLEYRAND.

Engraved by Desnoyers, after Gérard. Talleyrand-Périgord (Charles Maurice de) (1754-1838) was educated for the Church, and in 1788 was made Bishop of Autun. He was active in the Revolution, and being struck with Napoleon's talent in Italy, hastened to win his favor. He became Napoleon's most important adviser, but later turned against him, and became his most subtle enemy. After the surrender of Paris, it was Talleyrand who secured from Alexander the declaration that he would treat neither with Napoleon nor with any member of his family. He became Louis XVIII.'s Minister of Foreign Affairs. Soon after Waterloo he lost his position as Minister of Foreign Affairs, but the Revolution of 1830 restored him to favor, and he was sent to London as ambassador. In 1834 he left diplomatic life at his own request, and returned to Paris, where he died in 1838.

her side. The father whose little children were motherless must leave them; aged and helpless parents no longer gave immunity. Those who had bought their exemption by heavy sacrifices were obliged to go. Persons whom the law made subject to conscription in 1807, were called out in 1806; those of 1808, in 1807. So far was this premature drafting pushed, that the armies were said to be made up of "boy soldiers," weak, unformed youths, fresh from school, who dropped out in the march, and wilted in a sun like that of Spain.

At the rate at which men had been killed, however, there was no other way of keeping up the army. Between 1804 and 1811 one million seven hundred thousand men had perished in battle. What wonder that now the boys of France were pressed into service! At the same time the country was overrun with the lame, the blind, the broken-down, who had come back from war to live on their friends or on charity. It was not only the funeral crape on almost every door which made Frenchmen hate the conscription, it was the crippled men whom they met at every corner.

Without, the continental blockade was causing serious trouble between Napoleon and the kings he ruled. In spite of all his efforts English merchandise penetrated everywhere. The fair at Rotterdam in 1807 was filled with English goods. They passed into Italy under false seals. They came into France on pretence that they were for the empress. Napoleon remonstrated and threatened, but he could not check the traffic. The most serious trouble caused by this violation of the Berlin Decree was with Louis the King of Holland. In 1808 Napoleon complained to his brother that more than one hundred ships passed between his kingdom and England every month, and a year later he wrote in desperation, "Holland is an English province."

The relations of the brothers grew more and more bitter. Napoleon resented the half support Louis gave him, and as a punishment he took away his provinces, filled his forts with French troops, threatened him with war if he did not break up the trade. So far did these hostilities go that in the summer of 1810 King Louis abdicated in favor of his son and retired to Austria. Napoleon tried his best to persuade him at least to return into French territory, but he refused. This break was the sadder because Louis was the brother for whom Napoleon had really done most. With him he had shared, as a poor artillery lieutenant, his bed and board and spending money.

Joseph was not happier than Louis. The Spanish war still went on, and no better than in 1808. Joseph, humbled and unhappy, had even prayed to be freed of the throne.

The relations with Sweden were seriously strained. Since 1810 Bernadotte had been by adoption the crown prince of that country. Although he had emphatically refused, in accepting the position, to agree never to take up arms against France, as Napoleon wished him to do, he had later consented to the continental blockade, and had declared war against England; but this declaration both England and Sweden considered simply as a *façon de parler*. Napoleon, conscious that Bernadotte was not carrying out the blockade, and irritated by his persistent refusal to enter into French combinations, and pay tribute to carry on French wars, had suppressed his revenues as a French prince—Bernadotte had been created Prince of Ponte-Corvo in 1806—had refused to communicate with him, and when the King of Rome was born had sent back the Swedish decoration offered. Finally, in January, 1812, French troops invaded certain Swedish possessions, and the country concluded an alliance with France and Russia.

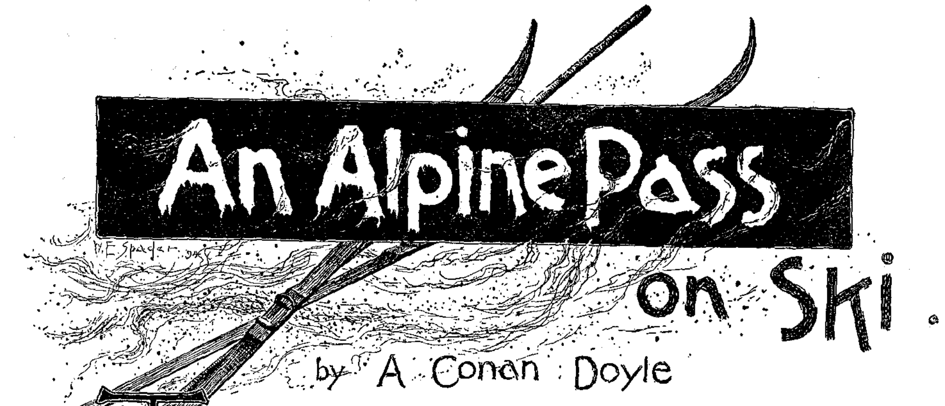
With Russia, the "other half" of the machine, the ally upon whom the great plan of Tilsit and Erfurt depended, there was such a bad state of feeling that, in 1812, it became certain that war would result. Causes had been accumulating upon each side since Erfurt. Alexander feared that Napoleon was getting ready to restore Poland. He was offended by the haste with which his ally had dismissed the idea of marriage with his sister and had taken up Marie Louise. He complained of the changes of boundaries in Germany. Napoleon saw with irritation that English goods were admitted into Russia. He remembered that she had not supported him loyally in 1809. He was suspicious, too, of the good understanding which seemed to be growing between Sweden, Russia, and England.

As soon as war seemed inevitable, Napoleon signed treaties with Austria and Prussia, and on the 9th of May, 1812, left Paris for Dresden, the centre of his army.

The force he had brought to the field showed graphically the extension and the character of the France of 1812. The "army of twenty nations," the Russians called the host which was preparing to meet them, and the expression was just. The Grand Army, as the active body was called, numbered, to quote the popular figures, six hundred and seventy-eight thousand men, and, with reserves, the whole force numbered one million one hundred thousand. It is sure that this is an exaggerated number, though certainly over half a million men entered Russia.

With this imposing army at his command, Napoleon believed that he could compel Alexander to support the continental blockade, for come what might that system must succeed. The continental blockade had become, as its inventor proclaimed, *the fundamental law of the empire*.

Until he crossed the Nieman, Napoleon preserved the hope of being able to avoid war. Numerous letters to the Russian emperor, almost pathetic in their overtures, exist. But Alexander never replied. The Grand Army was doomed to make the Russian campaign.



An Alpine Pass on Ski

by A. Conan Doyle

Author of "Micah Clarke," "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," etc.

THERE is nothing peculiarly malignant in the appearance of a pair of ski. They are two slips of elm wood, eight feet long, four inches broad, with a square heel, turned-up toes, and straps in the centre to secure your feet. No one, to look at them, would guess at the possibilities which lurk in them. But you put them on, and you turn with a smile to see whether your friends are looking at you, and then the next moment you are boring your head madly into a snowbank, and kicking frantically with both feet, and half-rising, only to butt viciously into that snowbank again, and your friends are getting more entertainment than they had ever thought you capable of giving.

THE SURPRISES IN A PAIR OF SKI.

This is when you are beginning. You naturally expect trouble then, and you are not likely to be disappointed. But as you get on a little, the thing becomes more irritating. The ski are the most capricious things upon the earth. One day you cannot go wrong with them; on another, with the same weather and the same snow, you cannot go right. And it is when you least expect it that things begin to happen. You stand on the crown of a slope, and you adjust your body for a rapid slide; but your ski stick motionless, and over you go on your face. Or you stand upon a plateau which seems to you to be as level as a billiard table, and in an instant, without cause or warning, away they shoot, and you are left behind, staring at the sky. For a man who suffers from too much dignity a course of Norwegian snow-shoes would have a fine moral effect.

ZIGZAGGING UP A HILL.

Whenever you brace yourself for a fall, it never comes off. Whenever you think yourself absolutely secure, it is all over with you. You come to a hard ice slope at an angle of seventy-five degrees, and you zigzag up it, digging the side of your ski into it, and feeling that if a mosquito settles upon you, you are gone. But nothing ever happens, and you reach the top in safety. Then you stop upon the level to congratulate your companion, and you have just time to say, "What a lovely view is this!" when you find yourself standing upon your two shoulder-blades, with your ski tied tightly round your neck. Or, again, you may have had a long

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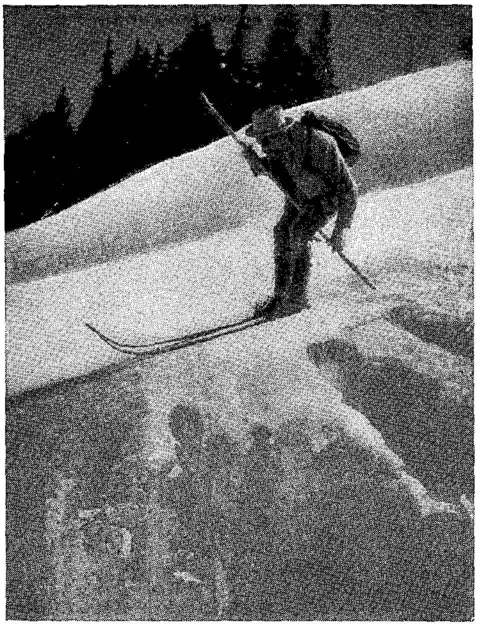
outing without any misfortune at all, and, as you shuffle back along the road, you stop for an instant to tell a group in the hotel veranda how well you are getting on. Something happens—and they suddenly find that their congratulations are addressed to the soles of your ski. Then, if your mouth is not full of snow, you find yourself muttering the names of a few Swiss villages to relieve your feelings. "Ragatz!" is a very handy word, and may save a scandal.



GLISSADING.

But all this is in the early stage of skiing. You have to shuffle along the level, to zigzag, or move crab fashion, up the hills, to slide down without losing your balance, and, above all, to turn with facility. The first time you try to turn, your friends think it is part of your fun. The great ski flapping in the air has the queerest appearance — like an exaggerated nigger dance. But this sudden whisk round is really the most necessary of accomplishments; for only so can one turn upon the mountain side without slipping down. It must be done without ever presenting one's heels to the slope, and this is the only way.

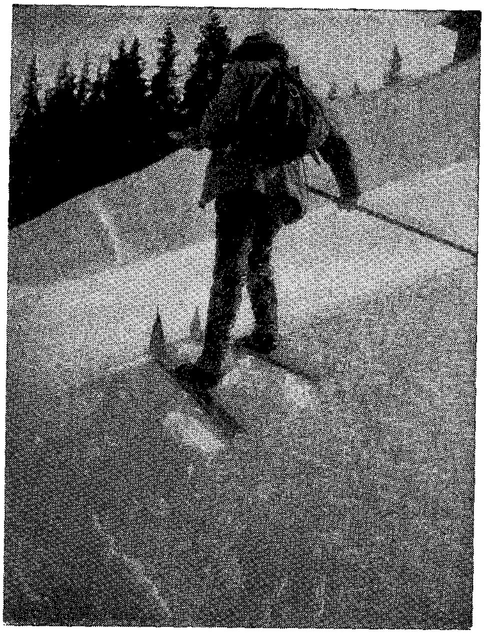
THE SKI MAKES MOUNTAIN CLIMBING EASY.

But granted that a man has perseverance, and a month to spare, in which to conquer all these early difficulties, he will then find that skiing opens up a field of sport for him which is, I think, unique. This is not appreciated yet, but I am convinced that the time will come when hundreds of Englishmen will come to Switzerland for the skiing season in March and April. I believe that I may claim to be the first, save only two Switzers, to do any mountain work (though on a modest enough scale) on snow-shoes; but I am certain that I will not, by many a thousand, be the last.

The fact is that it is easier to climb an ordinary peak, or to make a journey over the higher passes, in winter than in summer, if the weather is only set fair. In summer you have to climb down as well as to climb up, and the one is as tiring as the other. In winter your trouble is halved, as most of your descent is a mere slide. If the snow is tolerably firm, it is much easier also to zigzag up it on ski, than to clam-

THE LITTLE FOOTSTEPS ON THE SNOW.

ber over boulders, under a hot summer sun. The temperature, too, is more favorable for exertion in winter; for nothing could be more delightful than the crisp, pure air on the mountains, though glasses are, of course, necessary to protect the eyes from the snow-glare.



ASCENDING FOOT BY FOOT.

A SKI MOUNT OF OVER NINE THOUSAND FEET.

Our project was to make our way from Davos to Arosa, over the Furka Pass, which is over nine thousand feet high. The distance is not more than from twelve to fourteen miles as the crow flies, but it has only once been done in winter. Last year the two brothers Branger made their way across on ski. They were my companions on the present expedition, and more trustworthy ones no novice could hope to have with him. They are both men of considerable endurance, and even a long spell of my German did not appear to exhaust them.

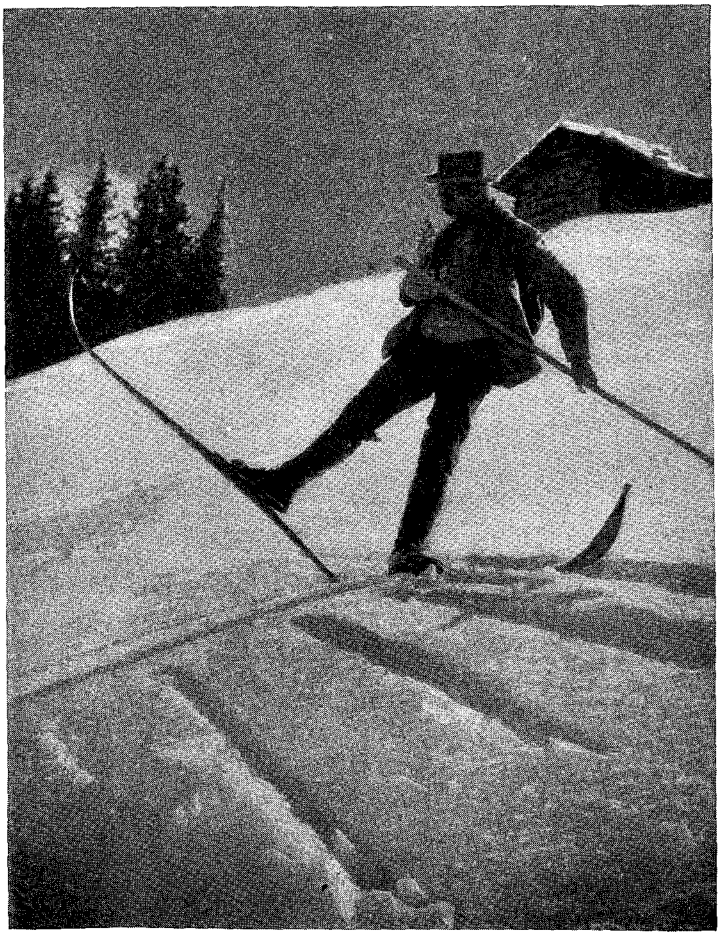
We were up before four in the morning, and had started at half past for the village of Frauenkirch, where we were to commence our ascent. A great pale moon was shining in a violet sky, with such stars as can only be seen in the tropics or the higher Alps. At quarter past five we turned from the road, and began to plod up the hill-sides, over alternate banks of last year's grass, and slopes of snow. We carried our ski over our shoulders, and our ski-boots slung round our necks, for it was good walking where the snow was hard, and it was sure to be hard wherever the sun had struck it during the day. Here and there, in a hollow, we floundered into and out of a soft drift up to our waists; but on the whole it was easy going, and as much of our way lay through fir woods, it would have been difficult to ski. About half past six, after a long, steady grind, we emerged from the woods, and shortly afterwards passed a wooden cow-house, which was the last sign of man which we were to see until we reached Arosa.

TURNING—A NOVICE.

OVER ROLLING SNOW-FIELDS.

The snow being still hard enough upon the slopes to give us a good grip for our feet, we pushed rapidly on, over rolling snow-fields with a general upward tendency. About half past seven the sun cleared the peaks behind us, and the glare upon the great expanse of virgin snow became very dazzling. We worked our way down a long slope, and then coming to the corresponding hill-side with a northern outlook, we found the snow as soft as powder, and so deep that we could touch no bottom with our poles. Here, then, we took to our snowshoes, and zigzagged up over the long white haunch of the mountain, pausing at the top for a rest. They are useful things the ski; for, finding that the snow was again hard enough to bear us, we soon converted ours into a very comfortable bench, from which we enjoyed the view of a whole panorama of mountains, the names of which my readers will be relieved to hear I have completely forgotten.

The snow was rapidly softening now, under the glare of the sun, and without our shoes all progress would have been impossible. We were making our way along the steep side of a valley, with the mouth of the Furka Pass fairly in front of us. The snow fell away here at an angle of from fifty to sixty degrees; and as this steep incline, along the face of which we were shuffling, sloped away down until it ended in absolute precipice, a slip might have been serious. My two more experienced companions walked below me for the half mile or so of danger, but soon we found ourselves upon a more reasonable slope, where one might fall with impunity. And now came the real sport of snow-shoeing. Hitherto we had walked as fast as boots would do, over ground where no boots could pass. But now we had a pleasure which boots can never give. For a third of a mile we shot along over gently dipping curves, skimming down into the valley without a motion of our feet. In that great untrodden waste, with snow-fields bounding our vision on every side, and no marks of life save the track of chamois and of foxes, it was glorious to whiz along in this easy fashion. A short zigzag at the bottom of the slope brought us, at half past nine, into the mouth of the pass; and we could see the little toy hotels of Arosa, away down among the fir woods, thousands of feet beneath us.



TURNING—AN ADEPT.

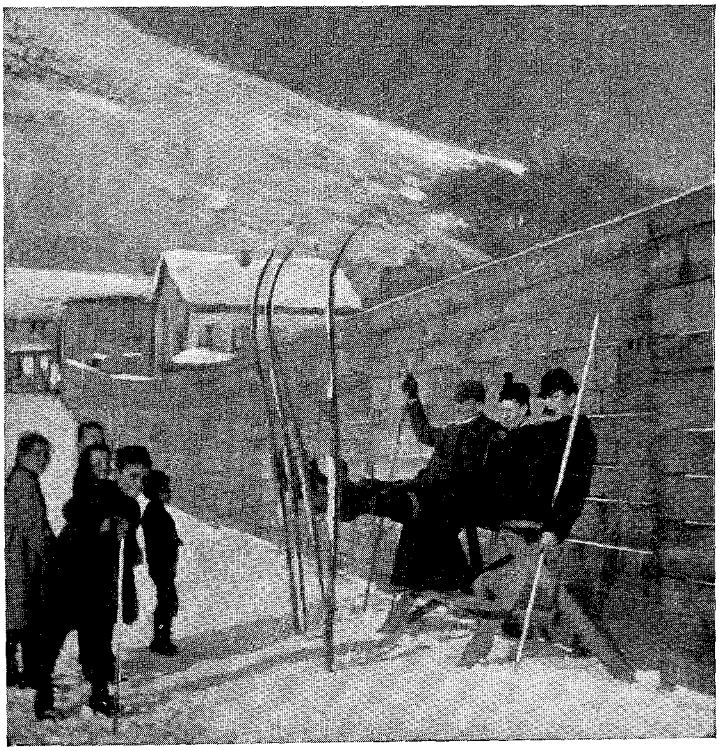
THE SKI A SHOE OR A SLED AT YOUR PLEASURE.

Again we had a half mile or so, skimming along with our poles dragging behind us. It seemed to me that the difficulty of our journey was over, and that we had only to stand on our ski and let them carry us to our destination. But the most awkward place was yet in front. The slope grew steeper and steeper until it suddenly fell away into what was little short of being sheer precipices. But still that little, when there is soft snow upon it, is all that is needed to bring out another possibility of these wonderful slips of wood. The brothers Branger agreed that the place was too difficult to attempt with the ski upon our feet. To me it seemed as if a parachute was the only instrument for which we had any use; but I did as I saw my companions do. They undid their ski, lashed the straps together, and turned them into a rather clumsy toboggan. Sitting on these, with our heels dug into the snow, and our sticks pressed hard down behind us, we began to move down the precipitous face of the pass. I think that both my comrades came to grief over it. I know that they were as white as Lot's wife at the bottom. But my own troubles were so pressing that I had no time to think of them. I tried to keep the pace within moderate bounds by pressing on the stick, which had the effect of turning the sledge sideways, so that one skidded down the slope. Then I dug my heels hard in, which shot me off backwards, and in an instant my two ski, tied together, flew away like an arrow from a bow, whizzed past the two Brangers, and vanished over the next slope, leaving their owner squattering in the deep snow.

GLISSADING A STEEP SLOPE.

It might have been an awkward accident in the upper field, where the drifts are twenty or thirty feet deep. But the steepness of the place was an advantage now, for the snow could not accumulate to any very great extent upon it. I made my way down in my own fashion. My tailor tells me that Harris tweed cannot wear out. This is a mere theory, and will not stand a thorough scientific test. He will find samples of his wares on view from the Furka Pass to Arosa, and for the remainder of the day I was happiest when nearest the wall.

However, save that one of the Brangers sprained his ankle badly in the descent, all went well with us, and we entered Arosa at half-past eleven, having taken exactly seven hours over our journey. The resi-



ASTONISHING THE NATIVES.

dents at Arosa, who knew that we were coming, had calculated that we could not possibly get there before one, and turned out to see us descend the steep pass just about the time when we were finishing a comfortable luncheon at the Seehoff. I would not grudge them any innocent amusement, but still I was just as glad that my own little performance was over before they assembled with their opera glasses. One can do very well without a gallery when one is trying a new experiment on ski.

LA TOUSSAINT.

A STORY FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A MINISTER OF FRANCE.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN,

Author of "A Gentleman of France," "My Lady Rotha," etc.

TOWARDS the autumn of 1601, I was one day leaving the hall at the Arsenal, after giving audience to such as wished to see me, when Maignan came after me and detained me; reporting that a gentleman who had attended early, but had later gone into the garden, was still in waiting. While Maignan was still speaking, the stranger himself came up, with some show of haste, but none of embarrassment; and, in answer to my salutation and inquiry what I could do for him, handed me a letter. He had the air of a man not twenty, his dress was a trifle rustic; but his strong and handsome figure set off a face that would have been pleasing but for a something fierce in the aspect of his eyes. Assured that I did not know him, I broke the seal of his letter and found that it was from my old flame Madame de Bray, who, as Mademoiselle de St. Mesmin, had come so near to being my wife.

The young man proved to be her brother, whom she commended to my good offices, the impoverishment of the family being so great that she could compass no more regular method of introducing him to the world, though the house of St. Mesmin is truly respectable and, like my own, allied to several of the first consequence. "So you have come to Paris to make your fortune?" I said.

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"And what are the tools with which you propose to do it?" I continued, between jest and earnest.

"That letter, sir," he answered simply; "and failing that, two horses, two suits of clothes, and two hundred crowns."

"You think that those will suffice?" I said, laughing.

"With this, sir," he answered, touching his sword; "and a good courage."

I could not but stand amazed at his coolness; for he spoke to me as simply as to a brother.

"Well," I said, after considering him, "I do not think that I can help you much immediately. I should be glad to know, however, what plans you have formed for yourself."

"Frankly, sir," he said, "I thought of this as I travelled; and I decided that fortune can be won by three things—by gold, by steel, and by love. The first I have not, and for the last I have a better use. Only the second is left. I shall be Crillon."

I looked at him in astonishment; for the assurance of his manner exceeded that of his words. But I did not betray the feeling. "Crillon was one in a million," I said dryly.

"So am I," he answered.

I confess that the audacity of this reply silenced me. Bidding him come to me in a week, I hinted that in Paris his crowns would find more frequent opportunities of leaving his pockets than his sword its sheath.

He parted from me with this, seeming perfectly satisfied with his reception; and marched away with the port of a man who expected adventures at every corner, and was prepared to make the most of them. Apparently he did not take my hint greatly to heart, however; for when I next met him, within the week, he was fashionably dressed, his hair in the mode, and his com-

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pany as noble as himself. I made him a sign to stop, and he came to speak to me.

"How many crowns are left?" I said jocularly.

"Fifty," he answered, with perfect readiness.

"What!" I said, pointing to his equipment with something of the indignation I felt, "has this cost the balance?"

"No," he answered. "On the contrary, I have paid three months' rent in advance and a month's board at Zaton's; I have added two suits to my wardrobe, and I have lost fifty crowns on the dice."

"You promise well!" I said.

He shrugged his shoulders quite in the fashionable manner. "Always courage!" he said; and he went on, smiling.

I was walking at the time with M. de Saintonge, and he muttered, with a sneer, that it was not difficult to see the end, or that within the year the young braggart would sink to be a gaming-house bully. I said nothing, but I confess that I thought otherwise; the lad's disposition of his money and his provision for the future seeming to me so remarkable as to set him above ordinary rules.

From this time I began to watch his career with interest, and I was not surprised when, in less than a month, something fell out that led the whole court to regard him with a mixture of amusement and expectancy.

One evening, after leaving the King's closet, I happened to pass through the east gallery at the Louvre, which served at that time as the outer antechamber, and was the common resort as well of all those idlers who, with some pretensions to fashion, lacked the *entrée*, as of many who with greater claims preferred to be at their ease. My passage for a moment stilled the babel which prevailed. But I had no sooner reached the farther door than the noise broke out again; and this with so sudden a fury, the tumult being augmented by the crashing fall of a table, as caused me at the last moment to stand and turn. A dozen voices crying simultaneously, "Have a care!" and "Not here! not here!" and all looking the same way, I was able to detect the three principals in the *fracas*. They were no other than M. de St. Mesmin, Barradas—a low fellow, still remembered, who was already what Saintonge had prophesied that the former would become—and young St. Germain, the eldest son of M. de Clan.

I rather guessed than heard the cause of the quarrel, and that St. Mesmin, putting into words what many had known for years and some made their advantage of, had accused Barradas of cheating. The latter's fury was, of course, proportioned to his guilt; an instant challenge while I looked was his natural answer. This, as he was a consummate swordsman, and had long earned his living as much by fear as by fraud, should have been enough to stay the greediest stomach; but St. Mesmin was not content. Treating the knave, the word once passed, as so much dirt, he transferred his attack to St. Germain, and called on him to return the money he had won by betting on Barradas.

St. Germain, a young spark as proud and headstrong as St. Mesmin himself, and possessed of friends equal to his expectations, flung back a haughty refusal. He had the advantage in station and popularity; and by far the larger number of those present sided with him. I lingered a moment in curiosity, looking to see the accuser with all his boldness give way before the almost unanimous expression of disapproval. But my former judgment of him had been correctly formed. So far from being browbeaten or depressed by his position, "You must return my money!" he kept on saying monotonously. "You must return my money. This man cheated, and you won my money. You must pay or fight."

"With a dead man?" St. Germain replied, gibing at him.

"No, with me."

"Barradas will spit you!" the other scoffed. "Go and order your coffin, and do not trouble me."

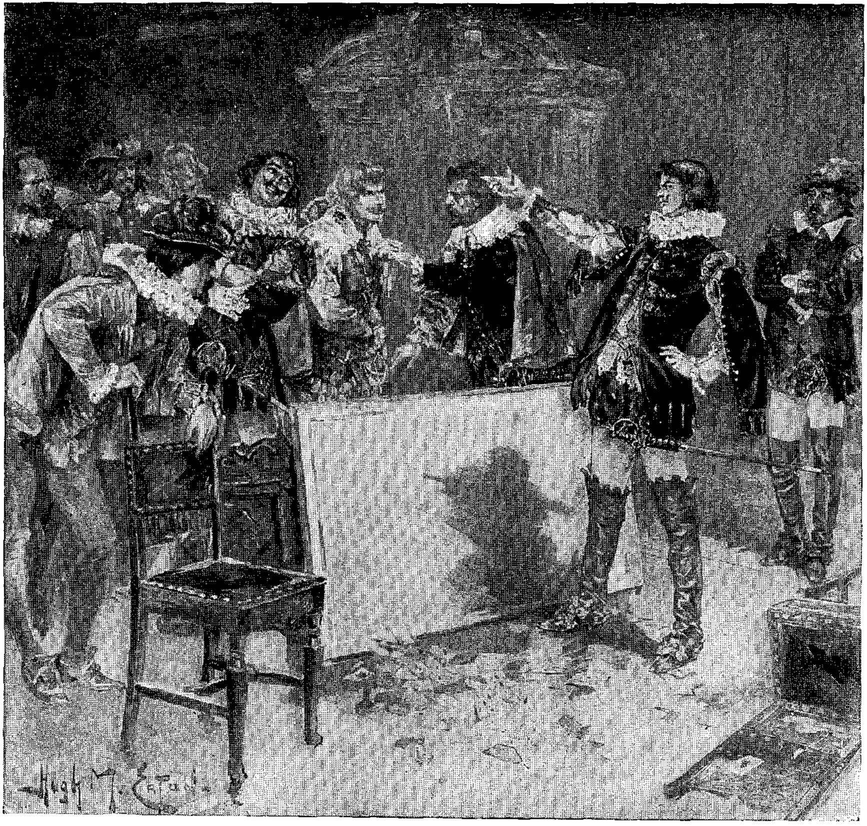
"I shall trouble you. If you did not know that he cheated, pay; and if you did know, fight."

"I know?" St. Germain retorted fiercely. "You madman! Do you mean to say that I knew that he cheated?"

"I mean what I say!" St. Mesmin returned stolidly. "You have won my money. You must return it. If you will not return it, you must fight."

I should have heard more, but at that moment the main door opened, and two or three gentlemen who had been with the King came out. Not wishing to be seen watching the brawl, I moved away and forgot St. Mesmin for the time, and only recalled him next morning when Saintonge, being announced, came into my room in a state of great excitement, and almost with his first sentence brought out his name.

"Barradas has not killed him then?"



"YOU MUST PAY OR FIGHT."

I said, reproaching myself in a degree for my forgetfulness.

"No! He, Barradas!" Saintonge answered.

"No?" I exclaimed.

"Yes!" he said. "I tell you, M. le Marquis, he is a devil of a fellow—a devil of a fellow! He fought, I am told, just like Crillon; rushed in on that rascal and fairly beat down his guard, and had him pinned to the ground before he knew that they had crossed swords!"

"Well," I said, "there is one scoundrel the less. That is all."

"Ah, but that is not all!" my visitor replied more seriously. "It should be, but it is not; and it is for that reason I am come to you. You know St. Germain?"

"I know that his father and you are—well, that you take opposite sides," I said smiling.

"That is pretty well known," he answered coldly. "Anyway, this lad is to fight St. Germain to-morrow; and now I hear that M. de Clan, St. Germain's father, is for shutting him up; getting a *lettre de cachet*, or anything else you please, and away with him."

"What! St. Germain!" I said.

"No!" M. de Saintonge answered, prolonging the sound to the utmost. "St. Mesmin!"

"Oh," I said, "I see."

"Yes," the Marquis retorted pettishly, "but I don't. I don't see. And I beg to remind you, M. de Rosny, that this lad is my wife's second cousin through her step-father, and that I shall resent any interference with him. I have spent enough and done enough in the King's service to have my wishes respected in a small matter such as this; and I shall regard any severity exercised towards my kinsman as a direct offence to myself. Whereas M. de Clan, who will doubtless be here in a few minutes, is——"

"But stop," I said, interrupting him, "I heard you speaking of this young fellow the other day. You did not tell me then that he was your kinsman."

"Nevertheless he is; my wife's second cousin," he answered with heat.

"And you wish him to——"

"Be let alone!" he replied, interrupting me in his turn more harshly than I approved. "I wish him to be let alone. If he will fight St. Germain, and kill or be killed, is that the King's affair that he need interfere? I ask for no interference," M. de Saintonge continued bitterly, "only for fair play and no favor. And for M. de Clan, who has never done anything but thwart the King, for him to come now, and —faugh! it makes me sick."

"Yes," I said dryly; "I see."

"You understand me?"

"Yes," I said, "I think so."

"Very well," he replied haughtily—he had gradually wrought himself into a passion—"be good enough to bear my request in mind then; and my services also. I ask no more, M. de Rosny, than is due to me and to the King's honor."

And with that, and scarcely an expression of civility, he left me.

Saintonge could scarcely have cleared the gates before his prediction was fulfilled. His enemy arrived hot foot, and entered to me with a mien so much lowered by anxiety and trouble that I hardly knew him. Saintonge had rightly anticipated his request; the first, he said, with a trace of his old pride, that he had made to the King in eleven years; his son, his only son and only child—the single heir of his name!

"But," I said, "your son wishes to fight, M. de Clan?"

He nodded.

"And you cannot hinder him?"

He shrugged his shoulders grimly. "No," he said; "he is a St. Germain."

"Well, that is just my case," I answered. "You see this young fellow St. Mesmin was commended to me, and is, in a manner, of my household; and that is a fatal objection. I cannot possibly act against him in the manner you propose. You must see that; and for my wishes, he respects them less than your son regards yours."

M. de Clan rose, trembling a little on his legs, and glaring at me out of his fierce old eyes. "Very well," he said, "it is as much as I expected. Times are changed—and faiths—since the King of Navarre slept under the same bush with Antoine St. Germain on the night before Cahors! I wish you good-day, M. le Marquis."

I need not say that my sympathies were with him, and that I would have helped him if I could; but believing that he who places any consideration before the King's service is not fit to conduct it, I did not see my way to thwart M. de Saintonge in a matter so small. And the end justified my inaction; for the duel, taking place that evening, resulted in nothing worse than a serious, but not dangerous, wound which St. Mesmin, fighting with the same fury as in the morning, contrived to inflict on his opponent.

For some weeks after this I saw little of the young firebrand, though from time to time he attended my receptions and invariably behaved to me with a modesty which proved that he placed some bounds to his presumption. I heard, moreover, that M. de Saintonge, in acknowledgment of the triumph over the St. Germains which he had afforded him, had taken him up; and that the connection between the families being publicly avowed, the two were much together.

Judge of my surprise, therefore, when one day, a little before Christmas, M. de Saintonge sought me at the Arsenal, and, drawing me aside into the garden, broke into a furious tirade against the young fellow.

"But," I said, in immense astonishment, "what is this? I thought that he was a young man quite to your mind; and ——"

"He is mad!" he answered.

"Mad?" I said.

"Yes, mad!" he repeated, striking the ground violently with his cane. "Stark mad, M. de Rosny. He does not know himself! What do you think—but it is inconceivable. He proposes to marry my daughter! This penniless adventurer honors Mademoiselle de Saintonge by proposing for her!"

"He has, of course, seen Mademoiselle?"

M. de Saintonge nodded.

"At your house, doubtless?"

"Of course!" he replied, with a snap of rage.

"Then I am afraid it is serious," I said.

He stared at me, and for an instant I thought that he was going to quarrel with me. Then he asked me why.

I was not sorry to have this opportunity of at once increasing his uneasiness, and requiting his arrogance. "Because," I said, "this young man appears to me to be very much out of the common. Hitherto, whatever he has said he would do, he has done. If you will take my advice, you will proceed with caution."

M. de Saintonge, receiving an answer so little to his mind, was almost bursting with rage. "Proceed with caution!" he cried. "You talk as if the thing could be entertained, or as if I had cause to fear the coxcomb! On the contrary, I intend to teach him a lesson. A little confinement will cool his temper. You must give me a letter, my friend, and we will clap him in the Bastille for a month or two."

"Impossible," I said firmly. "Quite impossible, M. le Marquis."

M. de Saintonge looked at me, frowning. "How?" he said arrogantly. "Have my services earned no better answer than that?"

"You forget," I replied. "Let me remind you that less than a month ago you asked me not to interfere with St. Mesmin; and at your instance I refused to accede to M. de Clan's request that I would confine him. You were then all for non-interference, M. de Saintonge, and I cannot blow hot and cold. Besides, to be plain with you," I continued, "even if that were not the case, this young fellow is in a manner under my protection; which renders it impossible for me to move against him. If you like, however, I will speak to him."

"Speak to him!" M. de Saintonge cried. He was breathless with rage. He could say no more.

Within a week M. de St. Mesmin's pretension to the hand of Mademoiselle de Saintonge was first in the attention of all Paris. The young lady, whose reputation and the care which had been spent on her breeding, no less than her gifts of person and character, deserved a better fate, attained in a moment a notoriety far from enviable; rumor's hundred tongues alleging, and probably with truth—for what father can vie with a gallant in a maiden's eyes?—that her inclinations were all on the side of the pretender.

Wherever Mademoiselle's presence was to be expected, St. Mesmin appeared, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, and wearing either a favor made of her colors or a glove which he asserted that she had given him. Throwing himself in her road on every occasion, he expressed his passion by the most extravagant looks and gestures; and protected from the shafts of ridicule alike by his self-esteem and his prowess, did a hundred things that rendered her conspicuous and must have covered another than himself with inextinguishable laughter.

In these circumstances M. de Saintonge began to find that the darts which glanced off his opponent's armour were making him their butt; and that he, who had valued himself all his life on a stately dignity and a pride almost Spanish, was rapidly becoming the laughing-stock of the Court. His rage may be better imagined than described, and doubtless his daughter did not go unscathed. But the ordinary contemptuous refusal which would have sent another suitor about his business, was of no avail here; he had no son, while St. Mesmin's recklessness rendered the boldest unwilling to engage him. Saintonge found himself, therefore, at his wits' end, and in this emergency bethought him again of a *lettre de cachet*. But the King proved as obdurate as his minister.

Thus repulsed, the Marquis made up his mind to carry his daughter into the country; but St. Mesmin meeting this with the confident assertion that he would abduct her within a week, wherever she was confined, Saintonge, desperate as a baited bull, and trembling with rage—for the threat was uttered at Zamet's and was repeated everywhere—avowed equally publicly that since the King would give him no satisfaction he would take the law into his own hands.

At this juncture, however, an unexpected ally, and one whose appearance increased Saintonge's rage to an intolerable extent, took up St. Mesmin's quarrel. This was young St. Germain, who, quitting his chamber, was to be seen everywhere on his antagonist's arm. The old feud between the St. Germains and Saintonges aggravated the new; and more than one brawl took place in the streets between the two parties. St. Germain never moved without four armed servants; he placed others at his friend's disposal; and wherever he went he loudly proclaimed what he would do if a hair of St. Mesmin's head were injured.

This seemed to place an effectual check on M. de Saintonge's purpose; and my surprise was great when, about a week later, the younger St. Germain burst in upon me one morning, with his face inflamed with anger and his dress in disorder; and proclaimed, before I could rise or speak, that St. Mesmin had been murdered.

"How?" I said, somewhat startled. "And when?"

"By M. de Saintonge! Last night!" he answered furiously. "But I will have justice; I will have justice, M. de Rosny, or the King——"

I checked him as sternly as my surprise would let me; and when I had a little abashed him—which was not easy, for his temper vied in stubbornness with St. Mesmin's—I learned the particulars. About ten o'clock on the previous night St. Mesmin had received a note, and, in spite of the remonstrances of his servants, had gone out alone. He had not returned nor been seen since, and his friends feared the worst.

"But on what grounds?" I said, astonished to find that that was all.

"What!" St. Germain cried, flaring up again. "Do you ask on what grounds? When M. de Saintonge has told a hundred what he would do to him! What he would do—do, I say? What he has done!"

"Pooh!" I said. "It is some assignation, and the rogue is late in returning."

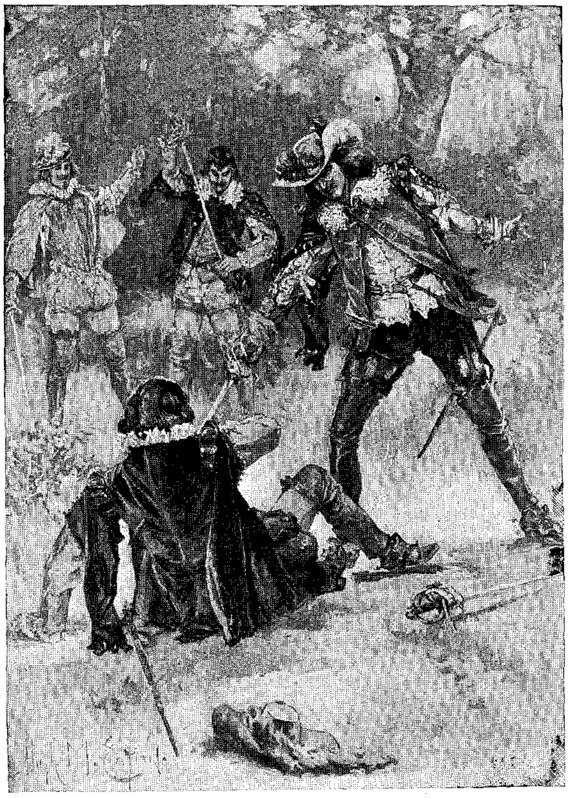
"An assignation, yes," St. Germain retorted; "but one from which he will not return."

"Well, if he does not, go to the Chevalier du Guet," I answered, waving him off. "Go! do you hear? I am busy," I continued. "Do you think that I am keeper of all the young sparks that bay the moon under the citizens' windows? Be off, sir!"

He went reluctantly, muttering vengeance; and I, after rating Maignan soundly for admitting him, returned to my work, supposing that before night I should hear of St. Mesmin's safety. But the matter took another turn, for while I was at dinner the captain of the watch came to speak to me. St. Mesmin's cap had been found in a by-street near the river, in a place where there were marks of a struggle; and his friends were furious.

Before noon next day M. de Clan, whose interference surprised me not a little, was with me to support his son's petition; and at the King's *levée* next day St. Germain accused his enemy to the King's face, and caused an angry and indecent scene in the chamber.

When a man is in trouble foes spring up, as the moisture rises through the stones before a thaw. I doubt if M. de Saintonge was not more completely surprised than any by the stir which ensued, and which was not confined to the St. Germains' friends, though they headed the accusers. All whom he had ever offended, and all who had ever offended him, clamored for justice; while St. Mesmin's faults being forgotten and only his merits remembered, there were few who did not bow to the general indignation, which the young and gallant, who saw that at any moment his fate might be theirs, did all in their power to foment. Finally, the arrival of St. Mesmin the father, who came up almost broken-hearted, and would have



"HE . . . RUSHED IN ON THAT RASCAL AND FAIRLY BEAT DOWN HIS GUARD."

flung himself at the King's feet on the first opportunity, roused the storm to the wildest pitch. I saw the King and gave him advice. This was to summon Saintonge, the St. Germains, and old St. Mesmin to his presence and effect a reconciliation; or, failing that, to refer the matter to the Parliament.

He agreed with me and chose to receive them next day at the Arsenal. I communicated his commands, and at the hour named we met, the King attended by Roquelaure and myself. But if I had flattered myself that the King's presence would secure a degree of moderation and reasonableness I was soon undeceived.

"For shame, gentlemen, for shame!" the King said, gnawing his mustachios after a fashion he had when in doubt. "I take Heaven to witness that I cannot say who is right! But this brawling does no good. The one fact we have is that St. Mesmin has disappeared."

"Yes, sire; and that M. de Saintonge predicted his disappearance," St. Germain cried, impulsively. "To the day and almost to the hour."

"I gather, M. de Saintonge," the King said, turning to him, mildly, "that you did use some expressions of that kind."

"Yes, sire, and did nothing upon them," he answered resentfully. But he trembled as he spoke. He was an older man than his antagonist, and the latter's violence shook him.

"But does M. de Saintonge deny," St. Germain broke out afresh before the King could speak, "that my friend had made him a proposal for his daughter? and that he rejected it?"

"I deny nothing!" Saintonge cried, fierce and trembling as a baited animal. "For that matter, I would to Heaven he had had her!" he contined bitterly.

"Ay, so you say now," the irrepressible St. Germain retorted, "when you know that he is dead!"

"I do not know that he is dead," Saintonge answered. "And, for that matter, if he were alive and here now, he should have her. I am tired; I have suffered enough."

"What! Do you tell the King," the young fellow replied incredulously, "that if St. Mesmin were here you would give him your daughter?"

"I do—I do!" the other exclaimed passionately. "To be rid of him, and you, and all your crew!"

"Tut, tut!" the King said. "Whatever betides, I will answer for it, you shall have protection and justice, M. de Saintonge. And do you, young sir, be silent. Be silent, do you hear! We have had too much noise introduced into this already."

He proceeded then to ask certain details, and particularly the hour at which St. Mesmin had been last seen. Notwithstanding that these facts were in the main matters of common agreement, some wrangling took place over them; which was only brought to an end at last in a manner sufficiently startling. The King with his usual thoughtfulness had bidden St. Mesmin be seated. On a sudden the old man rose; I heard him utter a cry of amazement, and following the direction of his eyes I looked towards the door. There stood his son!

At an appearance so unexpected a dozen exclamations filled the air; but to describe the scene which ensued or the various emotions that were evinced by this or that person, as surprise or interest or affection moved them, were a task on which I am not inclined to enter. Suffice it that the foremost and the loudest in these expressions of admiration was young St. Germain; and that the King, after glancing from face to face in puzzled perplexity, began to make a shrewd guess at the truth.

"This is a very timely return, M. de St. Mesmin," he said dryly.

"Yes, sire," the young impertinent answered, not a whit abashed.

"Very timely, indeed."

"Yes, sire. And the more as St. Germain tells me that M. de Saintonge in his clemency has reconsidered my claims; and has undertaken to use that influence with Mademoiselle which——"

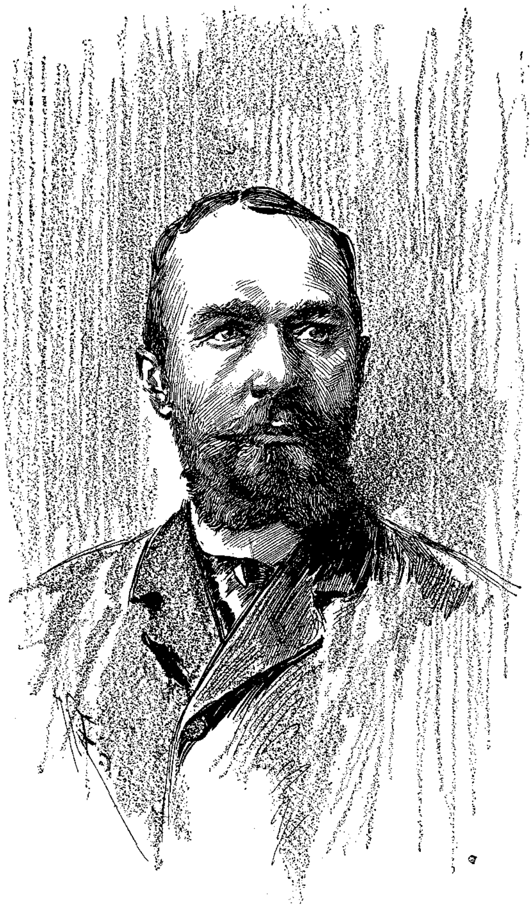
But on that word M. de Saintonge, comprehending the *ruse* by which he had been overcome, cut him short; crying out in a rage that he would see him in perdition first. However, we all immediately took the Marquis in hand, and made it our business to reconcile him to the notion; the King even making a special appeal to him, and promising that St. Mesmin should never want his good offices. Under this pressure, and confronted by his solemn undertaking, Saintonge at last and with reluctance gave way. At the King's instance, he formally gave his consent to a match which effectually secured St. Mesmin's fortunes, and was as much above anything the young fellow could reasonably expect as his audacity and coolness exceeded the common conceit of courtiers.

THE NEW TREATMENT OF DIPHTHERIA.

By Hermann M. Biggs, M.D., of the New York Health Department.

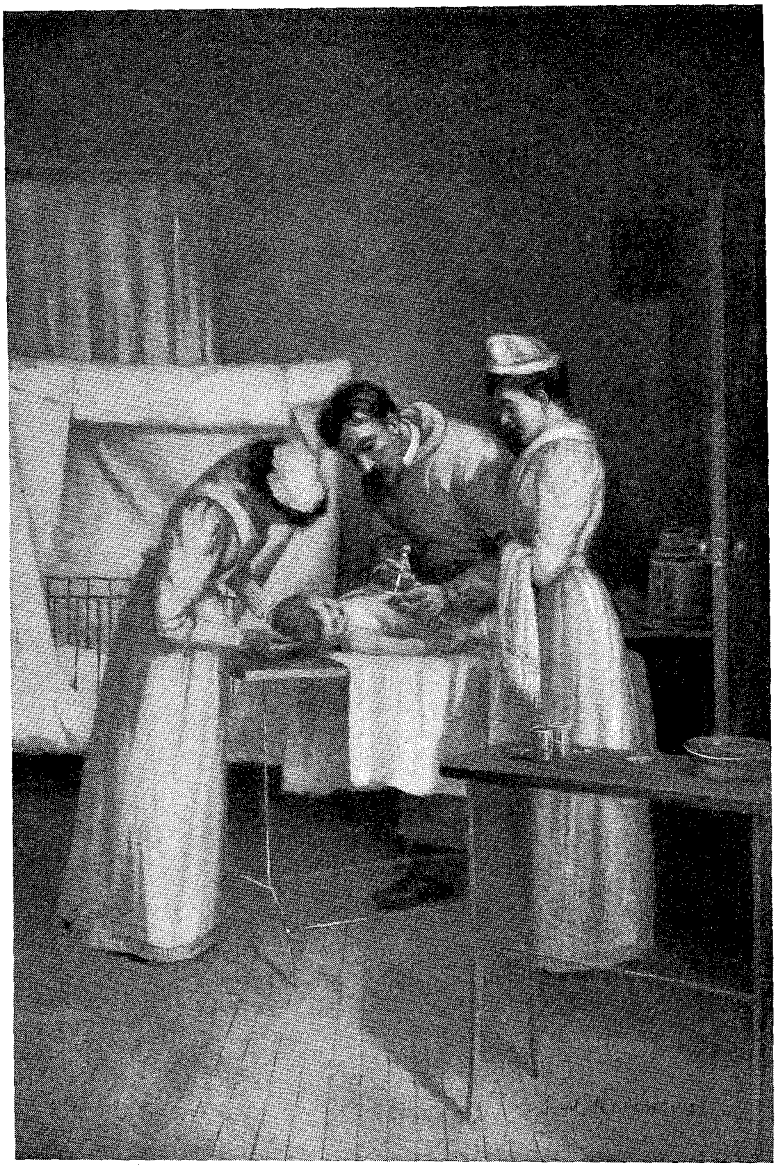
FEW subjects related to modern medicine have aroused greater interest or attracted wider attention than the discovery of the new method for the treatment of diphtheria, and, from a humanitarian standpoint, few discoveries have been so full of promise as this. Judged by scientific standards it seems hardly possible to attach too much importance to this discovery, for it is a reduction to a practical form, in the treatment of disease, of the results obtained from many long series of experimental investigations. It is not only the most important application of some of the discoveries of modern bacteriology to the specific treatment of disease, but it also forms a foundation upon which, possibly, may be built up a system for both the prevention and specific treatment of all infectious diseases.

The announcement of the discovery of tuberculin (Koch's lymph) for the treatment of tuberculosis aroused, perhaps, greater interest, and produced greater excitement, than the announcement of the discovery of diphtheria anti-toxine, and the new remedy has been constantly compared in its nature and action to tuberculin, very much to its discredit. There is really only the most superficial resemblance between tuberculin and diphtheria anti-toxine. In the one case (tuberculin) the disease, tuberculosis, or consumption, was to be cured by temporarily intensifying the morbid process by the use of a substance which, in itself, was capable of doing great harm. In the other case, on the contrary (the diphtheria anti-toxine), the remedy not only is apparently quite devoid of injurious effects, and may be administered without any apprehension as to the results, but, in favorable cases, it almost at once renders the individual insusceptible to the poison which causes the disease, and thus arrests it. In the one case (tuberculin) the remedy was a poison produced by the tubercle bacillus in its growth ; in the other (diphtheria anti-toxine), the remedy is obtained from animals which have been inoculated with the poison produced by the diphtheria bacillus. In the latter instance, the harmful effects which the diphtheria poison produces, are borne by the animals which are inoculated, and which furnish anti-toxine, and not by human beings who are subjected to the treatment.



PROFESSOR BEHRING.

Sufficient time has not yet elapsed to form an accurate estimate of the exact value of the diphtheria anti-toxine in the prevention and treatment of diphtheria, but that it is of *great* value, and constitutes an immense advance upon any other method of treatment, has been fully demonstrated.



ADMINISTERING THE DIPHTHERIA ANTI-TOXINE.

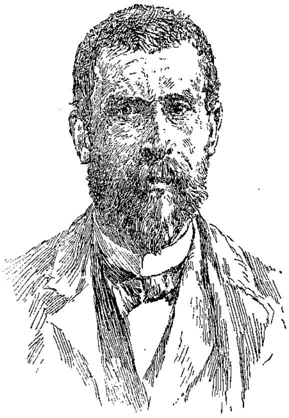
There is good reason to believe that with a fuller knowledge of the best methods for its employment diphtheria may be brought almost absolutely under control.

THE EXPERIMENTS THAT LED TO THE DISCOVERY.

A number of series of experimental observations regarding the nature and causation of diphtheria preceded the discovery of the new remedy. These began with the discovery of the diphtheria bacillus by Klebs in 1883. In the following year, 1884, the organisms described by Klebs were more carefully studied by Loeffler, were cultivated outside the living body, and diphtheria, or a disease resembling it, was reproduced in animals by inoculating them with the cultures of this germ. Loeffler was unable, however, to reproduce the various forms of paralysis which frequently follow diphtheria, but Roux and Yersin, in Paris, in 1888, succeeded in reproducing artificially, by the inoculation of animals with cultures of the diphtheria bacillus, a perfectly characteristic diphtheritic paralysis, and they were also successful in separating from the cultures of this organism a poison (the diphtheria toxine) with which they also produced paralysis in animals. Then Behring and Kitasato, in Berlin, found that by the inoculation of animals with the poison obtained from cultures of the diphtheria bacillus they could be gradually rendered extraordinarily insusceptible to both the poison and the diphtheria bacilli themselves. They further showed that this insusceptibility or immunity was due to the formation and presence in the blood of some substance which it has not been possible to separate chemically, and which is known as the diphtheria anti-toxine, or, from its wonderful action, the curative serum. Then followed experiments by Behring, Ehrlich, and other observers in Germany, and Roux in Paris, experiments designed to make this discovery practically available for the prevention and treatment of diphtheria in the human being.

The first important results of these experiments were published in the early part of last year, and they showed a striking diminution in the mortality, in a series of cases of diphtheria subjected to the new treatment. The results obtained in these first cases have been more than confirmed by subsequent experiences in the treatment of this disease. In order to gain an intelligent conception of the nature of the new treatment, it is necessary to know something of certain facts regarding the infectious diseases which underlie it. It has been long known that in many infectious diseases one attack grants a more or less complete insusceptibility, or, as it is called, immunity, to future attacks. The same individual rarely has two attacks of small-pox or scarlet fever, because the first attack has given nearly or complete immunity to the disease.

It has been the endeavor in many bacteriological studies of different infectious diseases, to devise or to discover some means or method by which immunity to these diseases can be artificially induced in animals and in man. These investigations have met with considerable success. In vaccination for small-pox, immunity to small-pox is produced in human beings by inoculation, through vaccination, with the virus of cow-pox, which is a closely allied disease occurring in cattle. Pasteur some years ago succeeded in conferring immunity on cattle and sheep to anthrax, or splenic fever (a disease which sometimes occurs in human beings), by inoculating them with cultures of the anthrax germ, whose virulence had been partially attenuated by the application of heat. In Pasteur's prophylactic treatment for hydrophobia, immunity is conferred by successive inoculations with a virus of constantly increasing strength, the first inoculations being made with a virus having little or no virulence. In this case the virus is obtained from the spinal cords of rabbits which have died from rabies after inoculation. The virulence of the virus in the cords is attenuated by drying for varying periods of time. A spinal cord which has been dried for fourteen days is by this process deprived of its virulence, and those which have been dried a shorter period have proportionately greater virulence.


DR. ROUX.

In the production of the diphtheria anti-toxine, a high degree of immunity is first conferred on animals by successive inoculations with larger and larger amounts of the diphtheria *toxine*, the smaller doses giving tolerance to the succeeding larger doses; this tolerance being due to the formation in the blood of *anti*-toxine. In the prevention of diphtheria by the use of the anti-toxine, a certain proportion of the immunity which has been conferred upon animals, is transferred from the immunized animal to the individual. This is done by the injection under the skin of a given amount of blood serum, *curative serum*, which contains the anti-toxine, and which is derived from an immunized animal. The amount of insusceptibility conferred by these injections is proportionate to the amount of blood serum that is thus introduced, and the degree of insusceptibility to diphtheria which the animal from which it was obtained has acquired. In the treatment of diphtheria by anti-toxine, the same immunity is transferred, and is almost immediately produced in the individual, by the introduction of this curative serum; and as the individual by its introduction is rendered relatively or absolutely immune to the disease, the disease is at once partially or completely arrested.

The results which have been obtained from the treatment of diphtheria by the new remedy, are far better than have ever been obtained by any other method. Speaking generally for the children's hospitals in Europe and in this country, it has been found that, with other methods of treatment, from 40 to 55 per cent. of the cases of diphtheria occurring in children under five years of age die. With the new method of treatment, this mortality has been reduced first to 25 per cent., then to 15 per cent., to 13 per cent., 11 per cent., and it has been said that in the last series of cases treated by Roux the mortality was only 8 per cent. The striking influence upon the mortality from this disease brought about by the use of anti-toxine, is shown in the reduced death-rate in Paris during the last few months as compared with the corresponding months of previous years. Tables are appended which show the number of deaths from diphtheria for each week during 1894, and the mortality for each month during the last five years.* The influence of the use of this agent on the death-rate from diphtheria, as shown by these tables, constitutes, in my opinion, an exhibit of the saving of life by a new remedy so extraordinary as to be without a parallel in the history of medicine. No such results have ever before been obtained, and the cumulative results, as shown by these statistics, are no more remarkable than are the immediate effects frequently seen in individual cases produced by the administration of the curative serum. The results are so extraordinary as to seem almost incredible to those who have been familiar with the usual course of diphtheria and the effects of remedies on it.

In the large majority of cases, when the anti-toxine is administered during the first twenty-four or forty-eight hours of the disease, and sometimes also during the third or fourth day, the effects are most striking. If the temperature has been elevated to perhaps one hundred and three or one hundred and four degrees, it falls to normal or nearly normal within a few hours, the extension of the membrane in the throat is arrested, and the swelling and soreness in part or entirely disappear. If the membrane is only on the surface, is of recent formation and is not very thick, and has not as yet involved the substance of the tissue, it will often entirely separate within the first twenty-four hours after the injection, and convalescence is at once established. In the most severe cases, and in those where the remedy is not administered until later in the course of the disease, the influence is usually less marked, and it becomes necessary to administer the remedy a second, a third, or even a fourth time, at intervals of twelve to twenty-four

* DEATHS IN PARIS FROM DIPHTHERIA (INCLUDING CROUP) IN 1894:

Week	ending	January	6	42
“	“	“	13	50
“	“	“	20	37
“	“	“	27	28
“	“	February	3	29
“	“	“	10	32
“	“	“	17	29
“	“	“	24	30
“	“	March	3	37
“	“	“	10	40
“	“	“	17	36
“	“	“	24	45
“	“	“	31	33
“	“	April	7	46
“	“	“	14	37
“	“	“	21	27
“	“	“	28	38
“	“	May	5	33
“	“	“	12	31
“	“	“	19	29
“	“	“	26	33
“	“	June	2	22
“	“	“	9	20
“	“	“	16	28
“	“	“	23	20
“	“	“	30	19
“	“	July	7	16
“	“	“	14	19
“	“	“	21	20
“	“	“	28	22
“	“	August	4	17
“	“	“	11	19
“	“	“	18	15
“	“	“	25	16
“	“	September	1	15
“	“	“	8	12
“	“	“	15	10
“	“	“	22	10
“	“	“	29	4
“	“	October	6	10
“	“	“	13	6
“	“	“	20	7
Week	ending	October	27	9
“	“	November	3	7
“	“	“	10	9
“	“	“	17	10
“	“	“	24	14
“	“	December	1	9
“	“	“	8	15
“	“	“	15	15
“	“	“	22	11
“	“	“	29	7
“	“	Jan. 5,	1895	15

The general use of anti-toxine was not begun until about September 1, 1894, although it had been employed to a considerable extent in the hospitals previous to this time, beginning in April and May, 1894. The effect of anti-toxine is shown in the decreasing mortality. In the fourth week of September, 1894, there were only four deaths in the entire city of Paris from diphtheria, and two of the four were not residents of Paris.

DEATHS FROM DIPHTHERIA IN PARIS FOR EACH MONTH DURING THE LAST FIVE YEARS—TAKEN FROM OFFICIAL REPORTS:

	1889	1890	1891	1892	1893	1894
January	*	136	*	120	182	175
February	185	182	202	135	128	121
March	219	*	*	162	178	171
April	174	*	183	131	162	155
May	184	169	*	153	143	138
June	148	144	*	124	135	88
July	128	147	95	108	97	85
August	*	131	78	115	91	72
September	135	114	*	99	74	39
October	*	125	73	106	65	†34
November	125	134	97	134	87	†45
December	137	170	115	170	123	†51

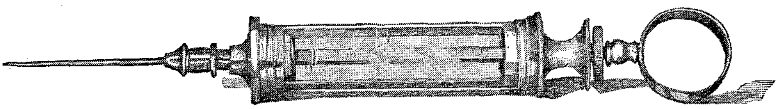
* Data wanting. † Partly estimated.

hours. There are, however, a few cases of diphtheria, especially those complicated with septic infection, which die, even if the remedy is used early in the course of the disease. The complications which are common during the course of diphtheria and following it, with other methods of treatment, are far less frequent and less severe, and in the cases which are treated early they are almost entirely obviated.

PROFESSOR EHRLICH.

The production of anti-toxine requires considerable time, a high grade of technical skill, and is attended with very considerable expense. The cost of the remedy in this country up to the present time has been excessive. Where it could be obtained at all, the price has been from three to twelve dollars a dose, depending upon the strength of the serum. The prices have now been very much reduced, and probably there will be a still further reduction, as the supply is more nearly equal to the demand; but under all conditions it must be a comparatively expensive remedy. In France, the production of it has already been placed under the control of the government. It is produced only at the Pasteur Institute in Paris, under the supervision of Dr. Roux, and it is furnished from this institution to the whole of France, under certain restrictions and regulations, without charge. It cannot be bought or exported. In Germany, up to the present time, the largest supplies come from two sources; that produced under the supervision of Professors Behring and Ehrlich, and that produced under the supervision of Dr. Aronson. The former has been produced either at the Institute for Infectious Diseases in Berlin (the amount there being only limited in quantity, and intended for experimental purposes, and for use in the hospitals connected with the institution), or by a manufacturing firm at Hoechst-am-Main. The latter, that produced under the supervision of Dr. Aronson, comes from the pharmaceutical house of Schering. Almost all that has reached this country within the last three months is the Behring product, and up to the 20th of January altogether amounted to perhaps one thousand two hundred vials. Larger consignments are now expected. In this country, measures were taken some months ago by the New York City Health Department, and more recently by the health departments of other cities, and by some private parties, for the home production of anti-toxine. That prepared in this country under the supervision of the New York City Health Department has, at the time of writing, been already employed in more than one hundred and fifty cases, and the mortality in cases thus treated has been about twelve per cent.

It does not seem, with such knowledge as we now have, as if too great enthusiasm regarding the importance of this discovery were possible. It apparently places at once within our control the means for the restriction of the most dreaded and most fatal disease of childhood—a disease which appeared only a few years ago, and which has been rapidly increasing in frequency and mortality all over the civilized world. In New York City alone, during 1894, there were over two thousand two hundred deaths reported as due to this malady. Aside from the direct practical advantage which is to be derived from the use of anti-toxine, the discovery of this new method for the treatment of an infectious disease opens a great field for study and investigation, where there is the brightest promise that other discoveries may be made which will place all infectious diseases as completely within our control as it seems probable now will be the case with diphtheria.


SYRINGE USED IN ADMINISTERING THE ANTI-TOXINE, SHOWN AT ABOUT HALF ITS REAL SIZE.

DIPHTHERIA ANTI-TOXINE—ITS PRODUCTION.

By William H. Park, M.D., of the New York Health Department.

THE anti-toxine of diphtheria is a substance derived from the blood of animals, chiefly horses, which have been rendered immune to the action of the diphtheria bacilli, through repeated injections of their toxines. The first steps in its preparation are carried on in the bacteriological laboratory, ending with the final storage of the perfected toxines; and the later ones in the stables and laboratories connected with them, ending with the bottling of the curative serum.

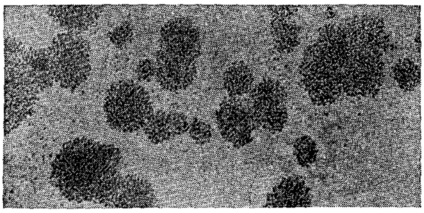
THE PREPARATION OF THE DIPHTHERIA TOXINES.

The toxines are the poisonous chemical compounds produced and set free by the growth of the diphtheria bacilli. They are powerful irritants to the living cells of the body. It is owing to their poisonous action that the general system is so prostrated in diphtheria, and the membrane produced in the throat. Chemically they are such complicated substances that it has been impossible to secure them in a pure state. The first step in the preparation of the toxines is to secure a number of pure cultures of diphtheria bacilli. These bacilli, proven by Loeffler and other investigators to be the cause of diphtheria, are found uniformly in the gray membrane seen in the throat in diphtheria, and they persist for a time in the healthy throats of persons convalescent from that disease. Recent investigation has also shown that they are frequently present in the throat secretions of healthy persons who have been in contact with diphtheria. They remain here inactive till some disturbance makes the lining membrane of the throat vulnerable to their attack, much as grains of wheat would remain unchanged upon a dry soil until a rain produced the proper conditions for their growth. The first of the photographs shows us a number of colonies of diphtheria bacilli, slightly magnified, growing on the surface of nutrient agar jelly. The many thousands of bacilli contained in each of the colonies are too slightly magnified to be seen individually. The following three photographs show the bacilli from three different cases of diphtheria. The amount of magnification can be appreciated by those who are not bacteriologists, by stating that a man equally magnified would appear twice as large as Mount Washington.

EXAMINING CULTURES FROM SUSPECTED CASES OF DIPHTHERIA, NEW YORK CITY HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

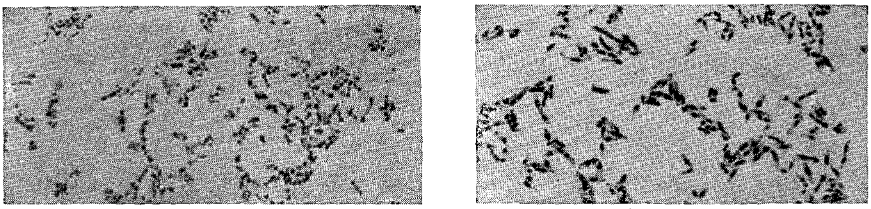
If a visitor should stop at our laboratory any morning at an early hour, he would notice a large number of little tubes containing sterilized solid blood serum. If he looked closely, he would see on the surface of the serum in each of the tubes a growth of bacteria. Upon inquiry he would find that each of the tubes had been inoculated the previous day from the membrane in the throat of a suspected case of diphtheria, and that they were now being examined in order to determine, by the presence or absence of the bacilli, which of the cases were, and which were not, diphtheria. A few of the tubes which contain abundant bacilli, and which appear to have been inoculated from severe cases, are selected to furnish bacilli for the toxine. By the method of plate cultures, the diphtheria bacilli from each of the tubes are obtained free from mixture with other bacteria. A number of test tubes, which have been previously filled with nutrient alkaline bouillon, plugged with cotton and sterilized, are now inoculated with the bacilli, several tubes being injected with the bacilli derived from each of the cases. These tubes are now placed in an incubator and kept at the temperature of the human body, and allowed to develop for two days.

Experience has demonstrated that strong toxines are most apt to be produced from bacilli which have great virulence or disease-producing power. From the appearance of the bacilli it is impossible to tell the amount of virulence which they possess, and we are therefore forced to use living animals to obtain this information. For this purpose guinea-pigs are used, since they possess the qualifications of being easily raised and of reacting always in about the same degree to a given dose of the diphtheria germs.



PSEUDO-DIPHTHERIA COLONY, ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR TIMES THE NATURAL SIZE.

DIPHTHERIA BACILLI, ONE THOUSAND TIMES THE NATURAL SIZE.

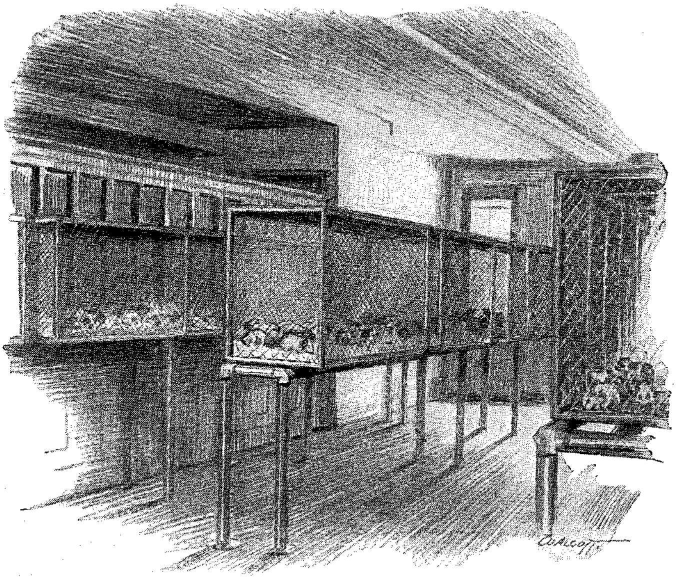


CHARACTERISTIC DIPHTHERIA BACILLI, ONE THOUSAND TIMES THE NATURAL SIZE.

Having, then, selected, weighed, and described for future identification a number of these guinea-pigs, we inject, under the skin of each, a certain quantity of the broth containing the living diphtheria bacilli. In a little animal weighing three hundred grams (about half a pound) we would inject, perhaps, one one-hundredth of a cubic centimetre, or one-fifth of a drop; in another would be injected one-half, and in a third one-quarter of this quantity.

By keeping the animals under observation a few days, we are enabled to detect just how large a quantity of the bouillon containing the living bacilli from each of the cultures is needed to destroy the life of the animal. When this has been determined, we select four or five of the most virulent cultures to use for the production of the toxines. We have to try a number of cultures, because it is found that among bacilli of equal virulence in animals, some will produce more toxines than others in the bouillon.

To produce the toxines, the bacilli must have access to the oxygen of the air. The usual method of cultivating in flasks plugged with cotton does not give as free passage to the air as is desirable for the quick production of the toxines. A more rapid process, recommended by Roux, is therefore adopted for many of the cultures. It consists in growing the bacilli in a draught of moist air. For this purpose large flat-bottom flasks, provided with side tubes for the inlet and exit of air, are filled to a depth of one inch with bouillon and sterilized in a steam chamber. Into each of the flasks are then injected a few cubic centimetres of very virulent bacilli. The flasks are finally placed in one of the many large incubators and kept at thirty-seven degrees centigrade for twenty-four hours. If a good growth develops, the flasks are connected by one of the side-tubes with an exhaust pump. The air which is drawn out one side is sucked in at the other, first having been moistened by passing through a layer of water in a wash bottle. Strong toxines may be prepared in this way in from two to four weeks, about half the time needed by the older but much simpler method.



A CORNER OF THE ANIMAL ROOM, SHOWING THE GUINEA PIGS IN THEIR CAGES.

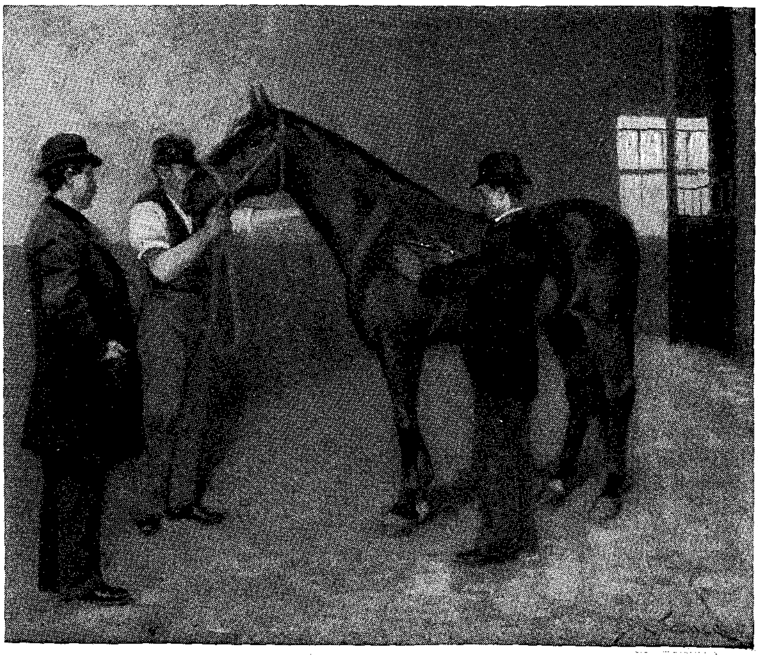
At the end of this time, small quantities of the bouillon containing the toxines are withdrawn and tested in guinea-pigs. The toxines are tested in the animal in exactly the same way as the bacilli. The bouillon contained in those flasks which has been proven to contain sufficient toxine is removed from the incubator and, after filtering, is placed in large dark-colored glass jars to which one-half per cent. carbolic acid has been added for a preservative, and stored in a dark room at an even temperature until needed.

SOWING TOXINE IN HORSES TO PRODUCE ANTI-TOXINE.

This toxine is now ready for injection into the horses, or other animals, which are to be used for the production of anti-toxine.

Upon entering the stable in which the horses having been longest under treatment are kept, and which are furnishing the supply of anti-toxine, we notice the stalls are large and well ventilated, and that the horses look well and seem comfortably housed. At present there are forty-two horses under treatment. The expenses are shared equally by the Health Department of New York City, and by the New York "Herald." These horses are as carefully tended as patients in a hospital. Twice a day their temperature is taken, and frequently their pulse also. They are taken out daily for exercise, and they are weighed once a week. Their general health is watched over with the greatest care by trained veterinarians.

The horses selected must be perfectly healthy, but may have slight deformities or blemishes, which, although detracting from their value for other purposes, do not in any way injure the purity of their blood, or diminish their ability to furnish anti-toxine. Having selected then a number of horses, we begin by injecting a small

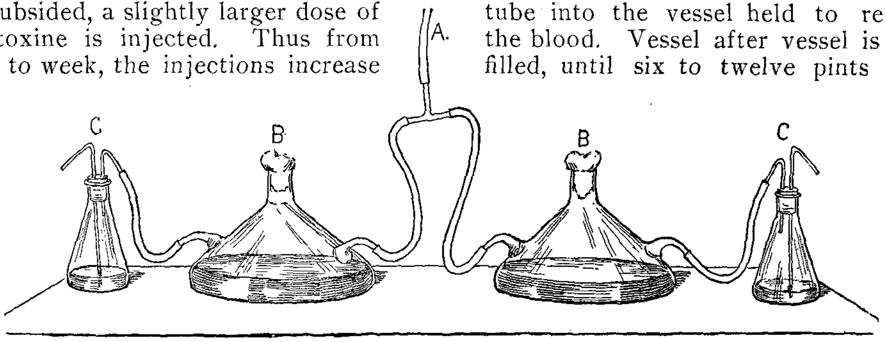


INJECTING TOXINE INTO A HORSE.

amount, say one-half of a cubic centimetre (ten drops), of the toxine, which, when injected to the amount of one-tenth of a cubic centimetre, is sufficient to kill a half-grown guinea-pig in thirty-six to forty-eight hours.

The horses differ greatly in their reaction to the injections. Some have a marked rise of temperature, refuse their food, develop a large local swelling, become stiff and sore, and show, in every way, that they have been profoundly affected. Other horses receiving the same amount of poison, show little or no disturbance. The doses of toxine can be more quickly increased in horses which show no reaction than in those more sensitive, and they are thus more fitted for the quick production of anti-toxine. Some horses are so sensitive that they succumb to even very small doses of toxine, if they are frequently repeated.

From day to day the horses are observed, and as soon as the temperature has fallen to the normal, and the local swelling has subsided, a slightly larger dose of the toxine is injected. Thus from week to week, the injections increase in size and frequency until, in the course of three to five months, we are enabled to inject the less sensitive horses with a thousand times the original dose, without its producing any local or constitutional symptoms. When we can introduce from two hundred to three hundred cubic centimetres of strong toxine into the horse without producing serious symptoms, we can feel pretty certain that the horse's blood contains anti-toxine in sufficient amount to be used for healing purposes.



ARRANGEMENT OF FLASKS IN INCUBATOR. THE AIR, PASSING THROUGH THE WATER IN THE WASH BOTTLES C C, BECOMES MOISTENED BEFORE PASSING INTO THE FLASKS B B, WHERE THE BACILLI ARE GROWING IN BOUILLON.

The horse is prepared for bleeding by having the skin of the neck over the jugular vein shaved, cleansed with soap and water, and as thoroughly as possible disinfected. To obtain the blood we use a small canula about one-fourth of an inch in diameter, having a sharp-pointed end. To the opposite end is attached a rubber tube of moderate size, about two feet in length. At the end of this a small glass tube six inches long is attached. To receive the blood we use small flasks containing from one to four pints. The mouths of these flasks have previously been covered with paper, or plugged with cotton, and sterilized by dry heat.

When we are all ready to bleed the horse, the animal is led into a well-lighted and clean room, held both by the bridle and by the small twitch which is twisted about the upper lip. Before introducing the canula into the jugular vein of the horse, a small incision about two inches in length is made directly over the vein. While an assistant presses upon the jugular lower down in the neck, to cause it to fill with blood, the sharp-pointed end of the canula is pushed through the connective tissue covering the vein, and through the walls of the vein itself until it has passed well within the lumen of the vessel. When this occurs a good stream of blood will immediately flow through the canula and rubber tube into the vessel held to receive the blood. Vessel after vessel is thus filled, until six to twelve pints have been procured. The amount of blood depends upon the size and condition of the horse. The horse itself hardly minds the operation, frequently nibbling its hay during the process.

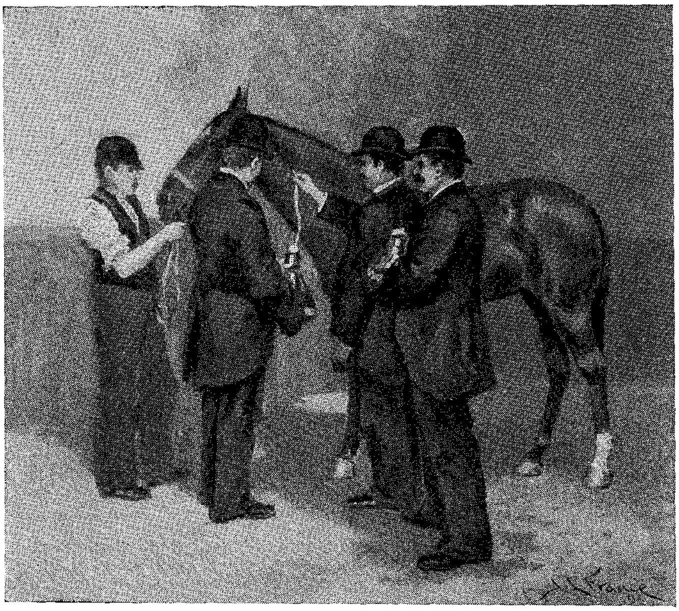
These flasks containing the blood are now stored for from two to four days in the ice-chest in the laboratory connected with the stable, until the clot has thoroughly squeezed out the serum. This serum contains dissolved in it the anti-toxine. It must always be remembered that it is the anti-toxine, and not the serum which contains it, that is curative in diphtheria.

There are a number of ways employed by different investigators to determine the amount of anti-toxine contained in any given sample of blood serum. There are two principal methods, of which the others are mostly modifications. The first is chiefly employed in Germany and was devised by Professor Behring. In this method we take a sufficient amount of bouillon containing the poison or toxine of the diphtheria bacilli, which has been proven by numerous tests to be ten times the amount sufficient to kill a guinea-pig weighing two hundred and fifty to three hundred grams. To this amount of poison we add varying amounts of the serum to be tested as to its strength in anti-toxine. The toxine and anti-toxine are thus injected together. Each animal of a series, therefore, receives the same amount of toxine, but a different amount of serum.

After a few days we are enabled to tell from the results of these injections just how much of the given sample of serum was sufficient to save the life of a guinea-pig which had received ten times a fatal dose. If one-tenth of a cubic centimetre of this sample of serum sufficed to save the life of a guinea-pig, it was called by Behring a normal anti-toxine solution, and one cubic centimetre of this comprised one unit of anti-toxine. If one-tenth of this amount or one one-hundredth of a cubic centimetre was sufficient to produce this curative result, this solution of anti-toxine was called a ten-fold normal solution.

The other method is one chiefly employed by Dr. Roux and his co-laborers. In this method we inject into a number of animals varying amounts of the serum containing the anti-toxine; twelve hours afterward we inject into these animals a sufficient quantity of living virulent diphtheria bacilli to kill an unprotected animal in thirty-six hours. Here by injecting the anti-toxine before the bacilli, we immunize the animals, and it is found that we are enabled to protect the lives of the guinea-pigs by very much smaller quantities of anti-toxine than if we injected the anti-toxine and bacilli together. The strength of the anti-toxine in the serum is estimated upon the percentage of serum required to protect the life of the guinea-pig compared to its weight. Thus, if we found that a guinea-pig weighing five hundred grams (the size usually selected by Roux) required one five-hundredth of its weight of the serum (one cubic centimetre) to be protected from the poisonous effects of the test dose, we would label the strength of that anti-toxine serum at five hundred, because one part of this serum protected five hundred parts of animal. If another sample of serum contained one hundred times as much anti-toxine, one part would protect fifty thousand parts of guinea-pigs, and the strength of this serum would be fifty thousand. Serum of this strength is the weakest that should be used in treatment.

If we consider closely the results obtained in testing anti-toxine, we may learn a truth which is of great importance. It has been found, that a very small quantity of anti-toxine suffices to save the life of an animal, when injected some hours before the introduction of the poison of diphtheria. A much larger quantity is necessary when the poison and anti-toxine are injected together, and a still greater quantity is required if the poison is injected before the anti-toxine. If the curative anti-toxine is delayed too long, no amount will suffice to rescue the animal. The evidence thus brought out experimentally has proven true at the bedside. Cases of diphtheria injected with anti-toxine in the first twenty-four hours of the disease, recovered in a manner almost marvellous. Those injected during the height of the disease show usually marked improvement, while those injected toward the end of the disease show little or none.



DRAWING FROM THE HORSE THE BLOOD CONTAINING THE ANTI-TOXINE.

THE LORD'S DAY.

By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P.

THE citadel of Christianity is in these days besieged all round its circuit. There is one point, however, in that circumference where the defence presents to us certain particularities. That point is the article of Sabbath, or, more properly, of Lord's Day, observance. And the particularities are two, widely separated from one another. The first is, that among the forces employed in defence there are important auxiliaries who put wholly out of view the revealed sanction and the properly Christian motive; who are not, and do not profess to be, available for the work of active defence in other parts of the precinct. The other peculiarity is this: that very many of those defenders whose motive and profession are not secular, but distinctly religious, are singularly ill-equipped with consistent or perspicuous ideas of the subject, and, what is more, that in their ordinary practice they systematically and very largely make over large portions of the day, if not to secular occupations and amusements, yet to secular thought and conversation. This is done without deliberate or conscious insincerity; yet we must all feel that when the margin between profession and practice has become, and is allowed to remain, enormous, real insincerity lies perilously near.

As to the first head, we have a class, or more than a class, who view the subject entirely from the natural or secular side, but who still believe, with a greater or less vivid clearness of conviction, that a periodical day of rest, which they reasonably associate with the one day in seven now become so venerable from its associations as well as its origin, is a necessity of health, as well for the brain of man as for the general fabric of his body; but at any rate, and in the highest degree, for corporeal health and vigor as commonly understood. I assume, and also very strongly believe, this to be generally true, although I am not aware that the opinion has ever been made the subject of sanitary statistics. It would, however, be interesting, if it were found practicable, to test the question through the case of that limited proportion of the British community who do not in one way or another enjoy at the least some considerable amount of relief from labor, bodily and mental, on the consecrated day, by a definite exhibition of results on health, through comparing their experiences with those of the community at large. This idea seems to be largely held among the masses of the people, apart from, as well as in connection with, the ideas of religious duty and of spiritual health. Even the most devout may thus think and feel without any inconsistency. It is probably both knowledge of, and participation in, this conception, which has greatly helped the continuance of Sabbath legislation, nay, the increase of its stringency, in the particular of public-houses, and the notable caution and self-restraint of the House of Commons as to administrative changes recommended on the ground of mental recreation and improvement for the people. There can be no reason why the firmest believers in the Christian character and obligation of the day should not thankfully avail themselves of the aid derived from alliance with this secondary but salutary sentiment.

When we approach the second head, it becomes needful to separate between ideas and practice. As to ideas, it can hardly be said that in our own country, of which alone I speak, the general mind is possessed with any conception, at once accurate and clear, of the religious ground on which we are to observe the Sunday. There is a hazy, but still practical and by no means superficial, impression that in some way or other it has to do with the original command delivered through Moses, so often recited in our churches, and backed there by the definite petition that God will incline our hearts "to keep this law." We do not in due proportion weigh or measure two facts which bear materially on the case. Two changes have indeed been imported into this law; one of them into its form, the other into its spirit. The first has been altered, by translation of the Commandment, from the seventh day of the week to the first; the second, by imparting to it a positive and affirmative, in addition to its originally negative and prohibitory, sense. I am not aware that that restricted signification has been relaxed—and it has certainly been kept in very full view by the Church and by the State of England—but the ascent that the Fourth Commandment of the Decalogue has made, and the development and expansion that it has received under the Christian dispensation, have not been so prominently put forward. Hence, perhaps, it is that we have but imperfectly grasped what is implied in what we familiarly call the observance of Sunday. Possibly there may have been a concurring cause for this defect in the indisposition of many minds, after the crisis of the Reformation, to recognise any action of the Church apart from Scripture. It is difficult, in a tranquil survey of the whole case, to exclude from it some admission of such action. But, so far as it has existed, it has been in obvious furtherance of the mind of the Bible, and it may equitably be considered not as raising any question as between clergy and laity, but as expressing the harmonious coöperation of the entire Christian community.

The auxiliary evidence which the Old Testament supplies to support the Fourth Commandment is ample. And it was fortified by secondary institutions, such as the "preparation of the Sabbath," and the limitation of the Sabbath Day's journey. It was not relaxed by our Lord, who lived obediently under the conditions of the older covenant, and whom we are evidently to understand, on some marked occasions, not as impairing the Commandment, but as protesting against and cancelling an artificial and extravagant stiffness in its interpretation. Cruden (*in loc.*) observes that the word "Sabbaths" included the great festivals of the Jews. But the obligatory force of the Fourth Commandment as touching the seventh day is destroyed by the declaration of St. Paul (Colossians ii. 16) that we are liable to be judged or coerced by none in respect of Sabbath days. This command was addressed, as is obvious, especially to Jews who had become Christians; so that it applies with an even enhanced force to us who have never been under the obligations of the Mosaic law.

The opinion which required a great sabbatarian strictness, has in all likelihood been largely consequent upon the Reformation; and, without much critical investigation of the case, has rested practically upon the Fourth Commandment of the Decalogue as it stands. It did not, however, arise at once out of the great movement, even in Scotland, where it eventually attained to a pitch of rigor, and exhibited a tenacity of life, probably greater than in any other Christian country. If we measure things not as they were divinely intended, nor as they are in themselves, but as they are subjectively entertained, it might be a question whether the Scottish Sabbath was not for two hundred years a greater Christian sacrament, a larger, more vital, and more influential fact in the Christianity of the country, than the annual, or sometimes semi-annual, celebration of the Lord's Supper, or the initiatory rite of baptism, or both together. I remember that when, half a century ago, ships were despatched from Scottish ports to South Australia, then in its infancy, laden with well-organized companies of emigrants, I read in the published account of one of them that perfect religious toleration was established as the rule on board, but that with regard to a fundamental article of religion like the Sabbath, every one was of course required to observe it. Many anecdotes might be given which illustrate the same idea; an idea open to criticism, but one with which the Presbyterian Church cannot well afford to part, without some risk to the public power and general influence of religion.

The seventh day of the week has been deposed from its title to obligatory religious observance, and its prerogative has been carried over to the first; under no direct precept of Scripture, but yet with a Biblical record of facts, all supplied by St. John, which go far towards showing that among the Apostles themselves, and therefore from apostolic times, the practice of divine worship on the Lord's Day has been continuously and firmly established. The Christian community took upon itself to alter the form of the Jewish ordinance; but this was with a view to giving larger effect to its spiritual purpose. The seventh day had been ordained as the most appropriate, according to the Decalogue, for commemorating the old creation. The advent of our Lord introduced us to a chain of events, by which alone the benefits of the old creation were secured to us, together with the yet higher benefits of the new. The series of these events culminated in the Resurrection. With the Resurrection began for the Saviour Himself a rest from all that was painful in the process of redemption, as on the seventh day there had begun a rest from the constructive labors that had brought the visible world into existence and maturity.

The seventh day was the festival of the old life, accompanied with an exemption from its divinely appointed burdens. The first day was the festival of the new life, and was crowned with its constant and joyous exercise. The ordinances of joint worship exhibit one particular form of that exercise. The act of the Church or Christian community in altering the day was founded on this broad and solid analogy; and was also, as has been said, warranted by the evidence of apostolic practice.

On the day of Resurrection itself, in the evening, the disciples were solemnly assembled, with the doors shut for "fear of the Jews" (St. John xx. 19), and the Lord, in His risen body, appeared among them, to confer on them their great mission (xx. 21–23). Again, on the eighth day, or, as we should term it, seven days after the great day of the Resurrection, we have a similar assembly, and a like appearance, which records the confirmation of the faith of St. Thomas (xx. 26–28). The same Apostle who had linked together thus markedly these three occasions, introduces the Apocalypse to us with a proem that shows his deep sense of its dignity and importance; and next proceeds to localize it, first in place, by describing the isle of Patmos as the scene, and then in time, by specifying that he was "in the Spirit on the Lord's Day" (Rev. i. 9, 10). We may, after all this, admit that the aggregate of evidence for the obligation of meeting together for worship on the Christian Sabbath, or Lord's Day, is not literally homogeneous; but we must assert and insist that its several parts are in keeping one with another, and that its combined force is conclusive. No Christian can entertain a reasonable doubt as to the solidity of the foundations on which the established tradition and practice rest.

But it remains to consider the portion of the subject on which the prevailing conceptions are the most lame and incomplete.

We dismiss the question of the authority for the Lord's Day. There remains the further question, What is the nature and amount of the religious observance due to it? Is it, apart from works of charity and necessity, which I set aside and cover by an assumption all along, the setting aside of worldly business, either in part or altogether? Is it an attendance on public worship, in quantity penuriously admitted, frugally and jealously doled out? Is the demand of duty, is the religious appetite satisfied, by the resort (be it more punctual or less) to a single service, by thus becoming what an old friend of mine wittily calls "a oncer; or can our bounty stand the drain on attention, and on available hours, of two regular services of the Church? Are we to deal with the question how much of the Lord's Day shall be given to service associated with its name in the spirit in which the commander of a capitulating fortress deals with the incoming force, when he works for a maximum of indulgence, a minimum of concession, and tempers his thrift only by a prudent care to avoid a rupture? Or, if the question be not too audacious, is all this haggling and huxtering upon quantities and portions beside the purpose, and is there not open to us, for the determination of all controversy, and for marking out the lines of duty, "a more excellent way"—a way not to be ascertained by embarking on any voyage of fanciful investigation, but simply by examining the first elements of the case?

May it not be that the Apostles, and the community which they guided, saw that they had to deal with the Fourth Commandment, and that the course dictated to them by the essential bearings of the case was not to abrogate, nor to contract, nor in any manner to disparage it, but (so to speak) to transform it from within outwards; to stand upon the analogy which it suggested, and to supply the obvious application to the enlarged and altered position? The change from the seventh day to the first was one which could not be arbitrarily made. So it appears, as we were justly told at the recent Parliament of Religions in America by the representative of one leading strain of Jewish thought, M. Pereira Mendez; who, on behalf of the strict Mosaists, declared that they could not accept a first day "Sabbath."* We can; and the authority which is on our side, has also reason at its back. The old Sabbath was the festival of rest from labor with the hand; a festival of the body, or natural life; a festival negative in its character, for its fundamental conception was simply a conception of what man was *not* to do. The Redeemer, like the Creator, had His work, and had His rest from His work; this was on the Resurrection Day, and the Apostles and the Church instituted the festival of the new life, as the Creator had (and surely from the beginning) appointed the festival of the old.

The festival of the new life! Not merely of the act of our Lord's rising, which had for its counterpart the act of the Creator's resting; but of the life, and the employments of the life, which in His Resurrection body He then began. Here comes into view a point not only of difference, but of contrast. The Fourth Commandment enjoined not a life, but a death; and all that may now be thought to require a living observance of the day is not read in, but (as the lawyers say) read into it. But the celebration of the Lord's Day is the unsealing of a fountain-head, a removal of the grave-clothes from the man found to be alive, the opening of a life spontaneous and continuous. It reminds me of the arm of a Highland river which the owner of the estate dammed up with a sluice on all ordinary days, but on special days he removed the barrier, and the waters flowed. And flowed how long? Until the barrier was replaced. Not for a measured half hour or hour, but as long as they were free to flow; and not by propulsion from without, but by native impulse from within. And in like manner the question for the Christian is not how much of the Lord's Day shall we give to service directly divine. If there be any analogous question it is, rather, how much of it shall we withhold? A suggestion to which the answer obviously is, as much, and as much only, as is required by necessity and by charity or mercy. These are undoubtedly terms of a certain elasticity, but they are quite capable of sufficient interpretation by honest intention and an enlightened conscience. If it be said that religious services are not suited for extension over the whole day, and could only lead to exhaustion and reaction, I would reply that the business of religion is to raise up our entire nature into the image of God, and that this, properly considered, is a large employment—so large; that it might be termed as having no bounds. But the limit will be best determined by maintaining a true breadth of distinction between the idea of the new life and the work of the old. All that admits the direct application of the new spirit; all that most vividly brings home to us the presence of God, all that savors most of emancipation from this earth and its *biscentum catenæ*, is matter truly proper to the Lord's Day; and what it is in each case the rectified mind and spirit of the Christian must determine. What is essential is that to the new life should belong the flower and vigor of the day. We are born on each Lord's Day morning into a new climate, a new atmosphere; and in that new atmosphere (so to speak), by the law of a renovated nature, the lungs and heart of the Christian life should spontaneously and continuously drink in the vital air.

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* "Indian Church Quarterly Review," October, 1894, p. 388.

It may perhaps be said that this view of the subject disparages the Christian life of the other six days of the week. A fatal objection, if only the fact were so. But I believe that, if we search the matter to the bottom, it is found difficult or impossible to reach any other firm foundation for the observance of the Lord's Day. The counter idea is to give a certain portion of the day to work associated with the new life, and to withhold the rest. On what authority, what groundwork of principle, does such an idea rest for its warrant? There is no allocation of a portion, of a *quantum*, of time weekly for such a purpose, commanded in the Old Testament, none in the New, none in the known practice and tradition of the Church. Would it not seem that this plan savors of will-worship, rather than the other? The observance of the Lord's Day by spiritual service rests, in its inner soul and meaning, not on a mere injunction, but on a principle.

Does, then, that principle import any dishonor to the general law of love, obedience, and conformity to the divine commands, which embraces all days alike without preference or distinction of degree? It does nothing of the kind. The service of God in this world is an unceasing service, without interval or suspense. But, under the conditions of our physical, intellectual, and social life, a very large portion of that service is necessarily performed within the area which is occupied by this world and its concerns, and within which every Christian grace finds perpetual room for its exercise: but for its exercise under circumstances not allowing the ordinary man, unless in the rarest cases, that nearness of access to the things of God, that directness of assimilation to the divine life, which belongs to a day consecrated by spiritual service. So the grace and compassion of our Lord have rescued from the open ground of worldly life a portion of that area and have made upon it a vineyard seated on a very fruitful hill, and have fenced it in with this privilege, that, whereas for our six days' work the general rule of direct contact must for the mass of men be with secular affairs, within this happy precinct there is provided, even for that same mass of men, a chartered emancipation; and the general rule is reversed in favor of a direct contact with spiritual things.

I do not enter upon the question how

far the considerations here stated bear upon the case of festivals other than the Lord's Day. They do not, all of them, seem to fall into the same category, one with another, by reason of the great difference between the determining epochs of the incarnate life of our Lord and some minor commemorations. None of them are in precise correspondence with the case of the Lord's Day, though by analogy they are carried very near its substance, and fully correspond with its occasion; so that we are at once reminded of that similar case in the Hebrew records, where the great annual festivals of the Israelites are held to be sometimes comprised under the description of Sabbaths.

Neither do I advert, as I write for our own insular case, to diversities of idea and practice prevailing in branches of the Christian Church other than our own.

Finally, the very last idea that I should desire to convey is that the idea of the Lord's Day which has here been suggested, is novel or original. The case is rather thus: it is an idea which, through the want of precision in the habitual thoughts of men, has fallen into the shade, and given place to other ideas presented in a shape more sharply defined. I cannot here do better than take refuge under the authority of one of the very greatest doctors of the Church, I mean Saint Augustine. In many places he touches upon the Sabbath. Our Sabbath, he says, is in the heart; in the peace of Christian hope. It is the work of God, not our own.[*] Our "Sabbatism" is an entry upon that life "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath the heart of man conceived;" it is the bliss of immortality.[*] Its fundamental idea is "rest"—rest inhabited by sanctification. *Ibi sanctificatio, quia ibi Spiritus Dei.*[†] The soul can have rest only in God; and the love of God is perfect sanctification, the Sabbath of Sabbaths.[‡] "Even now my Father works," says our Lord. Yes, but not in carnal work; and here is the removal of the veil.[§] This is the rest promised to the faithful in doing good works,[‖] and walking in newness of life, even as God works while He rests. What chiefly brings the people together on the day of rest is hunger for the word of God.[¶] The fulness of divine benediction and sanctification is the highest Sabbath.[**] The Lord's Day anticipates the time when we shall rest and see, see and love, love and praise, in the end that has no end.[††] It is undeniable that throughout Saint Augustine treats the day as a whole, that he postulates an entire withdrawal from worldly occupation, and that he regards this as the basis of a rest and of an activity which prefigure both of these in heaven. In more than one place, too, censuring a contemporaneous Jewish laxity, he declares that useful labor on the Day of Rest would be preferable to the frivolities of recreation. And now, having brought Saint Augustine before the reader to explain the basis of Lord's Day observance, I feel that there can be no more appropriate moment for withdrawing myself from his attention.

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[*] St. Augustine *Enarr.* in Psalms xci.

[*] *Ibid*, Serm. 259, on the Octave of Easter.

[†] Serm. 8, on the Ten Plagues.

[‡] Serm. 33, on Psalm cxliii.

[§] *De Genesi*, Book I.

[‖] *De Genesi, ad litt.*, Book IV.

[¶] Serm. 128, on John v.

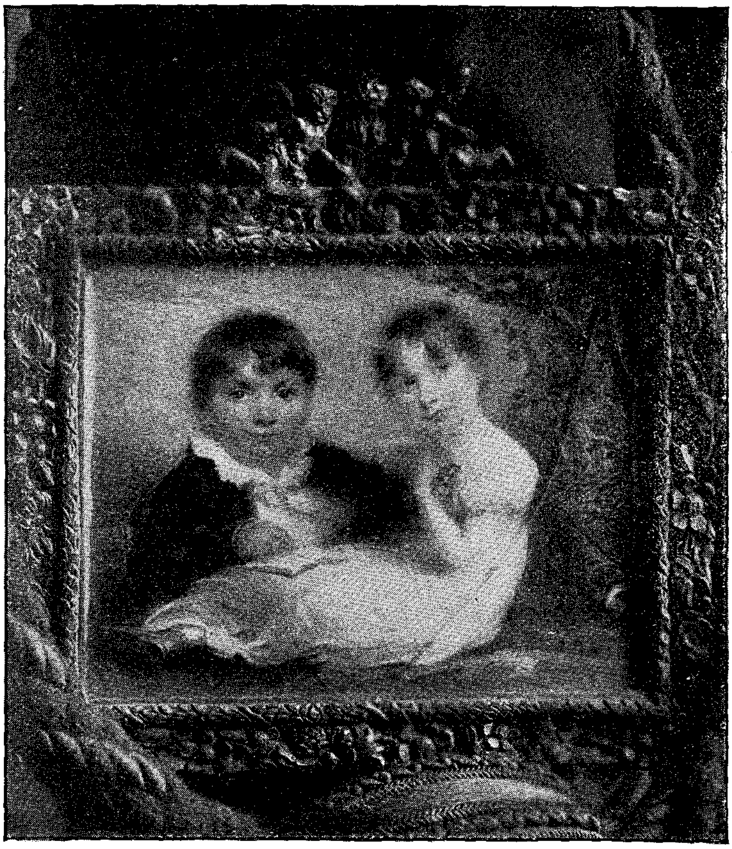
[**] *Deciv. Dei*, xxii. 4.

[††] *Ibid.*, 5.

"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

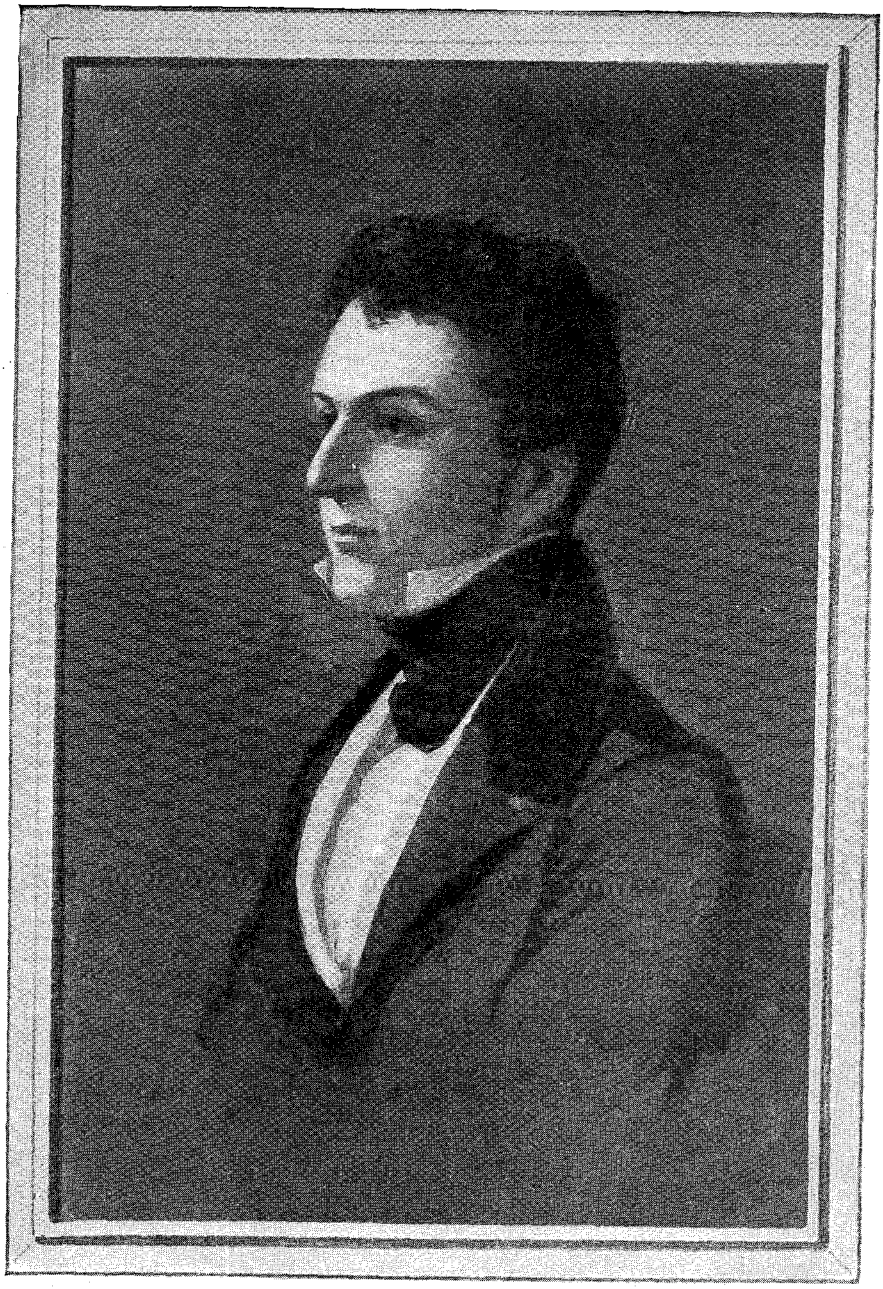
THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M. P.

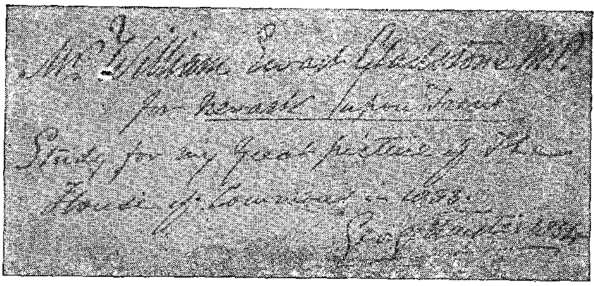
Mr. Gladstone was born at Liverpool, December 29, 1809. He has been a member of the House of Commons almost continuously since 1832; and when he resigned the office of prime minister a year ago, on account of his advanced age, he was serving in it for the fourth time. His first premiership extended from December, 1868, to February, 1874; the second, from April, 1880, to June, 1885; the third, from February to August, 1886; and the fourth, from August, 1892, to March, 1894. Here are nearly thirteen years; and as in England a prime minister retires the moment the country is not with him, they tell in a word what a power in the land Mr. Gladstone has been.



GLADSTONE AT ABOUT SIX YEARS OF AGE, WITH HIS SISTER.

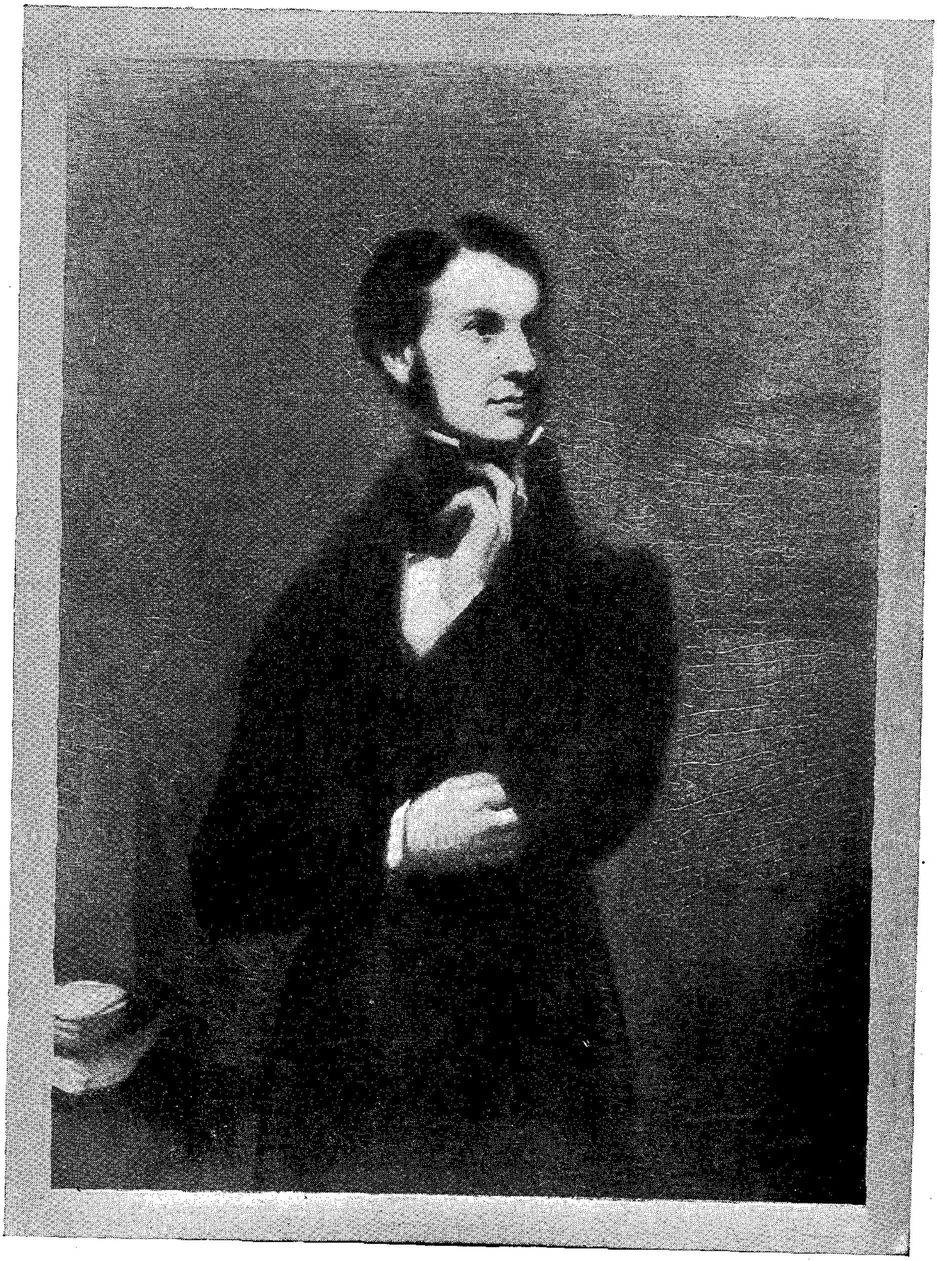
From a miniature.





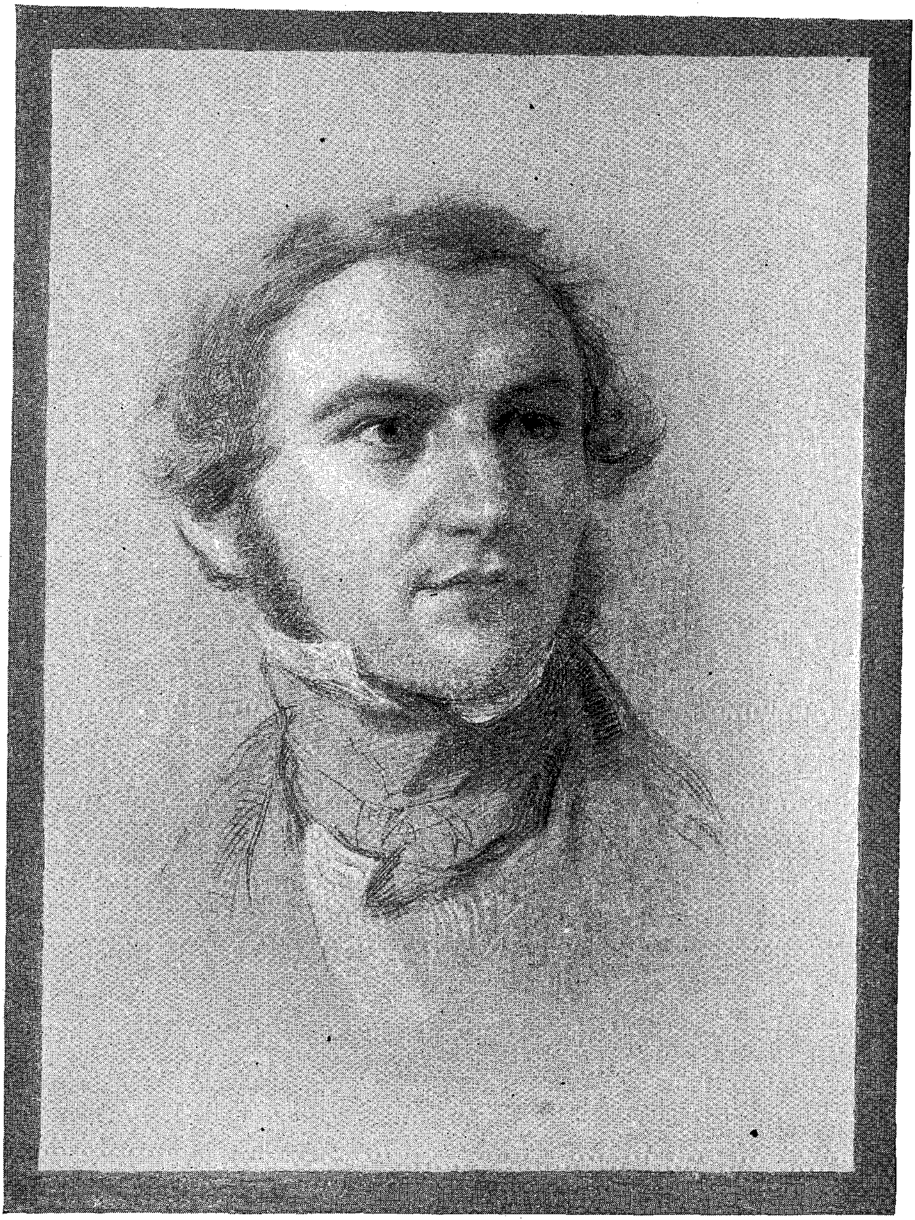
Mr. William Ewart Gladstone M.P.
for Newark [illegible]
Study for my great picture of the
House of Commons in 1833.
George Hayter

From a painting by George Hayter, reproduced by the kind permission of Sir John Gladstone, Bart. This year Mr. Gladstone had just entered Lincoln's Inn as a student of law, and was serving his first months in Parliament, having received his first election in December, 1832.



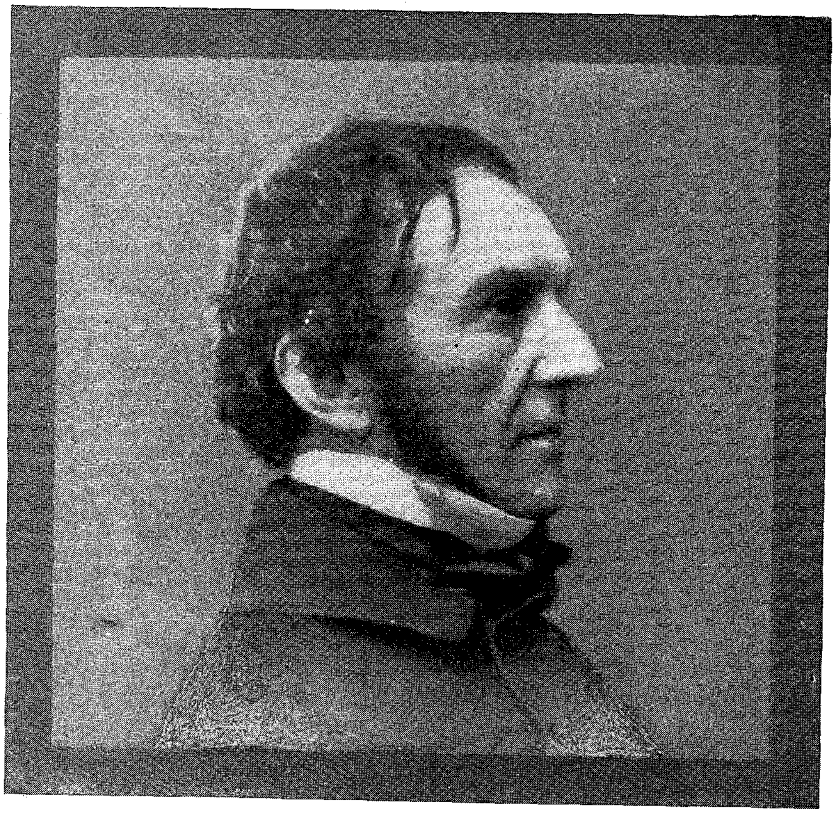
MR. GLADSTONE IN 1839. AGE 29.

From a life portrait by Bradley. At this time Mr. Gladstone was of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and acting under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel.



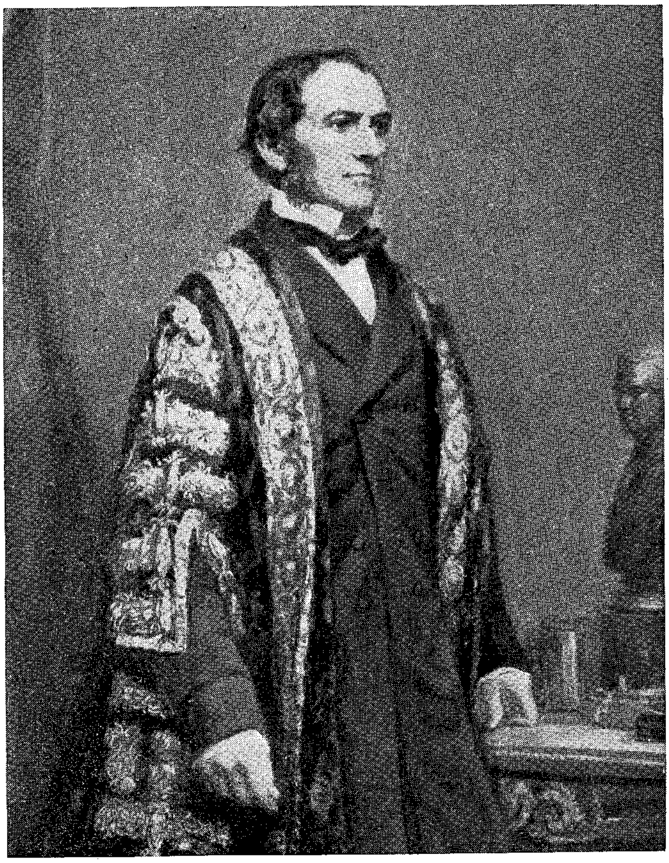
MR. GLADSTONE IN 1841. AGE 31.

From a photograph by Fradelle & Young, London, of a chalk drawing by W. B. Richmond. In 1841 Sir Robert Peel returned to power, and Mr. Gladstone took office under him as Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint.



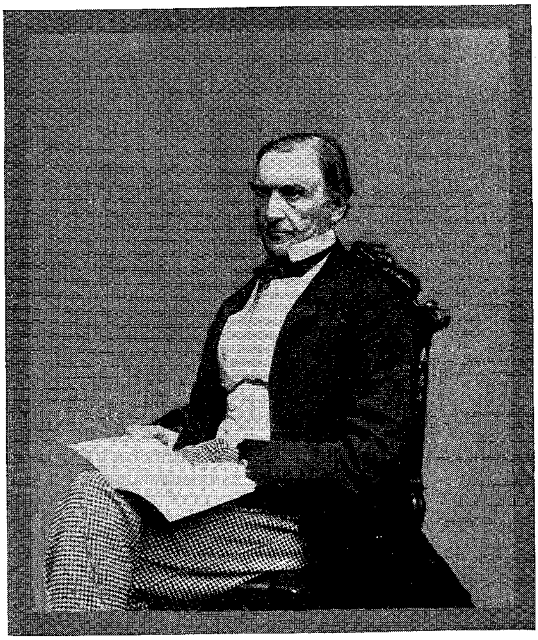
MR. GLADSTONE IN 1852. AGE 42.

From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London. In 1851 Mr. Gladstone left the Conservative, or Tory party, with which he had theretofore acted, and this year, 1852, in the "Coalition" Ministry of Lord Aberdeen, he became for the first time Chancellor of the Exchequer, an office for which he has many times proved unequalled fitness.



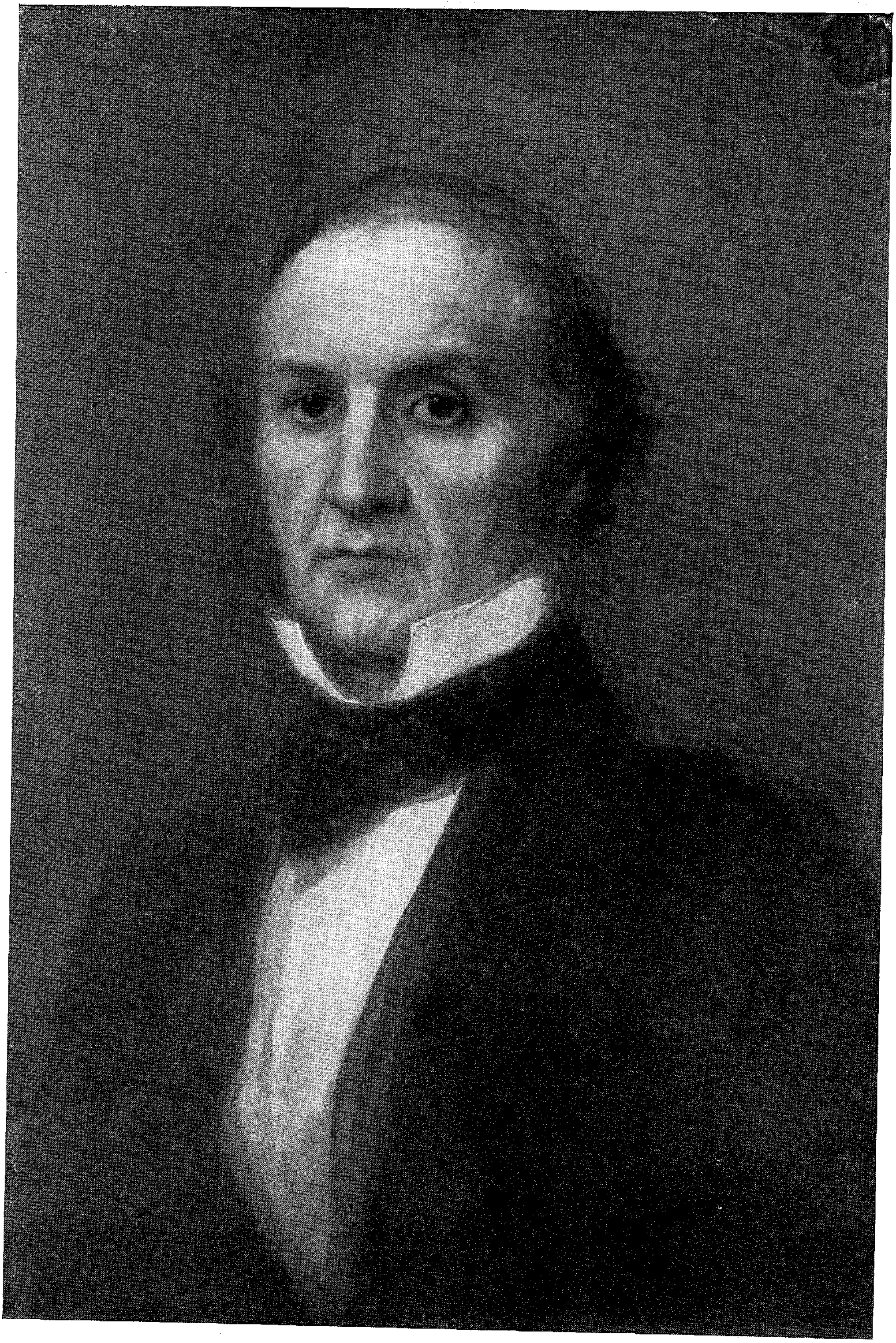
MR. GLADSTONE IN 1859. AGE 49.

From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London. This year, under Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone became a second time Chancellor of the Exchequer.



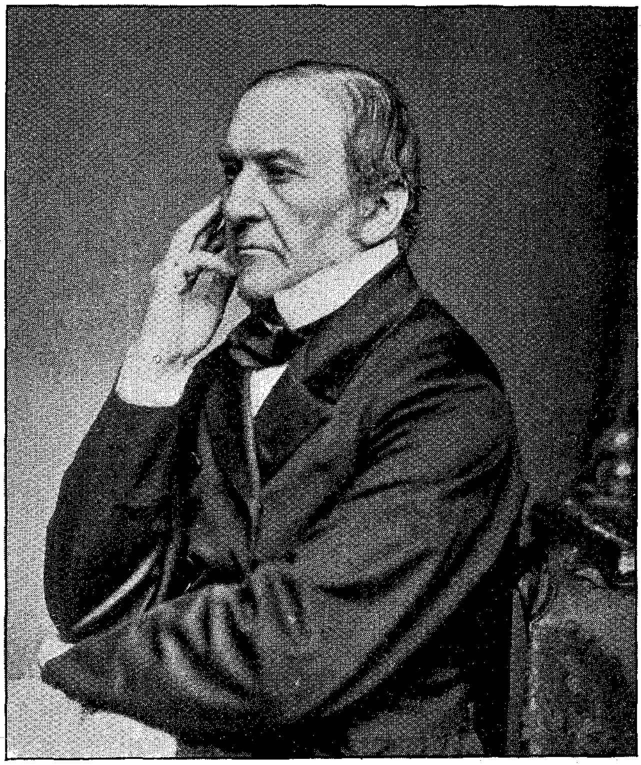
MR. GLADSTONE IN 1865. AGE 55.

From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London.



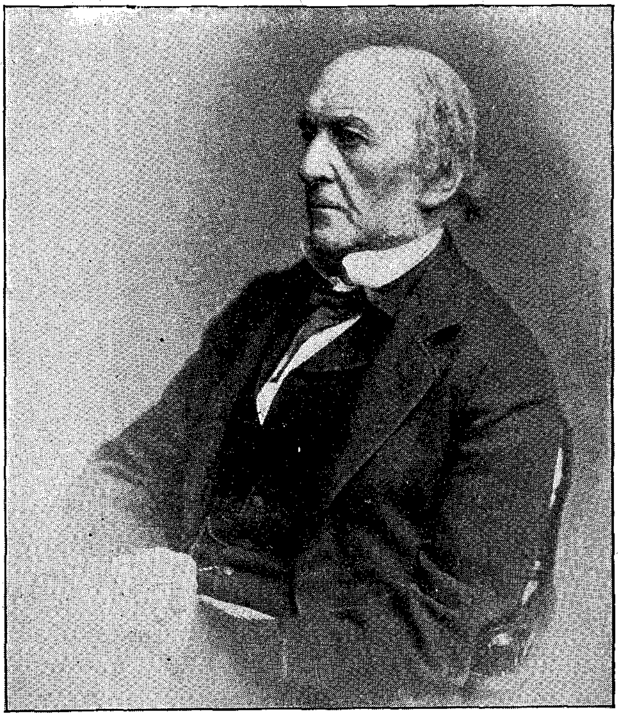
MR. GLADSTONE IN 1865. AGE 55.

From a photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London, of a portrait painted by Sir G. F. Watts. It was the latter part of 1865, on the death of Lord Palmerston, that Mr. Gladstone first became leader of the House of Commons.



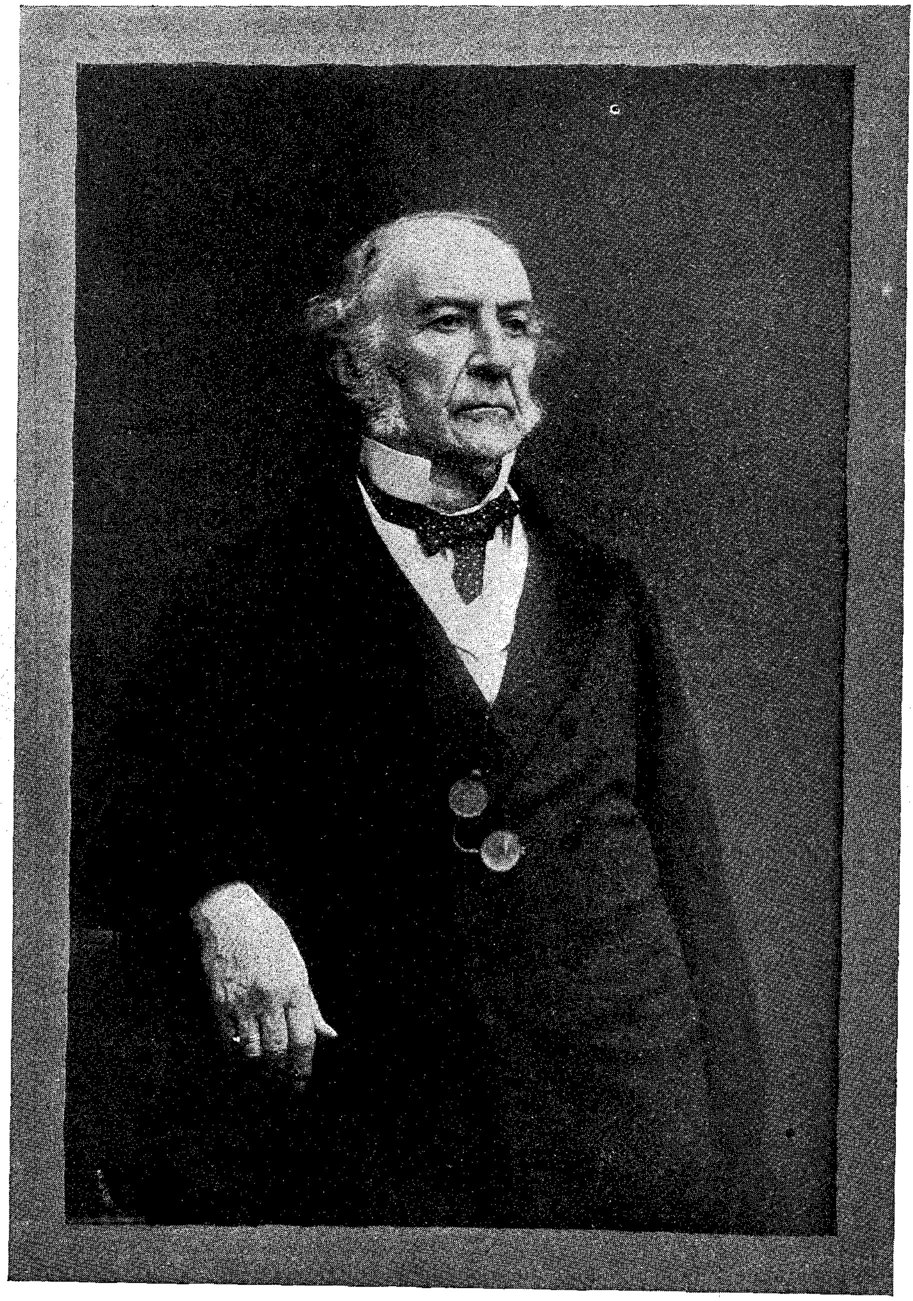
MR. GLADSTONE IN 1866. AGE 56.

From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London. June 18, 1866, Mr. Gladstone, then in his first experience as leader of the House of Commons, suffered defeat on a reform bill, by the Tories under Disraeli.



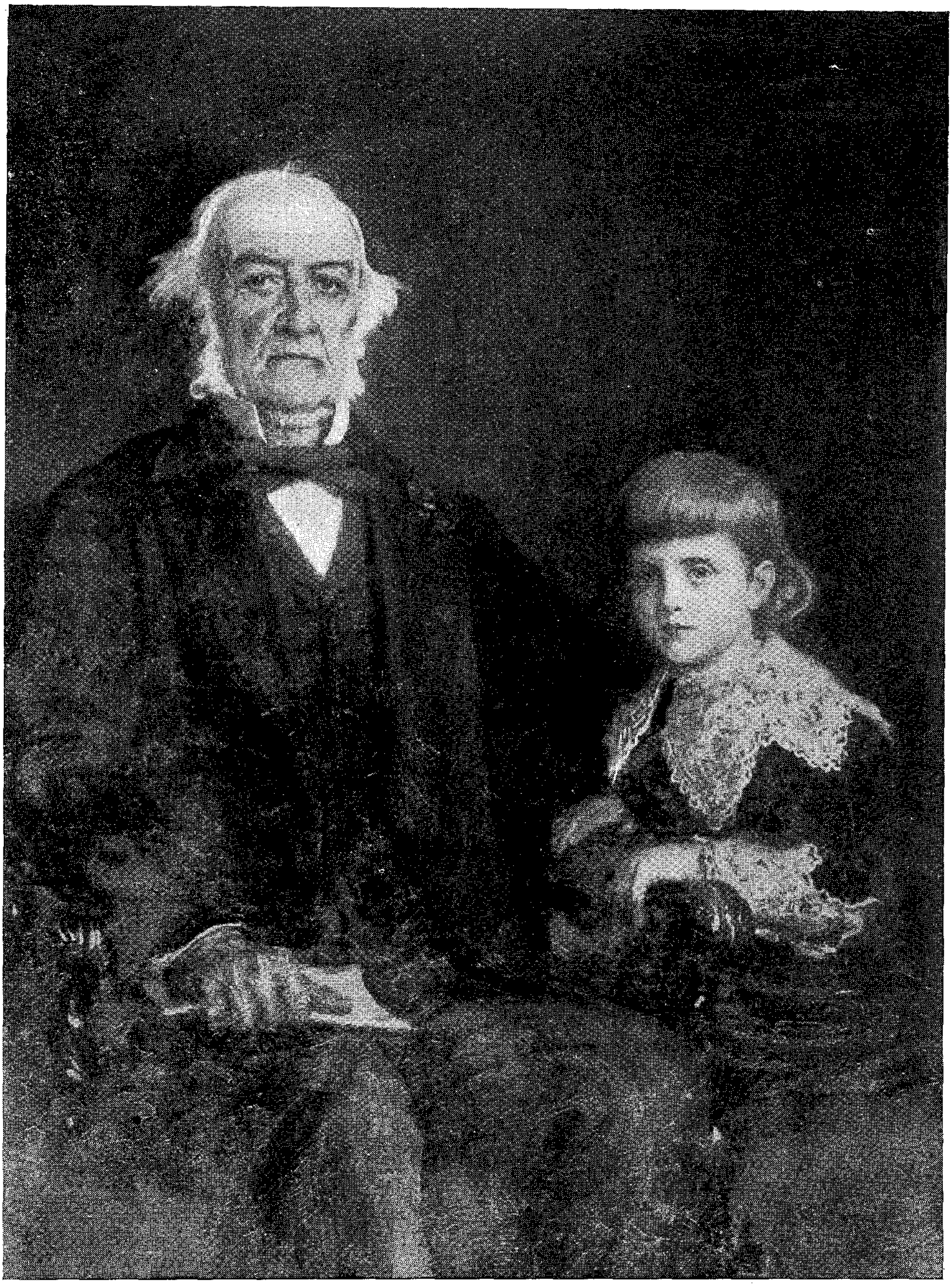
MR. GLADSTONE IN 1868. AGE 58.

From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London. In 1868 Mr. Gladstone secured the defeat of the Disraeli ministry on the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and himself became prime minister for the first time.



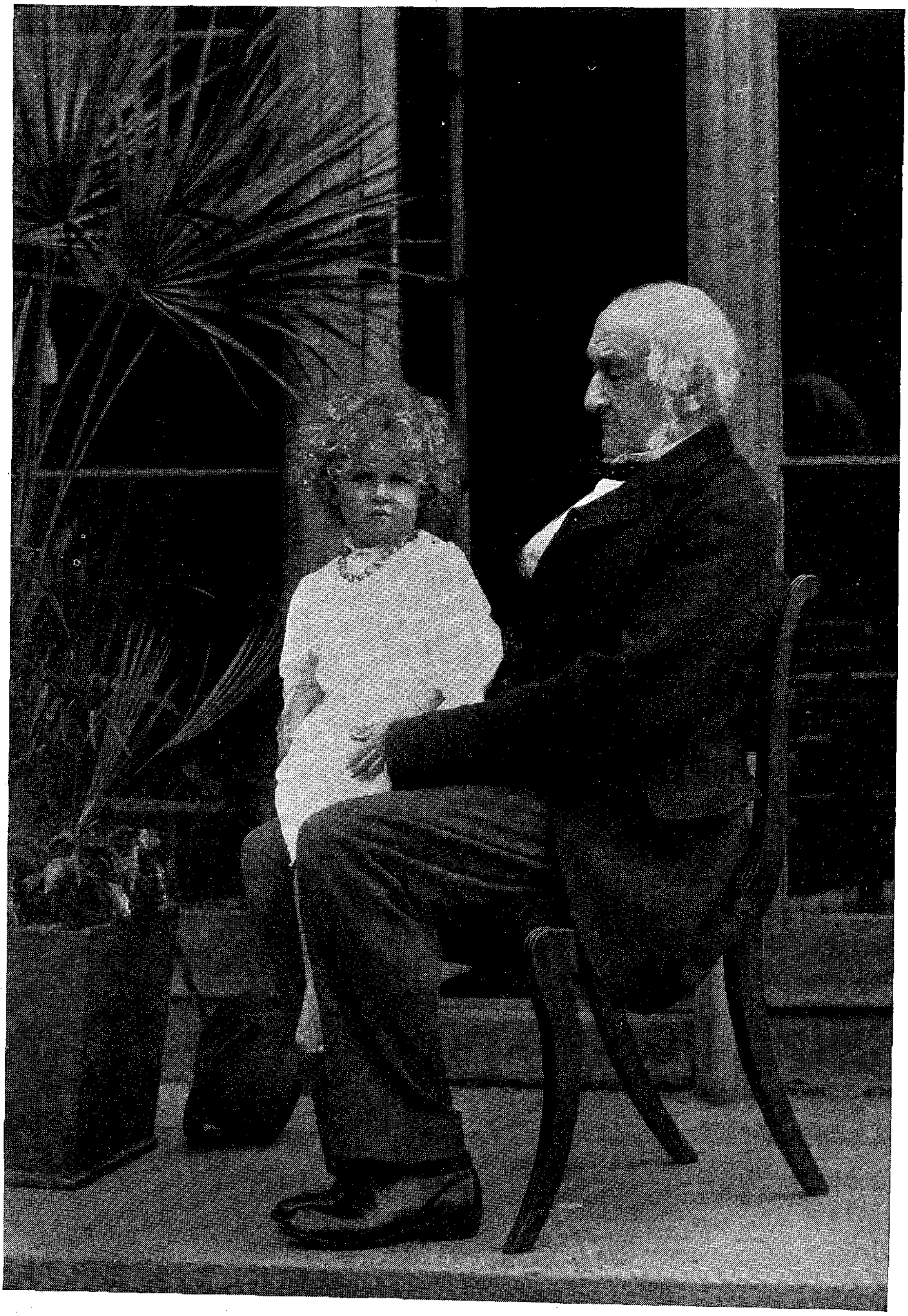
MR. GLADSTONE IN 1880. AGE 70.

From a photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London. This year the Liberals recovered a lost majority in Parliament, Mr. Gladstone himself making a famous *campaign, and securing election by a famous* majority, in Midlothian. Disraeli (now Lord Beaconsfield) and his cabinet resigned, and Mr. Gladstone again became prime minister.



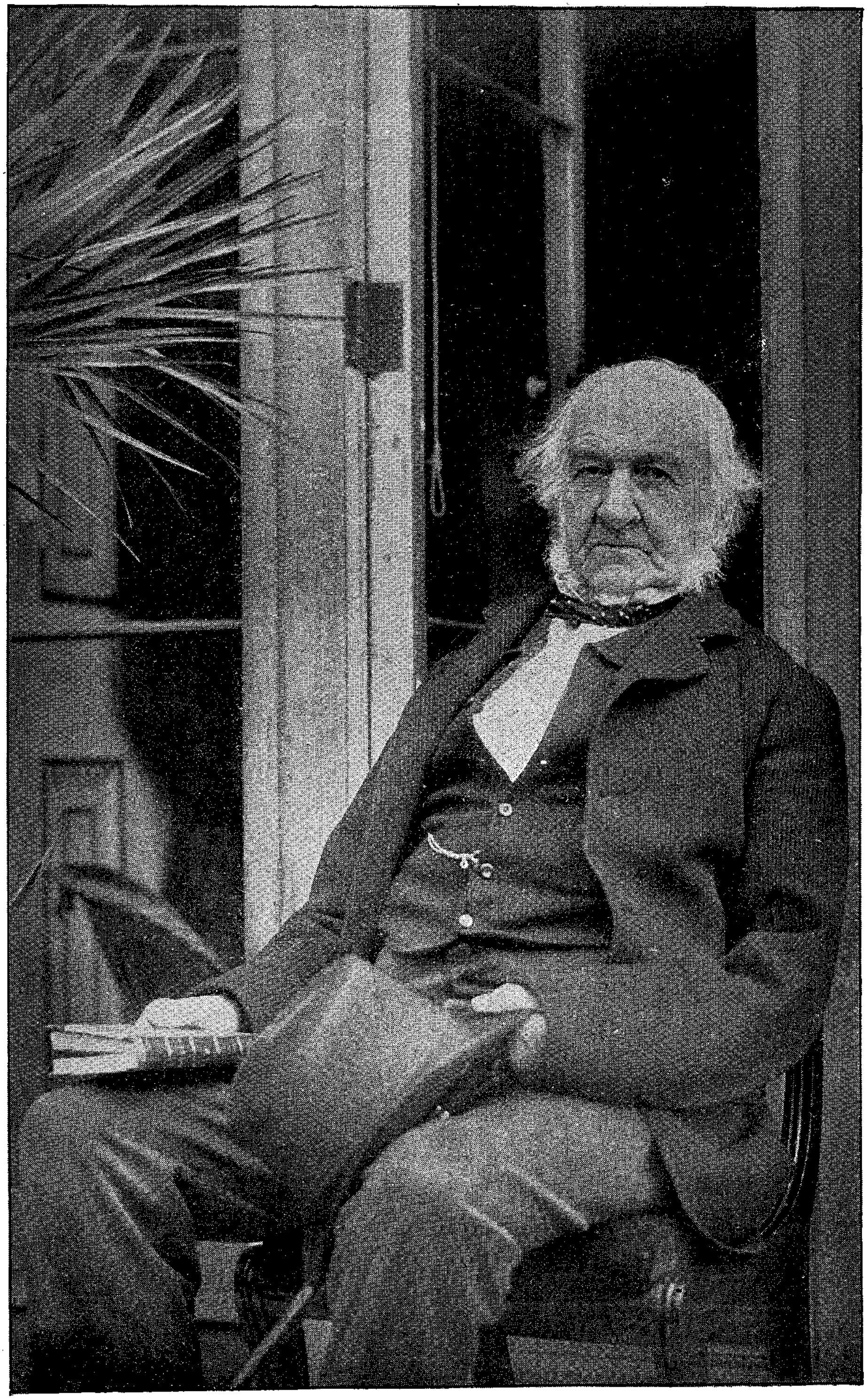
MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS GRANDSON (SON OF HIS ELDEST SON, THE LATE W. H. GLADSTONE). 1890. AGE 80.

From a portrait painted by McClure Hamilton, and presented by the ladies of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland to Mrs. Gladstone as a souvenir of hers and Mr. Gladstone's golden wedding, celebrated the year before (1889).



MR. GLADSTONE AT 83, WITH HIS GRANDDAUGHTER DOROTHY DREW.

From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Dundee, taken at Hawarden (Mr. Gladstone's country home), October 13, 1893. At this time Parliament was adjourned for a month or two after long and excited debates on the subject of Home Rule for Ireland.



MR. GLADSTONE, HAWARDEN, OCTOBER 13, 1893. AGE 83.

From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Dundee.

A BLIZZARD.

By Mrs. E. V. Wilson.

IT was a sod house, a little two-roomed affair, with a low roof, and narrow, deep-set windows and doors. Far as the eye could reach, on either side, stretched the broad prairie, with not a tree or a house in sight. Yet the group gathered in front of the lone house seemed happy enough. There were four persons—husband, wife, and their two children. The husband was seated in a big wagon to which were harnessed two good horses, the wife standing near, one chubby babe in her arms, another, a wee toddler, clinging to her dress, and coaxing to "go with papa."

"Well, Maggie, I must be off," said the husband, picking up the reins and settling himself comfortably. "Never mind, baby," to the little one, "papa will bring something pretty to his girlie. Don't be lonesome, wife; I'll be back before night. You know we must have coal and other things. Good-by."

"Good-by, Tom," said the wife; so, with a word to the horses, her husband drove rapidly off in the direction of the little town, ten miles distant, where they procured their necessary supplies.

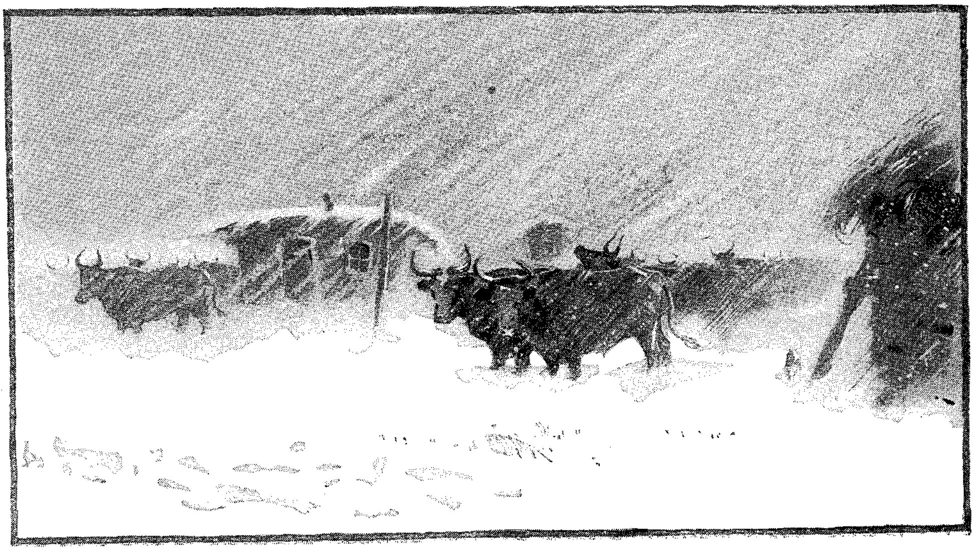
For a little while Margaret Grant watched the wagon. Then, as it disappeared from her sight behind one of the great billows that, wave-like, cover the great plains, she entered the room, closing the door behind her, and, sitting down, employed herself with caring for her little ones. How long she had been thus employed she did not notice until the striking clock warned her of the flight of time. The baby had fallen asleep in her lap; the other little one, a three-year-old, was busy piling cobs and then upsetting them on the floor. She laid the sleeping child on the bed, and replenishing the fire, which was burning low, went to the door, and, opening it, looked out long and earnestly. Surely the wind was rising and the sky growing gray with clouds. Her heart sank. "He ought not to have gone," she murmured; "but then the coal is nearly out, and the flour, too." She sighed, and, closing the door, went about her work.

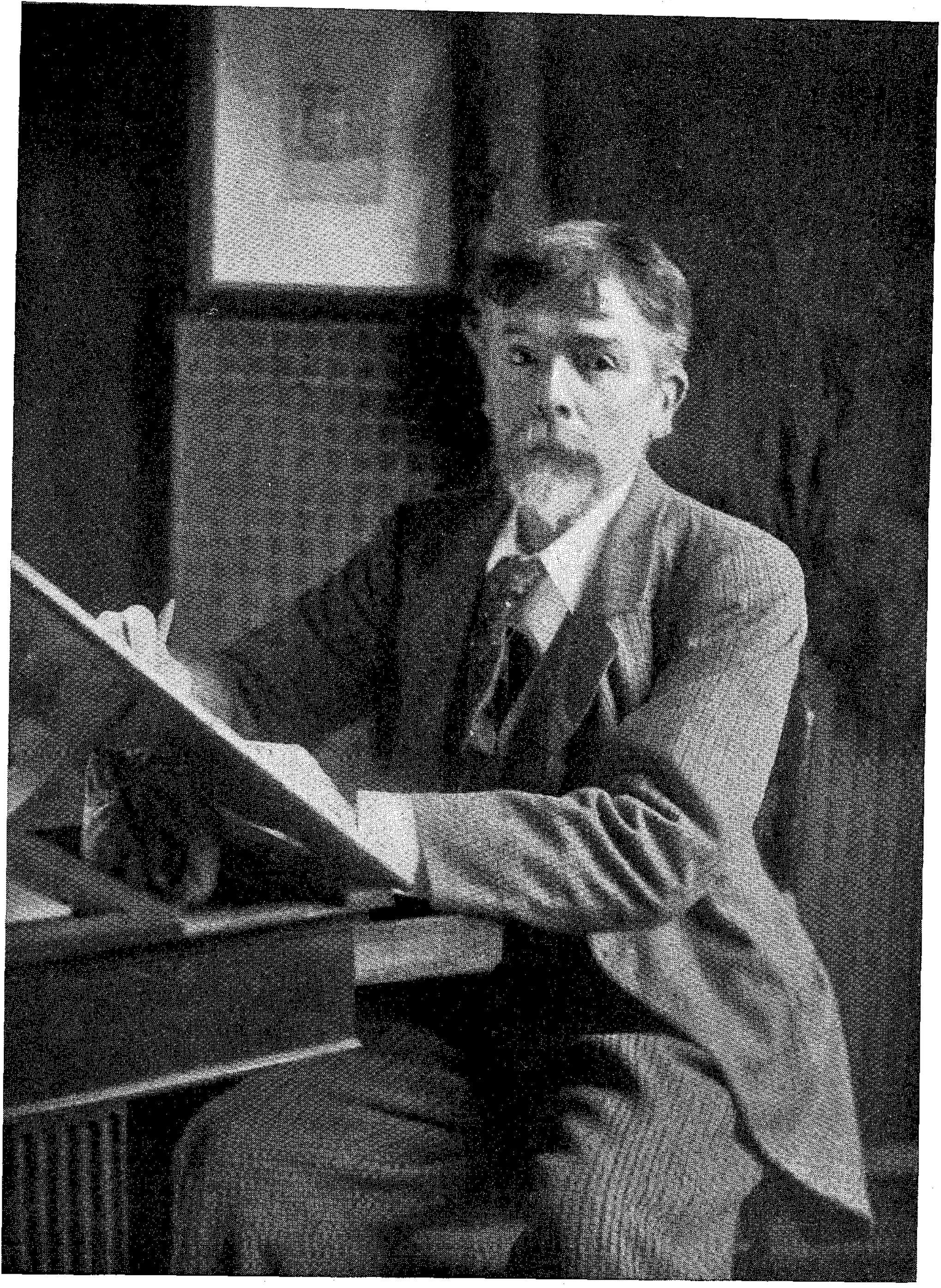
Only the spring before they had come West, built their home, cultivated a little patch of ground, entered their one hundred and sixty acres, and, with youth and health and loving hearts, resolved to make to themselves an abiding place. Her thoughts went back to the home they had left. Somehow she felt depressed. She was not homesick, surely. Tom had often left her and the children for a day, and now she knew he had been compelled to go, for they must have fuel and food. The weather had been so fine, and he so busy breaking ground for his spring crop, that he had already put it off too long. She opened the door again. A few flakes of snow were falling. It was getting colder; the wind was higher. Her heart grew heavy. The baby woke and cried, and the little girl was hungry. She tenderly cared for them, but she could not eat. The food choked her. How dark it was getting, and the clock said two P. M.! She looked from the window. How fast the snow was falling! She could see nothing else. "Oh, Tom," she thought, "what a cold, cold ride you will have!" Only a cold ride; no thought of danger crossed her mind. She had heard of the terrible storms on the prairies, but this snowfall, surely, surely, it was not dangerous. But how cold it was getting. She poured more fuel into the stove, and opening the back door, thought she would go to the little sod stable and attend to the cow before night came on; but she could not see; the snow blinded her. Then a sudden feeling of helplessness and terror filled her. Closing the door she sank on her knees and tried to pray.

Night came without bringing her husband. Toward morning she sank into an uneasy slumber, and was awakened by strange noises, a stamping as of many feet, and the air seemed filled with strange, unearthly sounds. She sprang up and opened the door. The snow was still falling, but all round her door it was tramped down by the hoofs of the great crowd of cattle that struggled and bellowed, pushing their way forward, drifting with the wind. They did not notice the open door. She could only see those in front of her, but she knew by the sounds there were many of them. Going to the opposite window, the same great, brown, horned beasts greeted her eyes. It seemed to her hours passed before the noise died away, and then, how awful the silence that reigned!

Days passed. A week went by. The storm ceased, the sun shone, and the dwellers in the little town ten miles away bethought them of the settler who had driven out of town with a load of coal at noon the day the blizzard set in. They had warned him, but he would go. Wife and children were alone, he said, with scanty supply of food and fuel. Men shook their heads and women sighed, but while the storm—an unusual one even there—lasted, nothing could be done, and for some days the deep snow was impassable. But when at last a morning dawned bright and mild, a half dozen sturdy fellows set out on their difficult task. On foot, working their way step by step through great drifts, they went, making, in spite of every effort, but a couple of miles; then they were compelled to return home exhausted and half frozen. Next day they set out again, and just before nightfall reached their destination. No sign of life was there. They knocked. No answer came. Pushing the door open they entered, and, oh, sorrowful sight! on the bed, dead babies held close in her arms, lay the dead mother. A scrap of paper on the table, with a pencil near it, attracted the attention of one of the men. Picking it up, he read with a faltering voice: "Good-by, Tom. I have done all I could. If you are out in this dreadful storm, God help you. I will go to bed with the children." The letters were straggling and faint, as if the stiffening fingers could scarcely be guided. Tears rose to the eyes of the men as they looked at the bed, and then out on the snow-covered plain. Somewhere out there, they knew, the body of the husband and father lay. And a few weeks later he was found, not a hundred yards from his home. He had striven to reach his loved ones, for he had taken the horses from the wagon, ridden on some distance, then had dismounted, and tried to make his way on foot. But all in vain. The flying snow had blinded him. There were no landmarks. Confused, frozen, he had fallen and died so near his house that his voice could have been heard if he had called aloud.

Ah! these great wide plains! Since the days when first men crossed them going in search of gold, leaving the bones of comrades to bleach upon them, how many tragedies have been enacted there, tragedies of which the world knows nothing! Some day, "when the waste places bloom and the desert has become a garden," children will listen with wondering eyes to tales like this, and ask can they be true!





GEORGE DU MAURIER.

From a photograph by Fradelle & Young, taken for McClure's Magazine at Mr. Du Maurier's home.